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COOK'S

TOURIST'S HANDBOOK

HOLLAND, BELGIUM AND THE RHINE

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COOK'S

TOURIST'S HANDBOOK

FOR

HOLLAND, BELGIUM, AND THE RHINE.

COOK'S

TOURIST'S HANDBOOK

FOR

HOLLAND, BELGIUM,

AND

THE RHINE.

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PREFACE.

OF making many guide-books there is no end. But good, useful, and carefully prepared as many are, there is yet room for another. A book is wanted that shall be of small compass, that shall be a companionable, colloquial volume, differing in style from the ordinary guide-book, and that, instead of describing a thousand places that not one out of every ten thousand will visit, shall go directly to its work, and describe the routes for which Cook's tickets are issued.

This is what the present volume claims to be, and the Editor will esteem it a favour if those who use it will kindly point out to him any inaccuracies they may discover, in order that corrections may be made in future editions.

LUDGATE CIRCUS, *June*, 1874.

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the hand. The portmanteau, or whatever it may be, should have a good lock, and so constructed that it will open easily.

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COOK'S

TOURIST'S HANDBOOK

TO

Holland, Belgium, and the Rhine.

INTRODUCTORY.

Passports are fortunately unnecessary in Holland, Belgium, and Germany, but there are many occasions when a passport is of advantage; and as the cost is now very trifling, it is well to be provided with one. It will sometimes procure admission to museums or palaces when nothing else will, and it is always useful in obtaining delivery of letters from the *poste restante*. Messrs. Cook and Son will procure passports, if desired.

Language.—So many thousands flock annually over most of the routes described in this book that nothing save the mother tongue is absolutely essential. English is spoken in all the hotels recommended by us, and interpreters may be met with at the principal railway-stations. Of course a knowledge of French and German will prove of great advantage, and those who explore remote regions will find it indispensable, but no one need hesitate to visit the countries we shall describe on the score of not knowing anything save English, and to these we would say an hour or two spent in learning French and German numerals will enable them to combat cab-drivers and others who might be disposed to take them in.

Luggage should always be estimated on this wise: How much can I possibly do without? It is an immense advantage to be burdened with no more than can be carried in the hand. The portmanteau, or whatever it may be, should have a good lock, and so constructed that it will open easily.

Custom-house examinations are of a very mild nature, and the "one-trunk" tourist will rarely have to do more than open his portmanteau and close it again. If, of necessity, a considerable quantity of baggage has to be taken, it is always better to have it registered, as that will save all the trouble and expense of landing, shipping, and conveying it between train and boat; but the passenger must bear in mind that he must attend personally to claim it.

Money, if taken in large quantity, should be in circular notes, which may be obtained from many of the London bankers.

English sovereigns are received almost everywhere, and in Germany may generally be exchanged without loss. Foreign currency is always puzzling, and it will be well for every tourist to familiarize himself with the following table :—

FRANCE, BELGIUM, SWITZERLAND, AND ITALY.

1 franc (in Italy-*Lira*) = about 9½d.
5 franc piece (,, 5 lire) = ,, 4s.
20 franc piece (,, 20 lire) = ,, 16s.
10 centimes (,, 10 centesime) = ,, 1d.
100 centimes = 1 franc; 100 centesime = 1 lira.

Italian paper currency is much depreciated in value.

HOLLAND.

5 cents = about 1d.
100 cents. = 1 florin or guilder } = about 1s. 7d.
1 gold ducat = ,, 9s. 4d.
1 gold 10 florin piece = ,, 16s. 6d.

NORTH GERMANY.

12 pfenninge = 1 silbergroschen.
2½ silbergroschen = 3d.
10 silbergroschen = 1s.
30 silbergroschen = 1 thaler = 3s.
6 thalers 20 sgr. = 1 English sovereign.
20 mark piece (gold) = 1 English sovereign.

SOUTH GERMANY AND AUSTRIA.

£1 = 11⅔ S. German florins = 10 Aust. fl.
16s. = 9 fl. 20 kr. S. Germany = 8 ,,
1 Austrian florin = 100 kreut. = 2s. ,,
10 kreut. pieces = $\frac{1}{10}$ florin.
6 kr. ps. S. Ger. = 9 kr. Aust. = about 2¼d.
1⅔ fl. S. Germany = 1½ fl. Aust. = 3s.
1 fl. ,, = 85 kr. ,, = 1s. 8d.
30 kr. ,, = 50 ,, ,, = 10d.
1 ,, ,, = 1½ ,, ,, = ½d.
3 ,, ,, = 4 ,, ,, = 1d.

The Austrian paper currency is much depreciated, the discount constantly varying.

Costume is, of course, a matter of taste, and must be spoken about in humble and respectful tones; but we should advise ladies to take only a good serviceable holland costume for ordinary travelling, and a silk for occasions, or when the holland is being washed. For gentlemen a plain tweed suit, with a black coat for occasions. The most important article of dress for both ladies and gentlemen is boots. Take a stout, easy pair for walking, not new boots, but a pair you have taken into training, and have had soled and heeled specially for the tour; also a light pair, and a pair of slippers. Remember to keep the latter in the outside pocket of your portmanteau, where you can get at them easily. It is a great comfort to slip them on in long railway journeys.

Tourists' comforts may be provided for by a small outlay and be packed in a small compass. Take a cake of soap (not supplied by Hotel-keepers on the Continent); small pot of cold cream; a pair of scissors; an opera glass; a small case with needles, thread, and buttons; a little glycerine; and a few seidlitz powders.

Time.—Greenwich time is observed at London, Dover, and Harwich. The time which is observed in the starting of the Steamers from Rotterdam and Antwerp is about 20 minutes earlier than English time.

Hotels.—This is an all-important subject, at which only the inexperienced traveller or rank enthusiast will scoff. The author of "Up and down the Rhine for £5" speaks fondly of an occasional egg, and extols a drink at the pump, but these luxuries are not of the kind to tempt sager tourists. Hotel expenses of course must depend upon the individual. If he will persist in ordering pet English dishes, he must pay for them, and also if he objects to going up more than a dozen stairs to his bedroom. The trip to Holland, Belgium, and the Rhine *may* be done for £5. It has been done by us for £8 10s. (16 days), but to enjoy it thoroughly a rather wider margin must be allowed.

Messrs. Cook and Son supply

Hotel Coupons, and as they are available at Hotels which can be well recommended, we advise every one to provide himself with them, and, assuming that our advice is taken, we shall only refer in these pages to such Hotels.

Full particulars as to Hotels and Hotel arrangements by Coupons will be found in the Appendix.

The advantages of taking Hotel coupons may be briefly summed up as follows:—

I. Time, expense, annoyance in bartering, and ultimate dissatisfaction, are saved by going to a well-recommended Hotel.

II. It is a great drawback to pleasure to arrive in a foreign town beset by porters, and commissionaires, and rabble, a perfect stranger, and without any definite idea where to go.

III. Letters from home, or telegrams, may be found awaiting your arrival at the Hotel, thus saving trouble or expense in sending for them to the Post Office.

IV. The charges are all fixed, thus obviating the chance of imposition, and the disagreeable task of having to drive a bargain at each stopping place.

V. The charges being fixed at the lowest sum to ensure first-class accommodation at one uniform rate, enables the tourist to count the cost of his tour before starting.

Routes should be carefully selected, and plans well digested before starting; and in order to assist in this, we have compiled a list in the Appendix which will supply ample information.

Cook's Travelling Coupons are now so well known and universally used, that they need but little description. Suffice it to say that if there are advantages in knowing of cheap, comfortable, and well-recommended Hotels wherein to rest, there are a hundred-fold more in having all the difficulties of travel made smooth; the most inexperienced may avail themselves of them without fear of not being able to get on; and the most experienced take them as the simplest, easiest, and cheapest means of travelling.

The plan of this Book will therefore be to describe all the routes provided for the Tourist under the arrangements of Cook and Son, marking out portions in such a manner, that those who have cast about in their mind where to go, may find at a glance all information as to places of interest to visit.

As it is hoped that this Book may be a **Companionable Guide**, the formality of an editorial "we" will sometimes be dropped, and the abstract tourist in the remote third person will be exchanged occasionally for the more conversational "you."

HOLLAND, BELGIUM, AND THE RHINE.

THERE are more ways than one of getting to Holland, Belgium, or the Rhine. Those who like a long boat journey, especially in good boats such as the "Batavia" and others which are known almost as well as the Tower of London itself, will enjoy the trip direct

From London to Rotterdam.

Every accommodation will be found in the boats of the General Steam Navigation Co., or of the Netherlands Steamboat Co. The average passage is eighteen hours. For particulars see Appendix. Or

From London to Antwerp,

By equally well-known steamers, as the "Baron Osy," with a short sea passage of only five hours. See Appendix. Or

From London to Ostend.

Average time, ten hours, by the same company's boats, all of which leave the St. Katherine's Steam Wharf. See Appendix. Or

From Dover to Ostend,

By the Belgium Royal Mail Steamboat. Average, four hours. See Appendix. As however many prefer to save time by running down to Harwich and then taking the boat journey either to Rotterdam or Antwerp, we shall describe this route more particularly.

FROM LONDON TO HARWICH.

We make our way to the station in Bishopsgate Street, where we present our compact little book of travelling tickets to be stamped and the audit coupon withdrawn, and take our seat in one of the comfortable carriages on the Great Eastern line.

As we leave the great metropolis rapidly behind us, we catch a glimpse of Victoria Park, then stray portions of **Epping** and **Hainhault Forests** lend solidity to the landscape, fol-

lowed by **Romford**, famous for its cattle market; **Brentwood, Chelmsford**, with its country-like associations; **Colchester**, formerly a Roman military station, and now a British camp; and lastly, **Manningtree**, where the line branches off in the direction of Harwich. Proceeding along the picturesque banks of the river Stour, dotted at regular intervals with martello towers, we reach **Dovercourt**, and directly afterwards find ourselves in the ancient town of

HARWICH.

From its advantageous position on the verge of the German Ocean, it has been for many years one of the ports most favourably adapted for transit from England to the Continent, and was especially so during war with France and ourselves. It probably stood high in the estimation of the Crusaders, and was especially favoured by Edward the Third, no doubt from that monarch's close connection with Flanders, and the advantages which this port afforded for embarkation to that part of Europe. It seems to have languished during the latter part of the middle ages, but to have revived under James the First, from whom the town obtained charters and privileges, and since then to have been a favourite port for facilitating the landing of German and other potentates who have honoured us with visits. During the wars at the close of the last and commencement of the present century, it was our only way of communication with the Continent, and a packet started as regularly as circumstances would admit for the ports of Germany. Here it was that the ill-fated Caroline of Brunswick landed to become the wife of George, Prince of Wales, and from this port her remains were embarked after their sanguinary progress through London, to be buried in the land of her fathers.

Harwich, situated at the junction of the Stour and Orwell, is said to have been founded after the destruction of Orwell, a neighbouring town of antiquity, which was destroyed by inundation before the Conquest, the ruins being still traceable, though so long since submerged. Judging from the mud by which it is surrounded, one would say that Harwich itself had never fully recovered from the effects of the deluge. The harbour is deep and commodious—let us hope that no hostile fleet will ever find it so—and therefore well calculated for purposes of navigation. It is said that this town was once much fre-

quented on account of the advantages it offered in the way of sea-bathing; but this statement, however true it may be as regards the past, cannot be said to hold good at the present time,—but the adjoining village of Dovercourt possesses considerable attractions to those who are in search of quiet, and desire a fine open sea-view.

The *Great Eastern Hotel*, belonging to the Railway Company, faces the pier. It is a fine and handsome structure, with spacious dining room and first-class accommodation, the charges being extremely moderate.

The **steamers** plying between Harwich and Rotterdam and Antwerp are the finest employed between this country and the continent, being large, splendidly furnished, and famous for their great speed, their voyages being frequently performed at the rate of from 15 to 17 miles per hour. They are regular sea-going vessels, with plenty of speed, but at the same time easy-goers, and fitted up with the most perfect cleanliness and comfort, and thoroughly well found in every respect. For sufferers from sea-sickness they have an immense advantage over the smaller boats to Calais and Ostend, in their great steadiness, whilst the contrast between the neat, clean, well-furnished little "state room" and the common saloon crammed to suffocation with travellers in every stage of sea-sickness, is great indeed. The table also is very fairly furnished and supplied with an ample "service."

FROM HARWICH TO ROTTERDAM.

If you feel qualmish, go below and betake yourself to slumber, if it be night time; but if the sun shines and the day is warm and bright, stay on deck and enjoy the scene; or even if it be night time, and the stars are shining, surely there is nothing more delightful in the commencement of a holiday than to pace the deck, watch the receding lights on shore, and talk of the pleasures before you in the land whither you speed.

The pleasantest time to start from Harwich is about eight or nine o'clock at night, as this will give you an hour or so to breathe the pure sea air, and give an aid to slumber, when you turn in about eleven; and then when you rise in the morning you will be fresh for the enjoyment of the strange scenes that will engage your attention. Let us suppose that eight o'clock is the time for starting. To the minute we shall hear the cry "let go," and then past the various ships and boats anchored

in our ocean path we shall cautiously steam along, with a smooth sea beneath us, and, let us hope, a clear star-spangled sky above. (It has twice been my good fortune to go from Harwich to Rotterdam on a sea as smooth as a mill pond, when none but the most fastidious could even think of being ill.)

We look at the

"Fleeting shores receding from our sight,"

at the lights of houses, ships, and beacon points, and the red revolving light of Walton-on-the-Naze, or the dim and fading lights of Aldborough and Orford Ness.

We are on the glittering waters of the German Ocean. The lights become fewer, the Cork light-ship is passed, the vessel rapidly increases her speed, and before long nothing is visible save the rippling surface of the ocean and the myriad stars which smile down thereon. We would fain keep on deck all night; but rest is necessary; so, after a hearty supper, we turn in to one of the neatest and cleanest of cabins you can imagine or desire, sleep peacefully, with pleasant dreams, as good holiday makers ought to do, and wake up early to catch our first glimpse of the wonderful land we are so soon to visit.

UP THE MAAS.

It is broad daylight as we approach, refreshed, and eager for breakfast, the shores of Holland; but although the sailors assure us that we are in sight of land, our eyes can as yet discern no traces of the country of the Hollander. There appears to be nothing but the bright sky above and the sparkling waters below. Presently a small low slip of land to the right of us, then another—apparently miles away—to the left. We are at the entrance to the river **Maas**, or, as the French term it, **Meuse.** By-and-by, the land becomes more and more clearly definable, and on consulting our map we find it to be the *Hock van Holland;* that is, the **Hook of Holland**, so called from its peculiar appearance. On steams the noble ship, and soon we perceive on our right the small fortified town of **Brielle.** Here we are speedily boarded by the Dutch Custom-house officers—civil good-tempered men—who commence rapidly examining the luggage of the passengers, so that there may be no delay in effecting a landing. As each article of luggage is handed to them, a thin paper label is affixed, to be torn off by the Custom-house officers on shore, as the passengers leave the

vessel. Sturdy-looking fellows are one or two of our new visitors, and well may they be so, for they are natives of Brielle, and it was their town which gave birth to the famous Dutch Admirals Van Tromp and De Witt. But here we are at the entrance to the *New Canal*, by means of which large sailing vessels can, by crossing the island of *Voorn*, pass into the magnificent harbour of *Hellevoetsluis*, and thus escape the danger of crossing the bar at the entrance to the Maas. Very interesting now is the appearance of the river. Vessels of all sizes, from the small fishing boat to the stately Indiaman, are continually passing or being overtaken by us. The surface of the river is smooth as a mirror, reflecting with wonderful precision the rows of alder and other trees which ceaselessly line its banks. Here, too, we come across some of the lofty windmills so common in Holland, and which are necessary for pumping the water out of the dykes. We mark also how the banks are everywhere protected by small bundles of reed skilfully woven together with straw wisps. Occasionally, too, we gain a passing glimpse of a few house roofs or a distant spire, but not even a peep can we obtain of the surrounding country. This is not at all surprising when we remember the fact that the land in the interior is actually several feet below the level of the river, the waters of which are kept out only by the strength of the embankments or dykes. Sometimes the waves of the German Ocean, rushing with irresistible power up the Maas, dash themselves furiously on the dykes. Then sounds the alarm bell in every fishing village, in every coast-hamlet, and as its warning tones ring far and wide, in rushes every human being capable of affording assistance. On they come, one after the other, as fast as they can hurry, bringing with them hurdles, sails, or whatever may be ready to hand, for the purpose of strengthening the threatened dykes. It is no child's play here. But as we gaze on the reed-fortified shores, we suddenly come in sight of **Vlaardingen**, the chief seat of the Dutch Herring Fishery. It is situated on our left hand, and at once attracts our attention by reason of the busy appearance it presents. The fishing season commences in June. On the 14th of that month the fishermen hoist their flags, and go to church to pray for success. On the 15th they set sail, the event being signalised by a general holiday. The return of the first boat is eagerly looked for, a watch being kept night and day from the church steeple. The first keg of fish is invariably sent to the King of Holland. Passing Vlaardingen, we per-

ceive in the distance a dense smoke, as if there existed some miniature Birmingham somewhere in the interior. It rises from the distillery chimneys of **Schiedam,** where gin, or hollands, is manufactured in vast quantities. Although the town possesses only 18,000 or 19,000 inhabitants, yet it contains from 170 to 200 distilleries, the refuse grain from which furnishes food for something like 30,000 pigs. A bottle of gin may be had here for 9d. Schiedam is certainly not a teetotaller's paradise. The town is surrounded by huge windmills, no less than sixty of which are visible at one time, at a certain point of the river. Suddenly the indications of life and activity increase, and as we proudly sweep round a bend of the stately river,

ROTTERDAM,

(New Bath Hotel on the Boompjes,)

with its multitude of linden trees, houses, masts, funnels, and windmills, opens upon our wondering gaze. A more picturesque town we never beheld; indeed, excepting Amsterdam, there is nothing like it, not even Venice. The Queen of the South and the Pride of Holland are both children of the water, with canals for streets, and boats for carriages, but here all resemblance terminates. Venice is all poetry. Rotterdam is the poetical and practical combined. It is a marvellous place, with its busy quays, old-fashioned houses, curious costumes, numberless bridges, countless trees, strangely attired policemen, and trim gardens. The river-side of the city consists, for a mile and a half, of a series of magnificent quays, one of which—the *Boompjes*—is planted with stately linden trees. The shipping and steamboats are moored close to these quays, the river here being 30 or 40 feet deep, so that passengers have merely to step from the deck on to the shore. No sooner is this done than they find themselves, as it were, in a new world. Everything is strikingly novel. There are few pavements; consequently horses, carts, and pedestrians, are all confusedly jumbled together; but as there is little fast driving, this is of little consequence. A few moments' walking brings us to the **King's Bridge** *(Koningsbrug)*, a handsome structure, with a large lion *couchant* at each corner. All the bridges, of which there are a very great number, are either drawbridges or swivel-bridges. They are continually being opened for the purpose of allowing vessels to pass in and out of the canals,

the tolls being collected from the bridge by means of a rod and line, with a little bag attached thereto; a not unprofitable kind of fishing, judging from the frequency with which the line is employed. The canals are as numerous as the streets, and are kept clear and wholesome by the ebb and flow of the tide. They are generally filled with a multitude of vessels, the gay colours of which impart a strangely animated appearance to the scene. In all directions, women may be seen busily washing large quantities of linen on the edges of the canals, for the Dutch are a very clean people, perhaps more so than any other. Their houses are kept as clean and bright as possible, both inside and outside, and most of the windows are provided with little mirrors, by means of which the inmates can see all that takes place in the streets without themselves being seen. These mirrors are common in all Dutch and Flemish towns. The houses are generally from four to five stories in height, several being extremely old-fashioned in appearance. All are so constructed that the lower portions may be hermetically closed when threatened by inundation. Passing up the *Geldersche Kade*, to the left of the King's Bridge, we find ourselves at **the Exchange** (*Beurs*) and Telegraph Office (*Telegraaf Kantoor*), above which is a room containing a fine collection of philosophical instruments, also a good library. As we walk along we occasionally meet with groups of farmers and their wives from Friesland, the latter being distinguishable by the massive gold and silver ornaments worn on their foreheads. Continuing our course along the picturesque banks of the canal, we arrive in the **Great Market** (*Groote Markt*), where is to be seen the bronze statue, by Keiser, of the famous scholar Erasmus, who was a native of Rotterdam, the house in which he was born being still in existence, although degenerated into a gin-shop! The scene here is very curious, particularly at market-time, when the variety of costumes and dialects is infinite. Crossing the market, a narrow thoroughfare brings us to the **Church of St. Lawrence** (*Groote Kerk*), a heavy-looking brick structure of immense size. The edifice is closed on week-days, but may be inspected at any time on payment of ten cents (2d.) in Dutch money. It contains little that is interesting save the monuments of the Dutch Admirals De Witt, Cortenaer, and Van Brakel. The coats of arms which ornamented the various tombs were spitefully defaced by the French during their occupation of Holland. The organ, finished about 1840, is of immense size and fine tone, having 90 stops and

6,500 pipes. Some say the pipes only number 4,762. In either case the number is large. On Sundays the women sit in the middle of the church, and the men at the sides. The payment of a shilling (60 cents) procures us admission to the steps leading to the top of the great **Tower**, whence is obtained a fine view of the city and its environs. The number of steps is 320, but the fatigue of the ascent is amply repaid by the prospect obtained from the summit. Viewed from this altitude, Rotterdam appears like an immense toy city, the trees, canals, and boats heightening the illusion. The prospect includes views of Delft and Gouda. Retracing our steps into the High-street (*Hoog-straat*), keeping to the right until the *Korte Hoog-straat* is reached, then turning to the left, we reach the **Boyman Museum**, a fine collection of works by Dutch and Flemish painters. In Holland and Belgium the picture galleries are termed "Museums." The admission here is one penny on Sundays, from 11 to 3, and on Wednesdays from 10 to 4. On other days (Mondays excepted) the fee is 3d. The paintings—about 400 in number—include fine specimens of Cuyp, Albert Durer, Van Dyck, Maas, Ostade, Rubens, Ruisdael, Rembrandt, Snieders, Jan Steen, Van de Velde, Wouwerman, and Scheffer, most of which are little known in this country. There are also a few by Murillo, Greuze, Salvator Rosa, and Titian. Leaving the Museum, and turning to the left up *Boyman's-straat*, then to the right, by the side of the canal to the Delft Gate, we enter the **Zoological Gardens.** Thence a ramble through the western portion of the city brings us to the **Park**, with its trim lawns, parterres, trees, concert rooms, and crowds of little Dutch children. Occasionally we catch sight of a "garden-house," a peculiar institution of the Dutch, being a kind of summer-house, surrounded by small flower-beds, where the proprietor can smoke his evening pipe in peace, for the citizens of Rotterdam are great smokers. Boys or men, they are always smoking. What beer is to the Englishman, tobacco is to the Dutchman. It has become almost an essential of life. To the east of the city are the Old and New Plantations, from which pleasant rambles may be made by the side of the river. Everywhere we meet with canals, windmills, and bleaching grounds, for clothes-lines are unknown in Holland. The principal roadways, too, run almost level with the tops of the houses, and are lined with enormous windmills.

After a day's sight-seeing (and if necessary, Rotterdam can be "done" in a day), stroll

ON THE BOOMPJES,

And read the following general remarks :—

Away from smoke-dried noisy London, and in the Venice of the north—the Italian city without its beauty, but with more of quaintness, bustle, strangely fashioned life, than ever are to be found in the island home of Titian. We know it is usual to call Rotterdam the Dutch Venice, but there is really little resemblance. Here there are foot and carriage ways between the houses and the canals, and many rows of trees to shade the traveller; whereas in Venice there are scarcely any paths by the canals, and consequently no vehicles of any kind save the gondolas, and vegetation is at a discount altogether. No! comparisons fail. Nowhere else, save in Holland, can a place be found like Rotterdam. It is unique both in character and appearance. We can hardly believe in the reality of the scene. It is as if the Dutch paintings in our picture galleries had suddenly become infused with life, and formed themselves into a world of their own. There is a touch of old-world romance in all we behold. The quaintly fashioned houses, the numerous canals, gaily decorated barges, countless windmills, little gardens, countless tulip beds, and other features of Dutch out-door life, fix themselves on our imagination. Then as we walk through the streets we are continually slipping into the soft sand, except where the solid stone pavement affords a more substantial foothold. How strange! It seems incredible, yet this land, if such we can term it, has been rescued from the jealous sea, which is ever striving to recover its lost prize. Everywhere we meet with water. Canals form the principal streets, canals form the back streets. To reach the railway station we cross a canal. We open the window of our bedroom; it looks down upon a canal. The newspaper is blown out of our hands; it drops on the surface of a canal. In short, canals are everywhere. Rotterdam is a city of canals. And the people? Well they are a sturdy, business-like, civil-spoken community, and in some respects not unlike ourselves. They are always busy—idleness is not considered a virtue in Holland—but they are never in a hurry. As we stand upon the Boompjes, near where the noble vessels belonging to the Great Eastern Company are moored, we cannot help smiling at the leisurely manner in which the quay labourers do their work. Of course it is important that the ships should be loaded as quickly as possible, but then the labour must not interfere with

the operation of smoking, of which every Hollander seems a votary. Everywhere is the pipe or the cigar to be met with. Fortunately the women do not smoke. The fashion, happily, has not yet penetrated to Rotterdam. Very comely seem the buxom Dutch damsels as they return from market. They have something of an English look about them, which makes one think that England and Holland are nearer relations than each will readily admit. Here comes a group of English Tourists. How like are some of the features to many of those familiar to us in the streets of Rotterdam! There seems a kind of bluff, hearty look peculiar to both nations. But what mean those mirrors attached to many of the house windows? Surely the folks of Rotterdam do not perform their toilette in public. By no means. They are intended to enable the occupants of the different rooms to take, unobserved, a look at what is going on in the street. Duns have no chance in Rotterdam. They are seen by their debtors, before they have the chance of returning the compliment. But is it not pleasant loitering here, under the shade of the trees, and the music of the river murmuring in our ears? We are looking on the world of Teniers, of Gerard Dow, and all the other artists who have conferred artistic immortality on the ever-varying phenomena of Dutch life. Are we wearied of sight-seeing? come to Rotterdam; are we eager for novelty? come to Rotterdam; do we desire information? come to Rotterdam. But there's nothing to be seen, say some. So said little Toots of Bayswater, who thought there was more real excitement and pleasure in a night at the Alhambra or Cremorne, than could be obtained during a week in Switzerland or Italy. Read by the light of Motley's History of the Netherlands, Holland acquires an interest not unlike that which the novels of Scott have conferred upon the glorious "land of hill and heather." Simple and prosaic as are the lives of the Hollanders, there is a vein of romance running through them; and as we stroll on the busy Boompjes, we think of the days when Dutch sailors gallantly disputed with us the supremacy of the seas, when Dutch citizens sacrificed health and home rather than forego their faith; and as we do so, we feel proud of Holland and of its people. For the Dutch were in the van of the armies of freedom; and when, under Mary, reaction set in in this country, it was there that our great Reformers, civil and religious, found shelter. In 1736, Swedenborg gives two reasons for the prosperity of the Dutch. "In the first place," he says, "they live under a republic,

which form of government is more pleasing to God than an absolute monarchy." And then again, "There is the greatest liberty; none are slaves, but all are lords and masters under the government of the most high God." Well, it is true the republic is gone, but the spirit of freedom it cherished still exists. Nothing is more erroneous than an Englishman's idea of a Dutchman. We fancy Mynheer van Dunck an unwieldy porpoise, very much like a Dutch cheese on legs. This is quite a mistake. He is a little man, well shaven, active and sharp, and genial and clean. The Dutch are an old-fashioned people, and no wonder, for theirs is a grand history, and they may well be proud of the past; but they are not the worse for that. On Sundays they have a very staid and ancient air, but you will admire the head-dresses of the ladies; and if you are the head of a family, and know the hard work it is in these enlightened days to get a good maid-servant, you will be enchanted with the little rosy-cheeked Dutch maids-of-all-work, who go pattering about the streets in wooden clogs, with neat print gowns and clean muslin caps. Look at them, and the canals, and the trees, and the big ships unlading in all the sheds, at the very doors of the leading merchants' houses, and then look at the statue of Erasmus, the glory of Rotterdam and Holland. Erasmus came to England in Henry VII.'s time. He dined with Sir Thomas More; he visited the great scholar, John Colet, at Oxford; the young Prince, afterwards Henry VIII., was his friend, and Erasmus wrote to Lord Mountjoy, "I cannot tell how delighted I am with your England. With such men I would willingly live on the furthest coasts of Scythia." Erasmus was at this time the head of the great literary community. By means of his connexions and his correspondence, which extended all over Europe, he established, between those countries where learning was reviving, an interchange of ideas and manuscripts. He was an eminent critic, a witty satirist, and he published—little dreaming the impulse it would give to the Reformation all over Europe—the New Testament for the first time in Greek, with a Latin translation. "It was," says D'Aubigné, "in every hand; men struggled to procure it, read it eagerly, and would even kiss it." Well may Rotterdam be proud of Erasmus!

But having indulged so far in generalities, I proceed to jot down in a more systematic manner a programme of things to notice specially in Rotterdam, to most of which reference has been already made.

Rotterdam, *i.e.*, a *dam* (in Hoogstrat,) at the confluence of the *Rotte* with the Maas.

The Great Church (Groote Kerk), dedicated to St. Lawrence. Magnificent organ. Ascend tower.

Boyman's Museum.—A fine collection of paintings, principally Dutch. Open 10 to 4.

Botanical Gardens. Park. Zoological Gardens; near the station for the Hague.

Town House and Exchange.

A **drive** round the suburbs will be found very interesting, and it will be seen how enormously Rotterdam is increasing in size and population.

Statue of Erasmus, by Henry de Keiser, in the market place.

The House in which Erasmus was born. Breede Kerk Straat, near the Great Church.

In Holland generally the following subjects are to be kept in mind, and particular observation made of them :—

Dunes, or sand-hills, extend all along the Dutch coast. On a boisterous day a sand-storm here is as bad almost as in the desert. The dunes are sown with a grass which will grow on sand, and are nourished by the sea, and the roots keep the sand from flying entirely away. The dunes are the only hills in Holland, and these the winds have raised.

Dykes.—As the sea is higher than the land, insomuch that in some places and times it is from 25 to 30 feet below high-water mark, the sea is kept out by these wondrous bulwarks which are raised all round the coast, and night and day are watched, especially in time of high tide; for the people in Holland, like the dwellers on the slopes of Vesuvius, are always within an ace of destruction.

Canals, which form a system of communication all through the country, and drain off superfluous water.

Windmills by the thousand, used as pumps for draining the land, and for a dozen purposes we never use them for in England.

Trees standing like militia-men, Dutchmen understanding art more than nature.

Flowers, rich and beautiful, everywhere.

FROM ROTTERDAM TO THE HAGUE.

In an hour you can escape from the busy canals and docks of Rotterdam to the pleasant and far more genteel

Hague. Thither we propose to journey *en route* to Amsterdam. Frequent trains at cheap fares. We first pass

Schiedam, which, as all the world knows, whether Good Templars or not, is celebrated for its distillery of the finest Geneva, Jenever, Juniper, or Hollands, recognized anywhere by the Dutch-built high-shouldered bottles. (See page 10.) Then on to

Delft, a very populous town of about 22,000, which none should fail to visit who have the time to spare. Here is the house in which William Prince of Orange was assassinated. The staircase he was ascending, and the holes made by the bullets, are yet to be seen. His monument is in the *New Church*, and also one of Grotius, who was a native of this town. The Arsenal is important in its situation, and for its purpose; and so is the College attached to it, where students are instructed how to preserve the life of the country by attention to its dykes, dunes, etc. A short distance from Delft, and we arrive at

THE HAGUE,

(Hotel du Vieux Doelen,)

The Dutchman's Paradise and the prettiest place in Holland. To tell its history would be to transcribe Motley's books.

There are some fine streets, lined with trees, the principal being the Voorhout, in which are good hotels and handsome houses. But the chief attraction to the tourist is

The Museum, with a collection of paintings amongst the finest in the world; open daily from 9 to 3; Saturday, half-past 10 to 1. So remarkable are all the pictures, that they require a careful study. No one must omit paying special attention to

"The Dissectors," by Rembrandt.

"The Bull," by Paul Potter.

"The Man with the Hawk." Holbein.

"The Hay Cart," by Wouvermans.

The collection of Chinese and Japanese curiosities is the finest that can be seen. But perhaps the interest in these will pale before the historical relics, such as

The Armour of Admiral De Ruyter.

The Bullet-marked Armour of Admiral Van Tromp.

The Dress worn by William of Orange when he was murdered.

Part of the Bed on which the Czar Peter slept; and

A Doll's House, made by his order.

The Library (immense collection). *The Medal Collection*, 37,000 medals.

Among the **places of historical interest** are to be noticed the house where J. De Witt, the Grand Pentionary of Holland, lived, only a short distance from the spot where he and his brother were murdered in 1672, in the prison where they were incarcerated on the false charge of attempting to take the life of the Prince of Orange.

"Huyghens, the inventor of the pendulum clock, and William III. of England, were born here; and here Charles II. of England passed the greater portion of his life."

All Englishmen must love to visit The Hague. We think of William III. and the Restoration; and as we do so we see Sir William Temple and the great statesmen of other days. One of the best anecdotes we know in connection with The Hague is that of Lord Stair. It appears that when he was Ambassador there, he did what the representatives of England should always do in a foreign land—he endeavoured to keep up the character of the country for hospitality. It appears the other diplomatists did the same. On one occasion he was dining at the Abbé de Villes. The French Ambassador gave as his toast, "The rising sun, my master," alluding to the device and motto of Louis. The Austrian Ambassador then gave "The moon," in compliment to his Empress Queen. The turn then came to the Earl of Stair, who was quite equal to the occasion. He drank his master, King William, by the name of "Joshua, the son of Nun, who made the sun and moon stand still." Not bad this. Somehow or other we English have always had our joke with the Dutch. When Sir Charles Bagot was at The Hague, Canning was Foreign Secretary, and there was a treaty of Commerce concocting. It was difficult to settle all the details. One day a despatch in cypher was received from the great English Minister. The most acute of the *attachés* at The Hague were set to work to discover the meaning of this particular document. They produce a *rhyme;* they are startled—thrown into confusion. Set to work again, and produce another rhyme. The important paper (and it was important) contained something like the following doggerel—

> "Dear Bagot, in commerce the fault of the Dutch
> Is giving too little, and asking too much;
> So since on this policy Mynheer seems bent,
> We'll clap on his vessels just 20 per cent."

So much for The Hague, from whence we received Charles II. in the Restoration; of which General Conway wrote, in 1711, to his friend Horace Walpole, and the description is appropriate now: "It looks like a capital, and is very pretty, but the society savours more of a large county town."

There are several private galleries in the Hague which are occasionally shown to the public. If you have time to spare for seeing more than the usual things shown to tourists, it will be well to remember this. We remember to have seen a small, but costly collection belonging to Baron Steengracht, who sometimes confers this kindness on the public—a kindness which might with credit be imitated by some of the aristocracy in our own country. The House of Commons (which consists of but seventy-two members) and the House of Lords (of thirty-six members) contain two or three good pictures.

The Palace in the Woods is a most charming place, half an hour's drive from the town, through bright green woods and shady avenues intersected with the ever-present canal. In the Palace are handsome rooms chastely furnished, with some remarkable frescoes, the work of Jordaens; satin needle-work hangings on the walls, costly needle-work carpets on the floors, etc., etc.

About three miles from the Hague is **Scheveningen**, a fashionable Dutch bathing-place and fishing village; the drive there is pretty, being a long avenue shaded with oaks and elms. (Tram cars at cheap fares run constantly.) A fair is sometimes held there, of which a friend of ours writes as follows:—

"It was at Scheveningen that our own Charles the Second embarked for England, after his exile; and several other historical events have happened there. But it is not of these that I wish to write, nor for these that I visited the place; but because of the immense concourse of people that were present, and the pictures of Dutch life that are seen on that special occasion. The population of the village is about 6,000; but there could not have been far short of 100,000 at the fair; amongst whom we met the King and Queen riding in an open carriage, and the Prince of Orange riding in a hansom cab, the only one there is in the country. The King and Queen passed comparatively unnoticed by the people; but true to our English style of saluting royalty, we gave them an English cheer, which was gracefully acknowledged. The Dutch seem to be far behind in not providing the usual accessories of a country fair.

'Tis true there were beer-houses and coffee-houses in abundance, called 'Bier Huis' and 'Koffej Huis;' but there was an absence of shows and light amusements—if we except some swings and a merry-go-round. The most notable things were the peculiar head-dresses of the country-women, with silver or golden close-fitting helmets or skull-caps, covering the whole of the back of the head, and meeting at each side of the face, with a gold band across the forehead, while horizontal pins stood out from the sides of the head, from which were suspended glittering ornaments that hung down the side of the face, or on which were fixed broad spiral wire ornaments, that stood up from each side of the face in the shape of a boy's spinning top upside down."

Returning to the Hague, we continue our journey, and arrive at

Leyden, or Leiden, population about 40,000. Leyden is composed of 50 small islands, formed by the Rhine, connected by 145 bridges. A rampart surrounds the town, on which there are shady and pleasant walks; the streets are broad, and well paved, and the houses substantial, many of them built with gables. In the middle of the city is an old fort or castle, so old that some attribute it to Drusus. To most visitors the Museum will attract the first attention; but to those who have studied Motley's Dutch Republic, the **Town Hall** will be the first place visited; and as they stand before the fine picture of Peter Vanderwerf, who so bravely defended the town in 1574, when besieged by the Spaniards, or as they gaze at the magnificent picture by Wappers, of the siege itself, they will recall the story of how the Spaniards urged them to surrender; how for four months the inhabitants held out without murmuring, until all provision failed, even dogs and cats and rats, on which they had been living; and then how the carrier-pigeons flew into the beleaguered town, telling that the Prince of Orange was coming to their deliverance, having taken the unprecedented alternative of cutting the dykes, in order that the flotilla of two hundred boats laden with provisions might reach them. But the water did not rise high enough, and the starving people, seeing the supplies in the distance, and not able to obtain them, were maddened, and demanded that the city be surrendered.

"I have sworn to defend the city," answered the heroic governor, "and by God's help I mean to keep that oath. Bread I have none, but if my body can afford you relief, and

enable you to prolong the defence, take it and tear it to pieces, and let those who are most hungry among you share it."

Then came the relief from an unexpected quarter; the wind arose, and a violent storm drove in the flood through the broken dykes, and onward it poured with increasing volume and power, sweeping away the Spaniards, and bearing the flotilla to the very gates of the city. As Motley says, "Wind and water fought in the defence of Leyden," and we cannot wonder that the day is observed by the citizens, in commemoration of their almost miraculous deliverance on Oct. 3, 1574.

The University, which gained for Leyden the title of "the Athens of the West," is celebrated as being the first in Holland, and its professors and scholars include the names of Grotius, Descartes, Linnæus, Salmasius, and Boerhaave. Goldsmith and Evelyn were students, and Arminius and Gomarus, the religious rivals and disputants, were professors here.

The Museums are the richest and most complete in the world. There is a **Museum of Natural History** (open from 12 to 3) in the Papengracht. Notice particularly the birds, the skeletons, and the precious stones. A **Museum of Egyptian Curiosities**, in the Breede Straat, illustrates very completely the habits and customs of the people.

Dr. Siebold's **Japanese Collection** (open 9 to 5) is as complete, or even more complete, than the Egyptian, and it is a collection such as can only be seen in Leyden.

Everything and everybody is interesting in Leyden, and there is so much to see and think about, you hardly know where to begin or end, if your visit is a hurried one.

Lucas van Leyden, the wonderful painter, was born here, and was famous when he was twelve years old. His "Last Judgment" is in the Council House.

The place is surrounded by mills. We think at once of Rembrandt, the miller's son, who was born near here in 1606. He lived and died in Amsterdam, whither we are going.

John of Leyden and the Anabaptists! what a wonderful story in Church history does this name unfold amid the associations of this place, as we think of the dauntless John, a young tailor, in company with John Matthias, a baker, starting out to grapple with the controversies of the times, and to become the King of New Zion!

The Church of St. Peter, dating from 1315, contains the monument of Boerhaave, the physician.

The Church of St. Pancras, Vanderwerf's monument.

The Rapenburg, an open space in the street of that name, where some sailors frying bacon set fire to a bargeful of gunpowder in 1807, destroying 300 houses and killing 150 people.

Reluctantly leaving Leyden, we take the train again, and arrive at

HAARLEM.

Good buffet at station. Population, 31,000.

The story of Haarlem is like unto that of Leyden, only the latter ended well, while this has a tragical *finale*. It was besieged by the Spaniards in 1573. At the end of seven months, famine had nearly done its work, and a desperate effort was to be made to cut their way through the camp of the enemy. Hearing of this, the Spaniards offered pardon if they would yield the city, and with it fifty-seven of the chief citizens. It was agreed; the city surrendered to the Duke of Alva, who with wanton brutality violated all the treaty, demolished the garrison, and murdered 2,000 of the citizens. It was from Haarlem that Leyden learnt the lesson to die rather than yield.

Laurence Coster lived at Haarlem, and the Dutch claim for him the discovery of the art of printing. Bear this in mind; for if you continue the tour with us up the Rhine, we shall come to Mayence, where the statue of Gutenberg, the discoverer of the art of printing, is to be seen; also at Strasburg.

In the **Church of St. Bavon**, a huge Gothic building, with a tower commanding an extensive view, is the **Great Organ**, which was once regarded as one of the wonders of the world. It has 5,000 pipes. To hear the different effects "trotted out" by the organist costs £1 for a party, and is very dear at the price. There are a dozen organs in the world now which excel it, both in scale and in quality. It is not to be compared to the wonderful instrument that was burnt in the ill-fated Alexandra Palace in London, nor can it attempt to compete with York, Birmingham, Fribourg, etc. It is, however, sacred to the memory of Mozart, who played upon it when he was ten years old.

The **Stadhuis**, a picturesque place, is of a date anterior to the siege.

A little trip of half an hour from the station brings you to a wood of considerable extent. In the **Pavilion** is a good picture gallery. Here, in 1808, Napoleon III., the exile of Chislehurst, was born.

Be sure and see some of the bulb gardens, if you are in this neighbourhood at the right time. The show of hyacinths, tulips, etc., is marvellous, and a big trade is done in them. "One horticulturist exports annually 300,000 crocuses, 200,000 tulips, 100,000 hyacinths, and 100,000 ranunculuses, besides other flowers."

There was once a large lake at Haarlem, and it spread so much as to make the people think all Haarlem would be a lake some day. So they erected some enormous pumps, pumped out a million tons of water, and reclaimed 50,000 acres of ground, now covered with grassy meadows.

AMSTERDAM.

(Old Bible Hotel.)

Amsterdam—"dam" of the river "Amstel"—is the commercial capital of Holland, with a population of about 260,000. The Dutch metropolis is a curious place. A recent visitor says: "There is first the fosse which surrounds the walls of the city, and girdles it from end to end, in the shape of a tightly bent bow, of which the Ij is the string. Within this watery limit on either side Amsterdam is built, in the shape of a half-moon. The four main canals of the city—the Prinsen Gracht, Keizers Gracht, Heeren Gracht, and Singel—follow the course of the outer fosse, circle within circle. Other canals, in numbers more than can be counted, or than I have any disposition to count—though the guides, no doubt, will say all about them—run at various angles to these, like the transverse lines of the spider's web, splitting up the city into innumerable islands united by drawbridges. Amsterdam is a town of water-lanes, a city of silent highways." Another visitor seems to have been equally impressed with the strange character of this veritable city of canals. "What a wonderful city it is, with its six broad belts of water, horse-shoe shaped, and its hundreds of smaller canals, gleaming between the tall dark houses; its enormous system of dykes steadily repulsing the hungry sea, whose level is many feet higher than that of its streets; its three hundred and thirty bridges, teeming with carts, cabs, and foot passengers—for Amsterdam is populated by hard upon three hundred thousand souls; its long rows of lofty warehouses and loftier private mansions, brown brick faced with grey stone; its docks full of large ships, and long

paved promenades stretching out to the Zuyder Zee, only to be reached by pedestrians across a mysterious network of swinging watergates and drawbridges; its stony oases, recovered from a watery desert, round which are built banks, markets, churches, exchanges, and massive edifices of every kind, all resting upon piles, and only facing dry land on one side."

But the city possesses many other interests. As a writer reminds us: "The visitor who comes to Amsterdam after seeing the Rhine finds the contrast between the mercantile and the warlike temper, between the burgher class and the feudal class, as strongly marked as it was in the middle ages. Drachenfels, Ehrenfels, and Bishop Hatto's Castle are moulder-ing. But Ehrenbreitstein is as much a sign of the unsubdued military spirit of the present time as any of these decaying strongholds. In Amsterdam windmills are raised upon the bastions which once served as fortifications, and corn is ground where shot and shell used to be stored. It is curious to see these mills, a score together within half a mile's space, border-ing the outer fosse, on the left bank of the Amstel, and whirling their arms fiercely, as if they had been drawn up in line to resist a rumoured attack of a revived Don Quixote." Here, too, may be seen the oddest of odd costume. In Holland the eccentricities of female dress are marvellous, but they are only to be witnessed in Amsterdam on festival occasions, when from all parts of the land—we were nearly adding "and water"—the country people pour in without ceasing. From Zeeland, from Friesland, from Zaandam—incorrectly called Saardam—where the Czar Peter studied shipbuilding, and three hundred and eighty windmills fan the breeze; from Broek, where the good wives are said to wash up the whole town about every three-quarters of an hour; from far Texel, from Kempen, and from Gorkum, come the sturdy peasants. Wonderful are the head-dresses of the women. They are stupendous in their mysterious intricacy, unapproachable even by the ingenuity of the most skilled Parisian *artistes*. "It is by the head-dress," we are told, "that you distinguish the women of one province or town from those of another; the rest of the costume is uniform to all Holland, viz., a stuff dress, fastened in front, and waistless, a small imitation cashmere shawl, thick highlows, and black mittens. The Dutch peasant girl frequently carries her dowry on her head and in her ears —the plates, crushing down her hair, and looking as if they had been let into her head after the operation of trepanning,

are invariably composed of precious metal; her weighty ear-rings are gold, or, at the very least, silver. One of the oddest head-dresses is that of the Texel women, who wear gold plates, over black lace, decorated with horns of black ribbon just above the outer corners of the eyebrows, the back of the head being covered by a brown edifice, exactly like a small bronze coal-scuttle turned upside down."

Another writer, remarking on the general peculiarities of Amsterdam and its inhabitants, says: "The look of the houses, with their curiously carved gables, which, for some good architectural or engineering reason, are placed front-wise towards the street; the cranes, which hang projecting from them for the conveyance of articles directly from the boats to the store-rooms at the house-tops without the intervention of carts in the streets or dirty feet on the stairs; the well-grown trees which adorn the canal sides and shade the houses; the quaint druggists' shops, with the *gapers*, or large Moorish heads, with open mouths, for the reception of pills, or the protrusion of tongues, as a sign of the healing art; the little flags and flowers which announce the arrival of boat-loads of herrings; the strange costumes in the streets, the women from distant provinces with their indescribable hats and bonnets, and their heads adorned with bands and plates, as if they had been trepanned with the precious metals; the infrequent knickerbockers from the island of Marken; old Jews in blue overcoats and black waistcoats and knee-breeches; orphans, in their parti-coloured uniforms of red and black jackets and petticoats, like the ladies and gentlemen of the court of Richard II.; the carillons, chimed from the steeples at every hour—all these sights and sounds animate the still life of the old town in a very appropriate manner."

Let us take a glance at a few of the sights of the place, among which the most prominent is the **Hotel de Ville,** built between 1648 and 1655, an immense stone palace standing nearly in the centre of the city. The Dutch once esteemed this to form the eighth wonder of the world. Built—on thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty-nine piles—originally for a Town Hall, it was converted into a royal residence by Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, King of Holland, who inhabited it constantly during his reign over the Netherlands. The apartments he occupied have been preserved intact, and are shown to the public, as well as the gorgeous banqueting halls and ball room, which is

the loftiest apartment in Europe. It is one hundred feet high, a hundred and sixty feet long by eighty wide, and is lighted by chandeliers of brilliant cut glass, depending from as many gold-starred celestial globes.

There is a splendid view from the tower of this building.

The old Church (Oude Kerk), in the Warmoes Straat, and the

New Church (Nieuwe Kerk), near the palace, have little in them to interest, both being exceedingly plain in comparison with many we shall see on our tour. There are, however, a few good monuments and some fine painted windows. A tablet has been fixed in the wall of the new church, where lies the lion-hearted De Ruyter under a splendid marble monument, to the name of this uncompromising patriot. **De Ruyter's dwelling house,** also adorned with his bust in bas-relief, stands on one of the quays, near the Belgian Consulate.

There are numerous public and private picture galleries in Amsterdam, and all rich in paintings of the Dutch School. The principal collection is in

The Museum in the Gracht, open free on Thursdays and Fridays—other days, a fee—contains about five hundred pictures; amongst them a picture by Van der Helst, considered by many to be the gem of the whole collection. There are others by Rembrandt, Vandyck, Douw, Paul Potter, Rubens, Teniers, etc.

In several parts of Amsterdam memorials will be found of Van Speyk, a young lieutenant, commander of a Dutch gunboat, who in the war of 1830 blew up his vessel and crew rather than surrender to the enemy. (See page 39.)

No one visiting Amsterdam should omit gaining some little insight into its great local industry, that of **diamond-cutting.** To witness this process used formerly to be the object of many journeys to Holland. Almost every foreigner, when he arrived at Amsterdam, especially if he were accompanied by a lady, before visiting the paintings, would be driven to the street where is situated the famous cutting and polishing establishment which may be visited by the kindness of the proprietor, M. Koster, who employs 400 work-people in this interesting process. The numerous difficulties and precautions, the profound knowledge, and the patience required to realise upon the enormous capital engaged in this singular trade, have kept the preparation and transformation of rough diamonds

in few hands. Out of an average of 180,000 carats imported into Europe every year, about one-half of them are sent to M. Koster by his agents established at Brazil.

But Amsterdam has other characteristic features, some of deep importance to the social reformer, not the least interesting being the numerous Orphanages, 'Providers' Houses,' and other philanthropic institutions; for the Dutch are really a kindly hearted and intellectual people. "No city," we are told, "for its size and population, abounds with more societies for the cultivation of literature, science, and the fine arts, than Amsterdam. It has an academy of painting, sculpture, engraving, and architecture. At the *Felix Meritis*, a most respectable society for the encouragement of every branch of art, science, and literature, of physics, music, and even commerce and political economy, lectures are delivered and dissertations read on all subjects. They have a library stocked with books in all departments of science; a collection of plaster casts from ancient statues; a chemical apparatus, and a collection of mathematical, philosophical, and even musical instruments; and they give concerts."

There are three **Theatres** in Amsterdam.

It will repay a visit, if time permits, to take the steamer (every two hours) to **Zaandam, or Saardam,** have a fish dinner at the *Otter Hotel*, and visit the cottage where Peter the Great dwelt when he was learning the trade of a shipwright. The Emperor Alexander caused a tablet to be placed over the mantel-piece, "Nothing too small for a great man," and wrote his name on the wall, as thousands of others have done.

Mr. Mac Gregor (Rob Roy), makes a few remarks of interest about Amsterdam and its neighbourhood:

"Perhaps no place quite near to England is so very different from England in land and water, houses and people, ships and carts, and a thousand little things, as the north of Holland. Very few travellers come here for their pleasure, yet the country is exceedingly interesting, and the railways and canals give access to every part of the mainland, which teems with population and with plenty and peace, but all of it 'expressed,' so to say, in a mode altogether different from any other part of Europe." Mr. Mac Gregor goes on to describe the new ship canal, constructed from Amsterdam. It is about 60 miles in length, deep and wide, and crowded with barges, steamers, large Indiamen, and every kind of vessel from many nations. All along it the banks are green, and villages outdrawn in rows

of detached houses, brilliant in colours, and with their shady gardens and gilded rails, making the scene just like one on a Chinese river. Of **Alkmaar**, we are told that the "houses are all of brick, so are the roads and streets; and the architecture is most grotesque and often very tasteful. Canals pierce the town in every direction, and are always shaded by rows of leafy trees. Churches are gently tinkling a chime from pretty little bells, and excellent shops are everywhere, with a crowd of hearty, honest-looking folk, all seemingly contented, but never boisterous, happy and ready for a smile and even a joke, provided it be not too flippant or disturbing." The round hard Dutch cheeses come from Alkmaar, which should be visited by all who have a day or two at their disposal, when at Amsterdam. The gilt and silver head-dresses of the women in Holland are well enough known to all travellers who pass through Rotterdam, or even Antwerp; but here at this Alkmaar, and in fair time, the gayest finery of the more remote villages comes to a centre. These gold and silver ornaments descend in families as heirlooms, and so their antiquity is their charm.

In a very capital paper in the "Sunday Magazine" of Nov. 1866, entitled "A Fortnight in a Dutch Town," there are a few startling things narrated in reference to church life in the particular town referred to, which may be taken in many respects as illustrative of the whole country. In this age of religious discussion we think it will interest many of our tourist friends who spend a Sunday in Holland to read the following extracts :—

Church Life in a Dutch Town.

"First you must know that two-fifths of the population are Romanists. Between these and us Protestants there is no intercourse whatever, except at the market. This is not altogether owing to the circumstance of their belonging mostly to the lower class, but chiefly to the systematic carefulness of their priests to keep them aloof from Protestant influences, and to the fact that we are a thoroughly Protestant nation. You know, of course, that we owe our national independence to that noble eighty years' struggle which our forefathers caried on three centuries ago against Popish priestcraft and Spanish tyranny, and which has been so admirably described in your language by Mr. Motley. Though the animosity which existed in those days between the two parties has long since subsided, and we now live in peace all together, yet separation has

continued from a kind of traditional habit in a small place like this, where people are so well acquainted with each other's history, circumstances, and religion. But apart from the Romanists, the Protestants themselves are divided into three parties; and, though they also live in peace, yet they differ from each other in principle almost as much as Protestants do from Romanists. When I speak of parties, you must not think I mean sects. We have no sects in this place. We Protestants all belong to the National Church, which, as you know, is Calvinistic and Presbyterian. I think we number about five thousand people. We are not, as is the case in your country, divided into parishes.

"We are all members of one church, which is under the charge of three ministers, who are assisted by a consistory composed of twelve elders and as many deacons. The sole business of the latter is to look after the poor, and to administer the money that comes in from weekly collections in the churches, endowments, donations, etc.

"Now we have two places of public worship—the cathedral yonder, and a smaller church in another quarter of the town. In each of them we have three services every Sunday, and once on an evening during the week. The ministers regularly exchange with each other; Dr. Lakeman, for instance, preaches next Sunday morning in the cathedral, and the following Sunday morning in the other church, while one of his colleagues just does the reverse. Our little local paper tells us every Saturday in which church and at what hour each of the three gentlemen will officiate on the following Sunday.

"Now each of these three ministers represents a different system of divinity: Dr. Lakeman, a young man who left the University only three years ago, is what is called a 'modern theologian.' He is an advocate of the principles of Strauss and Renan, and consequently denies the divinity, the miracles, and the resurrection of our Lord; in short, he denies everything supernatural in the Bible. . . .

"But how is it possible that such a monstrous state of things can be tolerated in your church?" I asked. "Is there no law and no government in it?" "There is," replied Mr. Van der Kemp; "but both, alas! are powerless. You know, of course, that the creeds of the Reformed Churches are perfectly sound in point of doctrine. I have only to mention the Heidelberg Catechism—that jewel of a confession which, during more than two centuries, has been the chief standard of faith of our church.

"But since the synod of 1816, which was convoked by the king, the clergy have been relieved of their obligations to subscribe the creed, and instead have only to sign a formula of subscription, which, being drawn up in very vague and general terms, really binds them to no doctrine at all.

"The supreme government of our church is not in the hands of a General Assembly, as is the case with the Scotch Presbyterians, but in those of a few men who are not chosen and appointed by the members of the church, but by the consistories, which are self-

elected bodies. This supreme court, which is called 'The Synodical Commission,' meets once a year, with closed doors, at the Hague. It has no power to interfere in doctrinal controversies, and is, in fact, nothing more than a board of administration. Numerous protests and petitions have been sent up to it on the part of the orthodox party, during the last thirty years, but they have all proved fruitless; and last year the court published a final answer, in which it confessed its impotence to cure the fearful confusion, and declared that no alternative is left but to allow matters to take their own course.

"Sad, nay wicked, as that declaration is, yet one cannot marvel, for the men themselves who constitute that court are, with only one or two exceptions, members of either the liberal or the modern party. . . .

"The clergymen are not paid from contributions of the people, but partly from endowments, and, for the greater part, from the public exchequer. All clergymen in our country are State paid; the people, in fact, have nothing at all to say in the arrangement of church matters.

"We do not choose our ministers; the elders and deacons choose them for us. We do not choose our elders and deacons; for should one of their places fall vacant, the rest choose a successor without asking our consent. We do not choose the professors of divinity at our Universities; the Government chooses them; and if the Government should appoint such men as Strauss and Renan, we have no power to prevent it. And we cannot send our young men to other colleges; for the rules of our church admit of no preachers except those taught by the Government professors.

"And yet with all this our church is no State establishment; for, according to the charter, our king and his ministers are not bound to profess any religion. Our king, of course, is a member of our church, because it is the church of the majority; but if he should choose to turn a Romanist, or even a Jew, no legal proceedings could be taken against him. Among his ministers there are Romanists, and there have sometimes been Jews. All religious denominations have equal rights in our country, and all of them are State paid, unless they decline to accept the money.

"But this equality of rights, stipulated as it is in our charter, is carried out with gross injustice so far as regards the church. For while the other denominations, such as the Lutherans, the Mennonites, the Arminians, the Separatists, and even the Roman Catholics, are left perfectly at liberty to manage their own affairs, to appoint their own officials, and to have their own colleges or seminaries, we, on the contrary, *must* submit to those arbitrary, despotic, and absurd restrictions which I have stated to you."

I was quite at a loss to comprehend how such a state of things could be tolerated in a society of rational beings, not to speak of a Christian community. "It must needs come to a separation amongst you," I said.

"Well, so we all think, and we have thought so for long; but the difficulty is how to bring about a satisfactory secession. Of course, we orthodox people might go out at any moment and found a church of our own. Nothing in the laws could prevent us doing so. But then we should have to leave all our cathedrals, churches, school-rooms—in short, all our church property—in the hands of the infidels. We should deem that a gross injustice towards the cause of truth, for we are *de jure* the sole proprietors of the church property; and the infidels ought to leave the church, because it is they who have fallen away from the creed, and broken the rules of the church of our fathers. . . . ."

There are now three courses open to us (as a certain statesman is wont to observe) for the continuation of our tour.

For those who wish only to do Holland and a part of Belgium, and whose time is limited, we recommend them to take the train back to Rotterdam, and steamer and train from thence to Antwerp, where, after seeing that interesting town (see page 40), they will obtain a boat for Harwich. See pages 7, 38-40.

Those who are *en route* for the Rhine, we recommend to travel with us viâ Utrecht, Emmerich, and Dusseldorf to Cologne. See page 74.

A third route is from Amsterdam to Utrecht, Arnhem, Cleve, and Crefeld to Cologne, but we give the preference to the route via Emmerich and Dusseldorf.

The choice of routes is given, and full information supplied as to the approximate costs, in the Appendix.

FROM ROTTERDAM TO ANTWERP.

Formerly this was a tedious and uninteresting journey, but a great change has recently been made for the better, and the traveller can now do the whole distance in three hours.

At the railway station pier in Rotterdam the steamboat has to be taken for about a quarter of an hour up the river, when it is exchanged for the train. As we leave Rotterdam behind us, we obtain a very pleasant prospect of the town. Entering the train, we proceed to **Dordrecht** (or Dort), one of the most ancient towns in Holland.

Very conspicuous is the giant tower of the church. It was in this town that the great Protestant Synod met in 1618, and decided that Arminius was a heretic, and that Calvinism was the truth. In this town the brothers De Witt were born, and

also Cuyp and Ary Scheffer; the works of the latter, especially those at Antwerp and Rotterdam, will leave an impression upon the mind, which even the tour of many galleries will not efface.

In this neighbourhood the Maas appears to have become a vast inland sea, studded with innumerable small islands. Surveyed from the back of the town, the scene is yet more striking, land and water being everywhere commingled in apparently inextricable confusion. Like the showman's *protégé*, we hardly know which is which. Previous to 1431, much of this region was a well-cultivated district; but in that year the river, bursting through a dyke, destroyed no less than 72 villages and 100,000 men, women, and children, besides many thousand, some say a quarter of a million, head of cattle. Of the submerged villages every vestige of more than half has been utterly lost to this day. Dort escaped as by a miracle, but its existence remains precarious in the extreme. The sudden rising of the Rhine a few inches may at any time place it completely under water. The town is thoroughly Dutch in appearance. Quays planted with trees, windmills, timber yards, farms, *bierhuizen* (beerhouses), villas, and dockyards, abound everywhere. The huge timber rafts which are floated down the Rhine are generally broken up here. Some of these rafts are worth from £10,000 to £30,000, and are managed by crews of from one hundred to five hundred men. Leaving Dort, we proceed towards **Moerdyck**, where the railway formerly terminated; but now the new line is open, and we are carried over one of **the longest bridges in the world**, a marvel of engineering skill and of commercial enterprise. So wide is the river, that it seems like going out to sea by train; and we do not doubt that now this new line of railway is open, it will attract many visitors, especially those who are interested in the commercial prosperity of Holland.

Already the traffic is large, and when the scheme is completed to carry the rail across the broad river right into Rotterdam, it will increase with great rapidity, as it will entirely dispense with what has always been an objection in travelling —viz., the transfer from train to boat. The viaduct is for a single train only, and is nearly two miles long, with fourteen spans of a hundred metres each.

Breda is the next town of importance. It is a strongly fortified place, possessing a church with many interesting monuments. The story of the capture of Breda by a strange

stratagem has been well told to young people in a tale by Jacob de Liefde, published in England and America, and the full particulars will be found in the Histories. In 1590 the Spaniards held Breda, and a patriotic few determined to rescue it from their hands. A barge, supposed to be laden with turf for fuel, concealed eighty noble men, who were carried right into the heart of the garrison. They were nearly discovered from the fact of one of the party being seized with a violent attack of sneezing; but the process of unloading the turf was stopped by Vandenburg giving drugged wine to the men, who were reduced to hopeless intoxication. Then when the garrison was asleep, the eighty patriots emerged from their concealment, a panic ensued, and the town of Breda was captured.

Roosendaal is the frontier town between Belgium and Holland, and there the luggage is examined by the Custom House officers; a very mild proceeding, consisting in opening and shutting one trunk out of four or thereabouts, and receiving a chalk mark on each. Then we re-enter the train, proceed on our way, the country everywhere seeming a perfect garden, and in little more than an hour, find ourselves in the ancient city of

Antwerp.

(For description of Antwerp, see page 40.)

FROM OSTEND TO ANTWERP.

Ostend is a strongly fortified seaport town, with about 17,000 inhabitants. It is a dull and uninteresting place, except in the months of August and September, when it is crowded with visitors, who frequent it for the sake of the bathing. Nearly one hundred bathing machines may be found upon the beach. There is only one thing that the tourist will care to see, and that is the *Digue*, a sea-wall forty feet high, which serves as a defence against the sea, a handsome promenade, where all the world walks out all the day long, and longer; and from it the ramparts, broad ditches, flat sands, and widely extending dunes may be seen to perfection, and these constitute the principal features of the scenery of Ostend. Taking the first train, therefore, in correspondence with the boat, we proceed to

BRUGES.

(Hotel de Flandre.)

Bruges is half an hour from Ostend. It is a fine old city, and has a commercial history of considerable antiquity. It abounds in large buildings, but there is a somewhat desolate air about the place except on fête days. Southey has immortalised himself in all guide-books by the following lines:—

"Fair city, worthy of her ancient fame!
The season of her splendour is gone by,
Yet everywhere its monuments remain:
Temples which rear their stately heads on high,
Canals that intersect the fertile plain—
Wide streets and squares, with many a court and hall,
Spacious and undefaced—but ancient all.
When I may read of tilts in days of old,
Of tournays graced by chieftains of renown,
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold;
If fancy could portray some stately town,
Which of such pomp fit theatre may be,
Fair Bruges! I shall then remember thee."

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries it was the commercial capital of Northern Europe, but gradually it has dwindled down, and its manufactures are now confined to lace and shoes.

A visit to the following places should be made by all who have a little leisure to spare in this quaint and handsome city. First—

The Church of Notre Dame, not remarkable for its outside beauty, but containing a wonderful treasury of art within. I. The Virgin and Child, presumed to be the work of Michael Angelo. II. The Virgin and Child by Vandyck (supposed). III. The Adoration of the Shepherds. IV. A wonderful carved Pulpit. V. The Tombs of Charles the Bold and Mary of Burgundy.

The Hospital of St. John, very near the Church of Notre Dame, is an institution presided over by Sisters of Mercy. Here are some pictures painted by Hans Hembling, who presented them to the hospital in gratitude for attention received in it; they are marvellous pictures, and have only to be seen to be admired by all.

The coffin of St. Ursula must also be noticed. See page 85.

Les Halles, near to the Grande Place, is a fine Gothic building, celebrated for its **belfry** and forty-eight bells, the finest chime of bells in Europe. Everybody must visit this belfry; a fine view is to be obtained from the top; and here, too, the machinery of the chime may be inspected on payment of a small fee. Four times an hour the bells ring out, and many will linger long in the town for the purpose of listening to their fine effect from different points of station; and if the traveller happens to have a copy of Longfellow's poems in his pocket, he will like to read the two poems on "The Belfry of Bruges." We give a short extract from each.

"In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud, and sweetly blended,
Low at times, and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangour
Calmly answering their sweet anger
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended:
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vision,
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling.
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city."

"In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown,
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapours gray
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished ghost-like into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower."

The Jerusalem Church contains a model of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

The Palais de Justice is an antique building, with some life-sized statues and an enormous carved mantel-piece.

One of the most beautiful buildings in Bruges is **La Chapelle du Sang de Dieu**, so named on account of its containing in a magnificent shrine some of the reputed drops of the Saviour's blood.

The Hotel de Ville is close by, a fine Gothic edifice.

At the corner of Rue St. Amand is the house in which Charles II. resided when in exile.

Every tourist should take particular note of the different industries of the towns through which he passes, and he will find few better opportunities of inspecting the

Lace Manufactories (see p. 57) than in Bruges.

Resuming our journey, we arrive at

GHENT.

(Hotel de Vienne.)

Population, 122,000. The history of Ghent is the history of battle and tumult. It will be remembered that Edward I. was repulsed here, notwithstanding he had 24,000 men at his back. At one time (1400) the city had 80,000 men capable of bearing arms. Here the two Van Arteveldts gained their popularity. In 1539, the inhabitants, taxed to death, threw themselves into the arms of Francis I., but he betrayed them to the Emperor Charles V. (who was born here in 1500), and their last state was worse than their first. In 1792, the Netherlands fell under the power of France, and so continued till the downfall of

Napoleon in 1814. In 1815, the treaty of peace was signed here between Great Britain and the United States of America.

Ghent is a fine, well-built city, surrounded by walls, and abounding in picturesque houses with gable ends and carvings, fine promenades, spacious squares and streets.

The Cathedral of St. Bavon, a Gothic edifice consecrated in 941, not beautiful without, but curious within, as it is lined with black marble, and contains no fewer than twenty-four chapels. In front of the High Altar are four copper candlesticks once belonging to Charles I. There are some very fine paintings in the different chapels, but the most celebrated is the Adoration of the Spotless Lamb, by the brothers Van Eyck. (Hubert van Eyck lies buried under the choir.) There are also paintings by Huffel, Otto Vennius, and specially to be noticed an extraordinary ecclesiastical picture by Rubens.

Near the Cathedral is the celebrated **belfry tower**, ornamented by a copper dragon taken from the city of Bruges in 1445.

The Museum will not be appreciated by those who have been to Leyden. In the

Church of St. Michael, situated in the centre of the city, is the ruin of the most celebrated picture of Vandyck, The Crucifixion, destroyed by picture-cleaners.

The Beguinage, a wild and extraordinary-looking place, inhabited by some hundreds of nuns, who appear not to be bound by any particular rules as to the length of their stay, contains, says Bradshaw, "one of the finest pictures by Raphael in Belgium, the subject is the Head of our Saviour."

There are many historical places in Ghent, amongst them the old turreted **gateway** belonging to the castle in which John of Gaunt, or Ghent, was born; the Friday market square, where 1500 persons were slain in the awful trade riot between the weavers and fullers; the houses inhabited by Van Arteveldt, Count Egmont, etc.

There is a remarkably fine Theatre. Concert Halls, etc., open in the season.

Taking the train again, we proceed from here either to Antwerp, a journey of about an hour and a half, or direct to Brussels (p. 52), via Alost.

The former route takes us through one of the most deeply interesting parts of Belgium, where the land has been wrested from the power of the sea, and every inch betokens ingenuity and perseverance; where some of the most old-

fashioned of Flemish life may be seen, where the thriving population is packed together more closely than anywhere else, and where all the arts and industries of life find a home.

Lokeren, a large manufacturing town, with extensive bleaching grounds; a church with a tall tower, containing a carved pulpit, representing Jesus among the Doctors, one of the finest things of its kind in Belgium.

St. Nicholas, the largest flax market in Belgium (population, 22,000). Soon the tall towers of Antwerp are in sight; and we have before us one of the best views of this most interesting city that can be obtained anywhere.

Antwerp. See p. 40.

FROM LONDON TO ANTWERP.

LEAVING the St. Katherine's wharf, we proceed in one of the first-class packets of the General Steam Navigation Company, or the Belgian Company, and as we gently glide down the river, passing the familiar scenes, and bound on a seventeen hours' journey, we enjoy the air and the easy motion, and feel we are holiday-making. We know we shall have a night on board, and to those who are inexperienced in the perils of the deep this knowledge affords a certain charm of its own.

The interest of the journey culminates as we enter the mouth of the river Scheldt. Yonder is the

Island of Walcheren, the expedition to which in 1809 cost us so many valuable lives, no less than 7,000 British soldiers perishing here in a short time, from fever, ague, and other causes. The river here is some ten miles wide, and affords anchorage to a large number of vessels. On our left we see

Flushing, with its massive fortifications, which, in the good old days of protection and passports, formed a favourite smuggling refuge. Its palmy days in this respect are over, and we cannot but reflect on the beneficial changes which a few years of peace and free trade have effected in the relations subsisting between ourselves and the Netherlands.

Flushing has a population of 12,000 inhabitants, a dockyard and arsenal.

Here Admiral de Ruyter was born. It will probably not

afford any satisfaction to English tourists to know that our guns and bombs knocked to pieces the town-hall, the two fine churches, and more than 100 houses. Wars interest us at the time, they grieve us in their memories.

Middleburg, a few miles inland, is celebrated as being the place when the founder of the sect called at one time the "Brownists," and now the "Congregationalists," preached for many years. Here also Sir Philip Sydney was governor.

We have now a river journey of 62 miles; and although we shall not be impressed with the grandeur of the scenery, we shall at least be interested in the life and manners of the people, the general characteristics of the country, and the universal signs of industry and perseverance of the Dutch. We say Dutch, for we pass for some time through territory belonging to that people. In 1377, the whole district was submerged by an inundation, which destroyed nineteen villages and nearly all the inhabitants. Since then the whole of the waters have been drained off, and the land again brought into cultivation. We pass on the left

Biervliet, the birthplace of William Benkels, who invented the art of curing herrings. Let us invoke blessings on his memory when next we eat a bloater!

Terneusen, near which are the sluice gates of the Ghent Canal, by which large sea vessels can pass into that inland city. As we approach the large strongholds of

Lillo and **Liefkenshock**, on the right and left, we catch our first view of the tall spire of Antwerp Cathedral.

A chapter from Motley's History of the Netherlands will be read with great interest as we approach Calloo and Oordam, left and right. It is the place where the Duke of Parma threw his bridge of 2,400 ft. length across the river. One's hair stands on end as we read of the five ships which came down the stream and blew up the bridge, killing 800 Spaniards, and how, despite this stratagem, the Spaniards caused Antwerp to surrender.

In describing Amsterdam we have referred to the story of Van Speyk. (See p. 26.) As the scene of the story is in the neighbourhood of the forts we are now passing on our way towards the quay at Antwerp, we will tell the story in the graphic words of Murray.

"In February, 1831, while hostilities were in progress between Holland and Belgium, one of the Dutch gunboats, in sailing up the Scheldt during a heavy gale, twice missed stays. In spite of all the exertions of the crew, the vessel took the ground

close under the guns of Fort St. Laurent, below the town, and within a few yards of the docks. The helpless situation of the gunboat had been marked by crowds of Belgians from the shore; and the moment she was fast, a body of volunteers leaped on board, in haste to make a prize of the stranded vessel. The commander, a young officer named Van Speyk, was called on, in a triumphant tone, to haul down his colours and surrender. He saw that all chance of rescue, and of successful resistance against unequal numbers, were alike vain; but he had repeatedly before expressed his determination never to yield up his vessel, and he proved as good as his word. He rushed down to the powder magazine, and falling on his knees to implore forgiveness of the Almighty for the crime of self-destruction, he calmly laid a lighted cigar upon an open barrel of gunpowder. In a few moments the explosion took place; and while the vibration shook the whole city, the dauntless Van Speyk and all but three out of his crew of thirty-one men were blown into the air. Van Speyk was an orphan; he had been educated at the public expense in an orphan house at Amsterdam: thus nobly did he repay his debt, and his country and king were not unmindful of him. A monument was set up to his memory by the side of that of De Ruyter, and it was decreed that henceforth a vessel in the Dutch navy should always bear the name of Van Speyk."

ANTWERP.

Called by the natives Antwerpen; French, Anvers; Spanish, Amberes.

Population, 123,334.

(Hotel de la Paix. A comfortable, quiet hotel in the Rue des Menuisiers, conveniently situated in the centre of the town, near to Cathedral and tram-cars.

Hotel de l'Europe. In Place Verte, close to Cathedral. English spoken freely at both hotels.)

A legend of a giant is given to account for the name of the city of Antwerp. "Antigone, a giant with a very Greek cognomen, lived on the banks of the Scheldt; and one Silvius Brubon cut off the head of the monster, and threw it into the river. Thence," says the story, "by means of the two Flemish words, *handt*, a hand, and *werpen*, to throw, comes the name Antwerp."

The history of Antwerp, like that of the cities near to it, is a history of vicissitude. In the eleventh century it was a small republic. It rose to be the first commercial city in Europe in the time of Charles V. It was captured by the Spaniards under the Duke of Parma, in 1585. In 1648, the Peace Treaty of Westphalia partially destroyed its prosperity by closing the Scheldt, and sending the merchants therefore to Amsterdam and Rotterdam. Then the French got hold of it in 1794, and held it till 1815. When the separation of Holland and Belgium was agreed upon after the revolution of 1830, the king of Holland declined to give up the citadel of Holland. Consequently the French came with a strong force, bombarded the citadel, which was gallantly defended by General Chassé, with 4,500 men; but it was in vain, and Antwerp surrendered on the 24th December, 1832.

And now it is a flourishing city, and is the commercial capital of Belgium. A glorious place is Antwerp. Rich in historical, artistic, and archæological associations, it is one of the localities to which the intelligent tourist should turn his earliest attention. There is a vast deal to be seen here, far more than can be learnt from the best of guide-books. A writer tries to sum it up in these words:—"Antwerp altogether is a most interesting town, and we do not know a place which better epitomises continental life. It has a busy river, a lively quay, a famous arsenal, an industrious population, a market where the neighbouring peasantry may be seen in the ancient Flemish head-gear, streets where the cafés project their tables and seats, and people drink in the open air, boulevards, parks, zoological gardens where orchestral concerts are given. There is a combination of French exteriors and Flemish interiors, altogether very happy and pleasing."

It breathes an atmosphere of art. It is a place to love and to admire. Its ancient streets, its markets thronged by people in quaint costumes, among which the curious thimble-shaped bonnet is strikingly conspicuous; the gaily-attired soldiers, priests, milk-dealers—with their little carts drawn by dogs, and filled with bright brass vessels containing milk—the gingerbread shops, and a thousand other peculiar features of the city attract us by their novelty. Then there are the statues, fountains, public buildings, and the new portions of the city, all of which are worth visiting, to say nothing of the quays on the river-side, or the magnificent docks crowded with the shipping of all nations. The Spanish air of many of the females, and the rich

silk mantillas worn by them, never fail to attract the attention of the tourist. The people here are thoroughly Roman Catholic, the industrial habits of the Fleming having become incorporated with the intensely religious fervour of the Spaniard. Statues of the Virgin and Infant Saviour abound at the street corners; shops for the sale of rosaries, crucifixes, artificial flowers, confirmation wreaths, immortelles, etc., abound in all directions; while places where religious books and pictures are sold are extremely numerous. The churches are many, and overflow with altars, shrines, and splendid paintings. Rome itself can scarcely boast of more costly pictures or art treasures than is possessed by Antwerp. Here may be seen the *chef d'œuvres* of Rubens, Van Eyck, Quentin Matsys, Teniers, Maas, and other great Flemish painters. The total number of paintings contained in the churches, museum, and public buildings of the city is estimated at several thousand. The carved wooden pulpits in the various churches are singular works of art. Outside the Church of St. Paul is the famous "Calvary," with its masses of rockwork and coloured bas-reliefs of the condemned in flames. The social aspects of the city are deeply interesting. From the windows of our dining room in the Hotel de l'Europe, in the Place Verte, we see much of the street life of Antwerp. Everywhere we meet with traces of the vicissitudes it has undergone, from the time when the Spaniards ruled it with a rod of iron, until the momentous period, some thirty or forty years since, when it was attacked by the French and English forces. Sieges, revolutions, battles, insurrections, and attacks seem to have formed part of the normal life of the citizens; but they became used to it, and went on with their business as if nothing was the matter. Very curious is the appearance of the houses—great, old-fashioned, lofty-gabled, quaint-looking structures that they are.

But as we said before, the atmosphere of the place is art.

"Antwerp is full of Rubens. Something of his is to be seen in nearly all the churches, and not the least interesting memorial is his tomb in the Church of St. Jacques. In the Museum they have carried his glorification so far as to preserve his armchair in a glass case. Art is, in short, the distinguishing feature of a city which has given birth to the greatest painters of the Low Countries—Francis Floris, Quentin Matsys, Rombouts, Rubens, A. Vandyck, Schut, Seghers, Van Oort, David Teniers, Neefs, Jordaens, and Crayer. Out of these traditions has grown up a love of pictures, that pervades all classes of

the inhabitants; and it is by no means rare to discover choice specimens of the Dutch and Flemish schools in some of the poorest houses. The amateur collections of Antwerp, accessible to visitors, are numerous; and there are many single pictures of great value in private hands, which strangers are not permitted to see." (Bell's "Wayside Pictures.")

For centuries Antwerp has assiduously disputed with Rome the honour and glory of being foremost in the liberal and patriotic encouragement of arts and artists. In no European city is the real artist more honoured or more esteemed than in the ancient city of Antwerp, the pride of olden Flanders. The sturdy burghers were very proud of their painters, and to this day their children have inherited the art-predilections of their sires. The result of this is, that the various public and private collections in Antwerp contain a vast number of pictorial productions, many of great value, affording to those possessing a taste for art, a treat of no mean order. Several of the private collections are, as a rule, inaccessible to the general public; but the Cathedral and the Museum each contains sufficient to sate the art-appetite of even the most hungry.

The Cathedral is situated at the end of the Place Verte, and within a few minutes' walk of the quay where the steamboats belonging to the Great Eastern Company are cosily moored. Seen from the river, the spire of the Cathedral forms a very prominent feature. It is one of the loftiest in the world, being no less than 404 feet in height. The sculptured tracery of the various portions of the spire are so fine, that Charles V. said it deserved to be kept in a glass case, while Napoleon compared it to Mechlin lace. In all the wars and sieges from which Antwerp has suffered so severely, the Cathedral has fortunately been spared, even by the bitterest foe, although more than once it has been in imminent danger. It was too beautiful, too magnificent, to be destroyed, even by those who gloried in the cruel art of destruction; and so, to this day, it stands, proud and lovely as of old, despite the crowd of little shops and mean dwellings which have clustered disfiguringly around its base, like fungi to the trunk of a towering oak. As we gaze at the tapering spire, suddenly a powerful flood of rich silvery melody is poured forth from the famous carillon of sixty bells which is contained therein. Every *seven minutes* these chimes ring forth their tuneful notes; but the constant repetition proves destructive to the charm. One cannot always be eating honey. Even the choicest nectar would weary without variety.

Nay, the strains of a Jenny Lind or a Patti nauseate with too much repetition. But as the bells cease we enter the Cathedral. We are staunch Protestants—we steadfastly abjure the errors of Popery; but as we find ourselves standing bareheaded amid the crowd of worshippers kneeling in the soft subdued light streaming through the beautiful stained glass windows, inhale the sweet fragrance of the incense wafted through the solemn aisles, and drink in the rich music of the surpliced choristers, we become impressed with a strangely devotional feeling—a sensation of awe against which it were vain to struggle. Art has here successfully lent its aid to religion, enchaining the senses and subduing the rebellious mind. Never was victory more complete. The artist, the sculptor, the wood-carver, the architect, the goldsmith, the jeweller, and many an art craftsman have here united in rendering Antwerp Cathedral a magnificent shrine of human taste, skill, and genius.

Entering by the south door, we find ourselves in the south transept, where hangs Rubens' world-famous masterpiece—**The Descent from the Cross**—one of the noblest paintings in existence, and of the possession of which the Antwerpers are so justly proud. The picture is protected by folding doors, painted on both sides, representing, when open, the *Salutation of the Virgin*, and the *Presentation in the Temple;* and when closed, *St. Christopher carrying the Infant Saviour*, and *A Hermit*. Passing into the south aisle, we find under the three most western windows a series of twelve choice paintings, illustrative of the Crucifixion. Here, too, is the **curious wooden pulpit**, carved by Verbruggen, and representing a mass of foliage, supported by life-size figures, symbolical of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and bearing numerous curious representations of the feathered tribe, both real and imaginary. Over the west door is the great organ, and on each side are portraits of Moses and Aaron. In the north aisle are three beautifully carved confessionals, by Verbruggen. The various compartments are divided by life-size figures, executed with much boldness. Here, also, is an altar and shrine, richly decorated with gold and silver utensils, and displaying waxen figures of the Virgin and Infant Saviour, clad in silken robes, and wearing crowns of silver. The choir possesses an almost theatrical amount of splendour. Over the entrance is a large cross, painted blue and richly ornamented. At each corner of the choir is a life-size statue of one of the four Evangelists; on

each side are rows of elaborately carved stalls, filled with tabernacle work, foliage, Scripture groups, statuettes, and other artistic features, the centre stalls rising in the form of pinnacles; while the high altar, reached by an ascent of about a dozen steps, is surmounted by a magnificent golden canopy, sparkling in the sunshine, and supported by large silver figures, two of which are represented in a flying attitude. Above the altar, which literally blazes with its gorgeous profusion of precious metals, is another of Rubens' famous pictures—*The Assumption of the Virgin.*

Crossing into the north transept, we have another great picture by Rubens, **The Elevation of the Cross**, which, like its companion, is protected by painted folding doors. Over the north door is a costly stained glass window, representing Albert and Isabella of Austria at their devotions. On the west side of the transept is a picture of *Christ disputing with the Doctors.* It is by the younger Franck, and is said to contain portraits of Luther, Calvin, Erasmus, and other Protestant reformers. Another picture represents *The Glorification of the Virgin.* On the east side of the transept are two altars and shrines. The first of these is adorned with a figure of the Infant Jesus, supported by a priest. The altar itself is literally covered with ornaments of gold and silver. Here, also, are various small paintings. Entering the back of the choir, from the north, we find ourselves in front of one of a series of eight chapels, fitted up with much taste. The first of these—that before which we are standing—contains several pictures, the most prominent being one representing a *Dead Christ.* Here, also, are several confessionals, with twelve finely-carved life-size figures. The second chapel contains various pictures, the altar being extremely rich in silver ornaments. The third chapel, which is tastefully decorated, includes among its paintings a *Descent from the Cross* and a *Dead Christ.* It has also a confessional, with two life-size figures. The next chapel is remarkable principally for its stained glass windows. Here, also, are several small statuettes. The fifth chapel contains the tomb of Moretus, the painter, above which hangs a painting by Rubens, of *The Resurrection.* The confessionals closely resemble those in the other chapels. The back of the high altar is indicated by a large painting. The sixth and seventh chapels furnish an elaborate display of ecclesiastical pomp and splendour. The latter contains the tomb of one of the great dignitaries of the Romish Church, and is filled with

paintings, one of the most noticeable being that representing the Infant Jesus. The eighth and last chapel contains a confessional and several paintings. Each of these chapels possesses its own altar, richly decorated with gold and silver plate, candlesticks, gems, embroidery, and flowers, in the most profuse and lavish manner imaginable. There are invariably several worshippers present, especially in the morning, when mass is being performed. The total number of paintings in the edifice has been estimated at 300. The intrinsic value of the gold and silver has never been made public, but it must be very large. There are no published guide-books to the cathedral, but Murray's *Handbook to Northern Germany* will be found useful. Sir Joshua Reynolds' *Continental Tour* contains much useful information—dashed, however, with some touches of bigotry and prejudice—respecting the more important paintings.

Specially notice in the north transept a painting on marble, representing the **Head of the Saviour,** by Leonardo di Vinci.

Leaving by the western door, we find ourselves at the entrance to the steps leading to the summit of

The Tower. Here, paying 75 centimes (7½d.)—the charge is less when there is more than one person—we ascend to the upper gallery, where a most delightful view bursts upon our sight. In one direction Malines and Brussels are visible, in the other the shipping of Flushing, and the spire of Middleburg. Before us flows the stately Scheldt, bearing on its bosom the white-winged messengers of peaceful commerce. Right and left of us rise the massive earthworks, designed for the protection of the city during times of war; while at our very feet lies a dense forest of funnels and masts, from which issue the sounds of ceaseless activity which betoken the busy character of our Flemish brethren. Nearer to us leaps up the roof of the Hotel de Ville; then comes a chaotic mass of quaint gables, curiously peaked roofs, open spaces, towering spires, glittering pinnacles, ruined walls, stately villas, busy warehouses, and dingy courtyards, interspersed here and there with great masses of rich green foliage, until the eye becomes bewildered with the confusion of novelty, and the ear deafened with the torrent of melody which comes leaping and surging out of the giant belfry, where hang the bells which have hymned their notes of praise through good and ill, through storm and shine, unchanging, unchangeable, although around all is mutation and instability.

Amongst the objects of interest in the vicinity of the cathedral is the well, covered by **a canopy of iron**, the work of one Quentin Matsys, a young blacksmith, who, for love of an artist's daughter, abjured the anvil for the easel, and rose to such eminence as a painter, that his works are at this day among the most celebrated specimens of his school in the museum of this city. They would, however, be regarded by the general observer rather as curiosities than gems of art, although they are ranked among the last-named category by all who claim to be connoisseurs in paintings.

We must now content ourselves with putting down, in catalogue form, some of the other sights, which all should see who have the time to spare.

The House of Rubens, situated in the street which bears his name, is a specimen of the great painter's taste and magnificence in architecture. After his death the Duke of Newcastle lived here, and entertained the exile, Charles II.

The Church of St. Jacques, a magnificent church, and the finest in the city. Here is the tomb of Rubens, and his celebrated Holy Family, in which he introduces portraits of himself, his two wives, his father, his son, and his grandfather.

Calvary, outside the Church of St. Paul, a curious combination of the sacred and profane. Rubens' pictures, "The Scourging of Christ" and "Adoration of Shepherds," also Teniers' "Seven Works of Mercy."

The Church of St. Augustine, with the celebrated altar-piece by Rubens, "The Marriage of St. Catherine," and the "Ecstasy of St. Augustine," by Vandyck.

The Church of the Jesuits, used as a hospital for English soldiers, after the battle of Waterloo. Elegant façade.

St. Andrew's Church, notice specially the carved pulpit representing the calling by our Saviour of Andrew and Peter.

The Town Hall is a remarkable building, but insignificant in comparison with similar buildings in some of the other great Flemish towns.

The Bourse, which served Sir Thos. Gresham as a model for that of London, perished, like its copy, by fire in 1859. A new and elegant building now supplies its place.

The Museum, (admission 1 franc,) a magnificent collection of paintings, comprising the very finest specimens of the masters of the Flemish school, and among them the works of Rubens and Vandyck, both celebrities with whom English lovers of art are most familiar. It is not generally known that

the great Flemish painter, Vandyck, died in London, and was buried in St. Paul's, Charles the First having been one of his chief patrons, and some of the most famous works of the great painter being portraits of that unfortunate sovereign and members of his family.

Among the most curious of the paintings in this collection is the "Descent from the Cross," by Quentin Matsys, an artist to whom allusion has already been made. There are several other works of the old masters, respecting which the uninitiated would probably say that they are very good considering the long time it is since they were painted; and such would, doubtless, be the criticism of those who admire a modern painting in this collection, representing the death of Rubens.

Specially notice the chair of Rubens under a glass case. It is impossible to describe the pictures, or even to give a brief catalogue of them; we recommend you therefore to procure one in the building. In no case omit to see Rubens' marvellous picture of "The Crucifixion of Christ between the two Thieves," Vandyck's "Crucifixion," and a splendid work of Teniers, entitled "Boors Smoking."

Among other places worthy of a visit may be noticed: *The Steen*, collection of Antiquities; *Zoological Gardens*, concerts n season; *The New Boulevards*, with statues of Teniers, Leys, Leopold I., etc.

And now we have to leave delightful Antwerp, one of the "quaint old Flemish cities" Longfellow has loved to sing. I am never weary of visiting Antwerp. It contains so much to see and admire. The city of Sir Thomas Gresham; the city where our Tudor Princes used to send to borrow money; the city where Bonaparte lived, and where Rubens was born and buried.

There is, however, one other aspect of Antwerp to which we must refer. English Protestantism owes much to Antwerp. It was about the close of the year 1525, that the English New Testament was sent from thence to London. Five pious Hanseatic merchants took charge of the books, and conveyed them to their depôt in the Steel Yard. Next year a more portable edition was printed at Antwerp, by a man named Eyndhoxen, who had consigned it to his correspondents in London. The annoyance of the priests was extreme; and Hackett, the agent of Henry VIII. in the Low Countries, immediately received orders to get this man punished. "We cannot deliver judgment without inquiry into the matter," was the sensible reply

of the great burghers of Antwerp. "We will therefore have the book translated into Flemish." "God forbid!" said Hackett, in alarm. "What, would you also, on your side of the ocean, translate this book into the language of the people?" The charge against Eyndhoxen was dismissed. A little while after, a still more attractive edition of the New Testament was printed in Antwerp, by Raimond, who came over to England with five hundred copies, which were speedily sold; but certain priests and monks having discovered the Scriptures among the sacks of corn, carried several copies to the Bishop of London, who threw Raimond into prison. It was to Antwerp the persecuting Bishop of London, Faistall, repaired, in hopes to lay hold of Tyndale and Fryth; and where the bishop, if we may so express ourselves, was rather sold. A merchant found out Tyndale in his retreat. "William," said he, "I hear you are a poor man, and have a heap of New Testaments and books by you, for which you have beggared yourself, and I have now found a merchant who will buy them all, and with ready money too!" "Who is the merchant?" "The Bishop of London." "But he will burn them." "So much the better. The question comes to this—shall the bishop pay for the books or shall he not? for make up your mind, he will have them." The Reformer consented, paid his debts with the money, and brought out a more perfect edition. In the bargain Tyndale had rather the best of it.

But we may not linger in this fine old town, about which volumes might be written, nor speak of the excursions to be made in the neighbourhood. We must refer, however, to one place, **Westmael**, or Westmalle, to which travellers who have leisure are wont to repair. It is curious to meet a body of men who never speak, whose gardens are also their graves, ready dug to receive them; but such is the case with the monks of La Trappe, who have turned a wilderness into an estate of about 400 acres, where they dwell. A writer says:—

"At Westmalle, you come upon a convent of Trappists, which is open to the public, a slight inconsistency in an institution professing to shut itself up in an oblivion of intercourse. Whoever is curious to see a company of live Trappists, ought to visit this establishment, where he will find the austere regulations of St. Bruno carried out with the utmost rigour. The traveller may whisper in the ear of the porter on entering, but in the interior speech is interdicted. He will here have the satisfaction of seeing thirty-six monks, dressed in coarse sack-

cloth, confined round the waist by a rope, without a shred of linen beneath. Agreeably to the stern rules of the order, they shave their heads and let their beards grow, sleep upon naked boards, and live upon an unvarying diet of bread, sour milk, and vegetables; all other nourishing resources, animal food, fish, even eggs and fresh butter, are forbidden. They maintain an absolute silence, and from the moment they enter the convent till the moment of their death, they never utter a single word. If anybody ventures to address one of them, he will instantly cover his head with his cowl, and move away. These dumb monks are indefatigable agriculturists; and their sole occupation consists in grubbing up the heath, and digging their graves." (Bell's "Wayside Pictures.")

FROM ANTWERP TO BRUSSELS.

THE distance between Antwerp and Brussels is about twenty-eight English miles, and is got over by a quick train in something less than an hour. We shall stop at a distance of fourteen miles, or pass, if in a hurry, the ancient city of

MALINES, OR MECHLIN.

Population, 35,474.

It was an important place in the time of the ancient Dukes of Burgundy, through whom, by right of descent, all Flanders came into the possession of the Houses of Spain and Austria; and all the refinement and artistic features with which the country abounds may be fairly attributed to the influence of its foreign rulers.

It presents a most quaint and picturesque appearance, and its cathedral is famous as the shrine of Vandyck's masterpiece, the "Crucifixion." The tower of the sacred edifice is only eighteen feet lower than the summit of St. Paul's. There are numerous churches, all of which are crowded with rich paintings, carvings, and other works of art. Mechlin was formerly celebrated for its lace, which is now manufactured chiefly at

Brussels. Visitors are generally expected to partake of a peculiar dish, formed of pigs' ears and feet. The houses are mostly of an ancient character, affording unique specimens of mediæval architecture. The ceremonies and fêtes of the Roman Church are here to be witnessed in all their imposing grandeur, the inhabitants being extremely fond of such displays.

In these days of innovation, Malines is chiefly remarkable as being a grand junction, the centre of the Belgian railway system, and it is from this point that the lines diverge from east to west and north to south, there being from this station no less than four of the principal lines that take their departure hence to various parts of the kingdom.

From its being such a rendezvous for railways, great is the confusion that generally occurs here, not unattended by risk, the lines being in close juxtaposition to one another; and as nearly all passengers are wont to have but vague ideas as to the course in which they are going, it frequently happens that every one rushes to each departing train, regardless both of the points of the railway or those of the compass, and consequently occasion considerable embarrassment to the railway officials, and much needless alarm and discomfort to themselves. All this is, of course, obviated in the case of those who go through to Brussels, and merely catch a glimpse of the towers of Malines in passing.

Talking about towers reminds us of a story told of the tower of Malines Cathedral. Once upon a time, it is said, its tower presented a remarkably luminous appearance. The worthy burghers were wonderfully alarmed. What could the matter be? Ancient men laid down their pipes, and left their morning glass of grog untasted, to look and tremble. From upper windows, women, fair and fat, as most Belgians are, peered out with anxious eyes. Surely the Cathedral was on fire! Surely the pride and glory of the place was in danger of swift destruction! Surely it were time to ring the alarm bells, send for the fire engine, and call on saints in heaven, and sinners on earth, to save the sacred edifice. One man, however, was not quite such a fool as the rest of his fellows. It occurred to him that he had seen the same luminous appearance before. It must be the moon, he suggested—of course he was laughed at for his pains, but he was right, nevertheless.

Leaving Malines, we pass

Vilvorde, and to many according to their turn of mind it will be a source of regret to hurry through it, as it is sacred to

the memory of Tyndale. It will be remembered that Tyndale settled in Antwerp, as preacher to the English mercantile folk there. It was here that he executed the greater part of his English translation of the New Testament, denounced by the English authorities. He was seized, confined for a year and a half in the fortress in this town, and after trial at Augsburg, in 1534, was condemned to death as a heretic, and the extreme penalty was passed upon him at Vilvorde. "He was," says Foxe, "brought forth to the place of execution, was there tied to the stake, and then strangled first by the hangman, and afterwards with fire consumed." His prison, now a penitentiary, will be seen from the carriage window on the left. Two more stations follow, and then we obtain a glimpse of **Lacken**, where there is a Royal Palace, and in the cemetery of which Malibran, the famous singer, was buried, her body being removed from Manchester for that purpose. A few minutes more and we are in Brussels.

BRUSSELS.

(Hotel de la Poste, Rue Fosse aux Loups, 48; and Hotel du Grand Miroir, Rue de la Montagne.)

(Population, 174,678.) Brussels, the capital of the kingdom of Belgium, situated upon the river Senne, differs from other towns in Belgium, from the fact that it has lost the primitive style which so many retain, and has become a gay, fashionable city. Everybody calls it "the miniature Paris," and formerly it was resorted to by multitudes who wanted the fascinations of Paris, without paying Paris prices. But, as the English invariably cause the prices of everything to increase wherever they go, Brussels is not now the cheap place it was once.

The city is divided into the upper and lower town; the aristocrats taking possession of the former, and the poorer classes of the latter. It is certainly one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, combining many of the attractions of the French capital with the comforts and conveniences procurable in London. The more modern portions of the city are well laid out, and possess wide and spacious streets. The old town is crowded with narrow thoroughfares, abounding with ancient houses of the old Flemish type. The shops are numerous and very attractive. The old fortifications once surrounding the town

have disappeared, and become replaced by magnificent boulevards lined with avenues of stately trees. The history of Brussels dates back to the seventh century, when St. Géry built a castle on the island of that name formed by the Senne, which Otho II. inhabited in the tenth century. The manufacture of cloth and fire-arms raised it to prosperity in the fourteenth century, and from then till now it has been more or less a prosperous city.

Like the neighbouring cities, Brussels has been the scene of many viscissitudes. It was besieged and taken by the English in 1213; by Philip of Cleves in 1488; bombarded by the sacrilegious Marshal Villeroi in 1695, who demolished the churches and over 4000 buildings; besieged again in 1708 by the Elector of Bavaria; and by Marshal Saxe in 1746. The treaty of 1814 made it one of the capitals of the Netherlands; and when at length the separation took place in 1830, of Belgium from Holland, Brussels became the capital of Belgium, and the seat of government. The most important event connected with Brussels, as far as we English are concerned, occurred in 1567, when the Duke of Alba tyrannized over the inhabitants, so that 10,000 artizans were driven from the city, and, seeking an asylum on the friendly shores of England, succeeded in finding happiness for themselves and a great increase of commercial prosperity for us.

And now let us explore the city, which Scott and Byron and Southey have so eloquently praised.

The Church of St. Gudule (or the cathedral, as it is generally called, although Malines is the seat of the bishop) is a very fine building, and a grand specimen of ecclesiastical architecture. The exterior has of late years been restored with great care and accuracy. It is the finest building in Brussels, and is famous for its superb painted glass, considered by many to be the finest in the world. The choir is as old as the thirteenth century, but other parts of the church date from a century later. The Chapters of the Grand Order of the Golden Fleece, a Spanish distinction, were held in this church.

Amongst the greatest curiosities of the cathedral are to be noticed, (1) The *carved pulpit* by Verbruggen, representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden: the figures are life-size, and the Tree of Knowledge supports the pulpit. (Parsons might take a hint from this.) (2) The Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, on the right of the high altar, is rich in marbles and monuments; (as is also the chapel to the left, in which there is the

recumbent statue of Count de Merode, showing his bullet-pierced thigh, which was amputated, and in three days resulted in his death.) In this chapel, special attention must be paid to the painted window, which is the finest in the church.

The Hotel de Ville, a most magnificent structure, one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe, and the first of those buildings for which the Netherlands are famous. St. Michael (seventeen feet high, wrought in copper,) stands on the top as a weather-cock. It was in this building, as some aver, although others have placed it in one or two different quarters of the town, the Duchess of Richmond gave the historical ball on the night previous to the Battle of Waterloo. Everybody knows Byron's version of the story, and we think many will like to read it as they sit and gaze upon that grand old building.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;

And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, 'The foe! they come! they come!'"

The Grande Place, in which the Hotel de Ville stands, is full of interest; it is, in fact, the centre of the historical interest of Brussels. It is the old quarter of the town, and picturesque in the extreme. It is surrounded by a score of ancient houses, now used as shops, but formerly the head-quarters of the different guilds. The citizens of the present day are proud of the institutions of their ancestors; and there are still existing in Brussels many admirable foundations and corporations which had their origin in what are usually termed the dark ages. Counts Egmont and Horn, those distinguished heroes, who, for opposing the power of the king of Spain, were executed, met their fate here, which has left an indelible stain on the memory of both Philip II. and his general the Duke of Alva. A splendid monument stands here to their memory, directly in front of the ancient Broodhuis or Maison du Roi, from the windows of which the ferocious Alva grimly gazed on the sickening tragedy. (Note: if you have not a copy of Goethe's Egmont with you, get it, or else read it when you reach home.)

In the Maison du Roi, Charles V. signed his abdication; the room is pointed out as on the first floor front.

The Museum of Pictures, open daily, from ten to three.

In the museum of the Old Palace are to be seen some very good paintings, among them the works of Rubens, but inferior as specimens of his powers to those of Antwerp.

The richest works of Rubens and Vandyck, part of which the city could boast, were destroyed by the French, when they bombarded it in 1695, and worked most frightful havoc within its walls.

The Museum contains about seven hundred paintings, chiefly

by Dutch and Flemish artists, and fine collections of Natural History, Mineralogy, and MSS.

In the **Place des Martyres** will be seen a fine monument, by Geefs, erected to the memory of those who fell in the revolutionary struggle of 1830.

The Park stands in the higher part of the town, is prettily laid out, and around it are some of the notable places of Brussels, amongst them the Royal Palace, a plain building, but magnificently furnished; the Houses of Parliament built by Marie Theresa; the old Palace, formerly occupied by the Spanish and Austrian rulers of the Netherlands, and now the Museum (see page 55).

In the **Place Royal** is a splendid statue by M. Simonis, of Godfrey de Bouillon, with which all Englishmen are familiar from the cast of it in the Crystal Palace: it stands in front of the Church of St. Jacques-sur-Caudenberg.

The Botanical and Zoological Gardens are well worth visiting by those who have time to spare; the latter especially in the evening, when the concerts are going on.

The Palais de Justice, in which is the picture of the abdication of Charles V.

In several of the churches there are fine paintings, and also some beautiful carved work, to be seen. These churches and all the ancient buildings in the town are associated with the Spanish occupation of the Low Countries, when Brussels was a strongly fortified place; the only remnant of which is the gateway, called Porte de Hal, now used as a museum of armoury.

There is one place that no one must fail to visit—

The Wiertz Gallery, a collection of pictures by an artist named Wiertz, but it may be classed amongst those exhibitions which are termed more singular than pleasing; although it contains a few pleasing examples, and is singularly interesting as an exhibition of the varied peculiarities of one mind.

Palace of the Duc d'Arenberg, containing a handsome collection of pictures by Dutch and Flemish masters. It was here that the Protestants adopted the Beggars' costume in 1566, and organized the revolution which closed the Spanish rule. An interesting book by J. de Liefde, entitled The Beggars, will be read with interest by those who have visited this place.

On a wet day the

Galerie St. Hubert, a magnificent arcade with bewitching shops, will be resorted to by lady tourists, with more delight,

perhaps, than by gentlemen tourists, who accompany them and carry the purse. On a fine evening, everybody will enjoy the beautiful

Park, where there is an al fresco concert, reminding us of the Champs Elysées.

The Mannikin Fountain is a curiosity which every one goes to see, and in mixed company it is better perhaps to go and see it in detachments. The good Belges would not part with this little statue for a Jew's ransom, and they show their affection for it by adorning it in military costume on great fête days.

Lace Manufactories are very numerous; and as everybody wishes to bring a piece of lace home from Brussels, as they do to bring a bottle of scent from Cologne, there are, of course, many of them which may be visited, and many retail departments where small purchases can be made.

In an article in *Household Words*, on

BELGIAN LACE MAKERS,

which is a free translation from Herr Kohl's "Travels in the Netherlands," there is some interesting information; and as it describes the staple trade of many towns we shall visit in Belgium, we extract a few passages which will be read with interest by purchasers of the "genuine article" in Brussels.

Each of the lace-making towns of Belgium excels in the production of one particular description of lace: in other words, each has what is technically called its own *point*. The French word *point*, in the ordinary language of needlework, signifies simply *stitch;* but in the terminology of lace-making the word is sometimes used to designate the pattern of the lace, and sometimes the ground of the lace itself. Hence the terms *point de Bruxelles, point de Malines, point de Valenciennes*, &c. In England we distinguish by the name of Point, a peculiarly rich and curiously wrought lace formerly very fashionable, but now scarcely ever worn except in Court costume. In this sort of lace the pattern is, we believe, worked with the needle, after the ground has been made with the bobbins. In each town there prevail certain modes of working, and certain patterns which have been transmitted from mother to daughter successively, for several generations. Many of the lace-workers live and die in the same houses in which they were born; and most of them understand and practise only the stiches which their mothers and grandmothers worked before them. The consequence has been, that certain *points* have become unchangeably fixed in particular

towns or districts. Fashion has assigned to each its particular place and purpose; for example:—the *point de Malines* (Mechlin lace) is used chiefly for trimming nightdresses, pillow-cases, coverlets, &c.; the *point de Valenciennes* (Valenciennes lace) is employed for ordinary wear or negligé; but the more rich and costly *point de Bruxelles* (Brussels lace) is reserved for bridal and ball-dresses, and for the robes of queens and courtly ladies.

As the different sorts of lace, from the narrowest and plainest to the broadest and richest, are innumerable; so the division of labour among the lace-workers is infinite. In the towns of Belgium there are as many different kinds of lace-workers, as there are varieties of spiders in Nature. It is not, therefore, surprising that in the several departments of this branch of industry there are as many technical terms and phrases as would make up a small dictionary. In their origin, these expressions were all Flemish; but French being the language now spoken in Belgium, they have been translated into French, and the designations applied to some of the principal classifications of the workwomen. Those who make only the ground, are called *Drocheleuses*. The design or pattern, which adorns this ground, is distinguished by the general term "the Flowers;" though it would be difficult to guess what flowers are intended to be portrayed by the fantastic arabesque of these lace-patterns. In Brussels the ornaments or flowers are made separately, and afterwards worked into the lace-ground; in other places the ground and the patterns are worked conjointly. The *Platteuses* are those who work the flowers separately; and the *Faiseuses de point à l'aiguille* work the figures and the ground together. The *Striquese* is the worker who attaches the flowers to the ground. The *Faneuse* works her figures by piercing holes or cutting out pieces of the ground.

The spinning of the fine thread used for lace-making in the Netherlands is an operation demanding so high a degree of minute care and vigilant attention, that it is impossible it can ever be taken from human hands by machinery. None but Belgian fingers are skilled in this art. The very finest sort of this thread is made in Brussels, in damp underground cellars; for it is so extremely delicate, that it is liable to break by contact with the dry air above ground; and it is obtained in good condition only, when made and kept in a humid subterraneous atmosphere. There are numbers of old Belgian thread-makers who, like spiders, have passed the best part of their lives spinning in cellars. This sort of occupation naturally has an injurious effect on the health, and therefore, to induce people to follow it, they are highly paid.

To form an accurate idea of this operation, it is necessary to see a Brabant spinner at her work. She carefully examines every thread, watching it closely as she draws it off the distaff; and that she may see it the more distinctly, a piece of dark blue paper is used as a background for the flax. Whenever the spinner notices the least unevenness, she stops the evolution of her wheel, breaks

off the faulty piece of flax, and then resumes her spinning. This fine flax being as costly as gold, the pieces thus broken off are carefully laid aside to be used in other ways. All this could never be done by machinery. It is different in the spinning of cotton, silk, or wool, in which the original threads are almost all of uniform thickness. The invention of the English flax-spinning machine, therefore, can never supersede the work of the Belgian fine thread spinners, any more than the bobbin-net machine can rival the fingers of the Brussels lace-makers, or render their delicate work superfluous.

The prices current of the Brabant spinners usually include a list of various sorts of thread suited to lace-making, varying from 60 francs to 1800 francs per pound. Instances have occurred, in which as much as 10,000 francs have been paid for a pound of this fine yarn. So high a price has never been attained by the best spun silk; though a pound of silk, in its raw condition, is incomparably more valuable than a pound of flax. In like manner, a pound of iron may, by dint of human labour and ingenuity, be rendered more valuable than a pound of gold.

Lace-making, in regard to the health of the operatives, has one great advantage. It is a business which is carried on without the necessity of assembling great numbers of workpeople in one place, or of taking women from their homes, and thereby breaking the bonds of family union. It is, moreover, an occupation which affords those employed in it a great degree of freedom. The spinning-wheel and lace-pillows are easily carried from place to place, and the work may be done with equal convenience in the house, in the garden, or at the street-door. In every Belgian town in which lace-making is the staple business, the eye of the traveller is continually greeted with pictures of happy industry, attended by all its train of concomitant virtues. The costliness of the material employed in the work, viz., the fine flax thread, fosters the observance of order and economy, which, as well as habits of cleanliness, are firmly engrafted among the people. Much manual dexterity, quickness of eye, and judgment, are demanded in lace-making; and the work is a stimulator of ingenuity and taste; so that, unlike other occupations merely manual, it tends to rouse rather than to dull the mind. It is, moreover, unaccompanied by any unpleasant and harassing noise; for the humming of the spinning-wheel, and the regular tapping of the little bobbins, are sounds not in themselves disagreeable, or sufficiently loud to disturb conversation, or to interrupt the social song.

In Belgium, female industry presents itself under aspects alike interesting to the painter, the poet, and the philanthropist. Here and there may be seen a happy-looking girl, seated at an open window, turning her spinning-wheel or working at her lace-pillow, whilst at intervals she indulges in the relaxation of a curious gaze at the passers-by in the street. Another young *Speldewerkster*, more sentimentally disposed, will retire into the garden, seating

herself in an umbrageous arbour, or under a spreading tree, her eyes intent on her work, but her thoughts apparently divided between it and some object nearer to her heart. At a doorway sits a young mother, surrounded by two or three children playing round the little table or wooden settle on which her lace-pillow rests. Whilst the mother's busy fingers are thus profitably employed, her eyes keep watch over the movements of her little ones, and she can at the same time spare an attentive thought for some one of her humble household duties.

Dressmakers, milliners, and other females employed in the various occupations which minister to the exigencies of fashion, are confined to close rooms, surrounded by masses of silk, muslin, &c. They are debarred the healthful practice of working in the open air, and can scarcely venture even to sit at an open window, because a drop of rain or a puff of wind may be fatal to their work and its materials. The lace-maker, on the contrary, whose work requires only her thread and her fingers, is not disturbed by a refreshing breeze or a light shower; and even when the weather is not particularly fine, she prefers sitting at her street-door or in her garden, where she enjoys a brighter light than within doors.

In most of the principal towns of the Netherlands there is one particular locality which is the focus of lace-making industry; and there, in fine weather, the streets are animated by the presence of the busy workwomen. In each of these districts there is usually one wide open street which the *Speldewerksters* prefer to all others, and in which they assemble, and form themselves into the most picturesque groups imaginable. It is curious to observe them, pouring out of narrow lanes and alleys, carrying with them their chairs and lace-pillows, to take their places in the wide open street, where they can enjoy more of bright light and fresh air than in their own places of abode.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

(Museum Hotel.)

It used to be the fashion always to go to Waterloo by coach, and many a merry pleasant party has been made up at the evening table d'hôte to visit this world-famed spot; but now a **Railway** runs from Brussels to Waterloo. It is a great saving in cost and time, and the coach road is not remarkably interesting. It rather destroys one's preconceived notions to travel by rail up the Rigi, by rail through the Alps, and by rail through the desert in the track of the Israelites; and, by-and-by to go from Jaffa to Jerusalem with a return ticket, 1st, 2nd, or 3rd class! But these are things appertaining to civilization, and so we put up with them. Fortunately, a

choice is left us as to Waterloo, of coach or rail; and in either case, in order thoroughly to explore the field, we must allow ourselves a whole day. As we drive along on the top of the coach a capital view is obtained of the things that cause Brussels to be styled "Paris in miniature." The Boulevards and all the vast new improvements that are going on are on the Paris plans; and starting from the Montagne de la Cour to Waterloo, we have almost an exact copy of the route from the Place de la Concord in Paris to St. Cloud. We cross the Boulevard de Waterloo, and pass along the Rue Louise, that corresponds to the avenue of the Champs Elysées, till we reach a large circular place that represents the Place de l'Etoile, minus the Arc de Triomphe; then along the Chaussée de Waterloo, that answers to the Avenue de l'Impératrice; and then the beautifully arranged Bois de la Cambre, with its shady walks and handsome carriage drives, that bears a strong resemblance to the Bois de Boulogne.

We are soon on the track of the British soldiers; and the Forest of Soignies, through which we shall pass in going or returning, is where the heroes trod on their way to the conflict. And here we may resume the poem of Byron we commenced in Brussels, substituting, however, the name Soignies for Ardennes.

> "And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
> Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,
> Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
> Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
> Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
> Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
> In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
> Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
> And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low."

Then we reach

Waterloo. At the village of Waterloo we enter the neat, modest church, where, just within the entrance, behind a railed enclosure on each side, are marble tablets inscribed with the names of English officers and men who fell on that blood-stained field; and also in the enclosure on the left a life-like bust of the great Duke of Wellington. We then, after having had pointed out to us the house where the Duke wrote his despatches, and other houses and things of interest, pass on to Mont St. Jean, where we change horses and take up a guide to conduct us over the field. We must not omit to inspect one spot which will be pointed out to us without fail. It is the grave of the Marquis of

Anglesea's leg. "It was a thought worthy of Cervantes to build a tomb to the glory of the Marquis of Anglesea's leg. In a cottage close to the church the Marquis's leg was cut off by Surgeon O'Brien (let the operator go down to posterity together with the hero who was operated upon); and the said leg, being no common leg, was awarded the rites of Christian burial, and with due ceremony deposited in the dusty little garden, where a monument, bearing a pious inscription, was erected over its grave! The boot which once belonged to this leg is still kept on show here, and the coarse Titanesque woman who exhibits the place, does not scruple to relate extravagant legends of both leg and boot, for the delectation of the *gobe-mouche* English who flock here in crowds to visit them. Two advertisements over the tomb announce the astounding facts that the cottage was visited in 1821 by George IV. of England, and afterwards by the king and princesses of Prussia; and the Titanesque show-woman gravely assures you that the Marquis of Anglesea himself, 'with one foot in the grave,' has, ever since the battle of Waterloo, made an annual pilgrimage to gaze upon the tomb of his leg! Alas! for glory that perisheth thus in vanity! While Achilles in the park makes Wellington a pigmy, the Marquis of Anglesea's toe points the moral of Waterloo!" *

It is hardly necessary to say that buttons, spurs, helmets, or sword-handles can be purchased cheaper in Sheffield or Birmingham, where they are manufactured, than on the field of Waterloo, nor must we forget that the battle was fought in the year 1815, and therefore the numerous guides of about 50 years of age, who declare they were in the engagement, are not to be relied on implicitly. We shall be interested with our guide in all probability. It is amusing to see with what gusto he enters into his various descriptions, as he points out the red brick orchard wall from behind which the English fired, and which the French mistook, through the wood that surrounded it, for the red uniforms of the English soldiers, and at which they fired volley after volley accordingly; then the long ridge behind which the English lay in ambush for their foes. Then we reach the *Mont du Lion*, 200 feet high and about 1,700 feet in circumference, on the summit of which stands, on a lofty pedestal, an immense bronze lion, 48,000 lb. in weight. We ascend the 225 steps to the top of the mound, where our loquacious guide discourses of the conflict, and from which he directs our gaze to the various points of historic

* Bell's "Wayside Pictures."

interest, the positions occupied by the different regiments, the old windmill from which the approach of Blucher with the Prussians was first descried, to the great relief of Wellington and the dismay of Napoleon; then to the spot where the English stood in squares, firm and immovable, while company after company of the French dashed at them like billows on a boisterous sea: but

> "They were met as the rock meets the wave,
> And dashes its fury to air;
> They were met as the foe should be met by the brave,
> With hearts for the conflict, but none for despair."

We shall see the farm of La Haye Sainte; the road by which Blucher came; La Belle Alliance; the head-quarters of Napoleon; the grave of Shaw, the life-guardsman: but the interest culminates at the

Chateau of Hougomont; and as every Englishman will bring his own views to bear upon the scene before him, it will be well, perhaps, to give the graphic picture drawn by Victor Hugo, in Les Misérables, as a sort of balance by which the true story may be weighed.

HOUGOMONT.

Hougomont was a mournful spot, the beginning of the obstacle; the first resistance which that great woodman of Europe, called Napoleon, encountered at Waterloo; the first knot under the axe-blade. It was a château, and is now but a farm. For the antiquarian, Hougomont is *Hugo-mons;* it was built by Hugo Sire de Sommeril, the same who endowed the sixth chapelry of the Abbey of Villers. The wayfarer pushed open the door, elbowed an old caleche under a porch, and entered the yard. The first thing that struck him in this enclosure was a gate of the 16th century, which now resembles an arcade, as all has fallen around it. A monumental aspect frequently springs up from ruins. Near the arcade there is another gateway in the wall, with key-stones in the style of Henri IV., through which can be seen the trees of an orchard. By the side of this gateway a dunghill, mattocks, and shovels, a few carts, an old well with its stone slab and iron windlass, a frisking colt, a turkey displaying its tail, a chapel surmounted by a little belfry, and a blossoming pear tree growing in espalier along the chapel wall,—such is this yard, the conquest of which was a dream of Napoleon's. This nook of earth, had he been able to take it, would probably have given him the world. Chickens are scattering the dust there with their beaks, and you hear a growl, it is a large dog which shows its teeth, and fills the place of the English. The English

were admirable here : Cook's four companies of Guards resisted at this spot for seven hours the obstinate attack of an army.

Hougomont, seen on a map, buildings and enclosures included, presents an irregular quadrangle, of which one angle has been broken off. In this angle is the southern gate, within point-blank range of this wall. Hougomont has two gates, the southern one which belongs to the château, and the northern which belongs to the farm.

Napoleon sent against Hougomont his brother Jérome ; Quiller minot's, Fog's, and Bachelie's divisions were hurled at it : nearly the whole of Reille's corps was employed there, and failed ; and Kellermann's cannon balls rebounded from this herioc wall. Bauduin's brigade was not strong enough to force Hougomont on the north, and Soye's brigade could only attack it on the south without carrying it.

The farm buildings border the courtyard on the south, and a piece of the northern gate, broken by the French, hangs from the wall. It consists of four planks nailed on two cross-beams, and the scars of the attack may still be distinguished upon it. The northern gate, which was broken down by the French, and in which a piece has been let in to replace the panel hanging to the wall, stands half open at the extremity of the yard ; it is cut square in a wall which is stone at the bottom, brick at the top, which closes the yard on the north side. It is a simple gate, such as may be seen in all farmyards, with two large folding doors made of rustic planks. Beyond it are fields. The dispute for this entrance was furious ; for a long time all sorts of marks of bloody hands could be seen on the side-post of the gate, and it was here that Bauduin fell. The storm of the fight still lurks in the courtyard : horror is visible there ; the incidents of the fearful struggle are petrified in it ; people are living and dying in it ;—it was only yesterday. The walls are in the pangs of death, the stones fall, the breaches cry out, the holes are wounds, the bent and quivering trees seem making an effort to fly.

This yard was more built upon in 1815 than it is now ; buildings which have since been removed formed in it redans and angles. The English barricaded themselves in it ; the French penetrated, but could not hold their ground there. By the side of the chapel stands a wing of the château, the sole relic left of the manor of Hougomont, in ruins, we might almost say gutted. The château was employed as a keep, the chapel served as a block house. Men exterminated each other there. The French, fired upon from all sides, from behind walls, from granaries, from cellars, from every window, from every air-hole, from every crack in the stone, brought up fascines, and set fire to the walls and men ; the musketry fire was replied to by arson.

In the ruined wing you can look through windows defended by iron bars into the dismantled rooms of a brick building : the English guards were ambuscaded in these rooms, and the spiral staircase hollowed out from ground floor to roof appears like the interior of

a broken shell. The staircase has two landings; the English, besieged on this landing, and massed on the upper stairs, broke away the lowest. They are large slabs of blue stone, which form a pile among the nettles. A dozen steps still hold to the wall; on the first the image of a trident is carved; and these inaccessible steps are solidly set in their bed. All the rest resembles a toothless jaw. There are two trees here, one of them dead, and the other, which was wounded on the foot, grows green again in April. Since 1815 it has taken to growing through the staircase.

Men massacred each other in the chapel, and the interior, which is grown quiet again, is strange. Mass has not been said in it since the carnage, but the altar has been left—an altar of coarse wood, supported by a foundation of rough stone. Four whitewashed walls, a door opposite the altar, two small arched windows, a large wooden crucifix over the door, above the crucifix a square air-hole stopped up with hay, in a corner on the ground an old window sash with the panes all broken—such is the chapel. Near the altar is a wooden statue of St. Anne, belonging to the 15th century; the head of the infant Saviour has been carried away by a shot. The French, masters for a moment of the chapel, and then dislodged, set fire to it. The flames filled the building, and it became a furnace; the door burnt, the flooring burnt, but the wooden Christ was not burnt; the fire nibbled away the feet, of which only the blackened stumps can now be seen, and then stopped. "It was a miracle," say the country people. The walls are covered with inscriptions. Near the feet of Christ you read the name Henquinez; then these others, Conde de Rio Maïor, Marquis y Marquisa de Almagro (Habana). There are French names with marks of admiration, signs of anger. The wall was whitewashed again in 1849, for the nations insulted each other upon it. It was at the door of this chapel that a body was picked up holding an axe in its hand; it was the body of Sub-lieutenant Legros.

On leaving the chapel you see a well on your left hand. As there are two wells in this yard, you ask yourself why this one has no bucket and windlass? Because water is no longer drawn from it. Why is it not drawn? Because it is full of skeletons. The last man who drew water from this well was a man called Willem van Kylsom; he was a peasant who lived at Hougomont, and was gardener there. On June 18th, 1815, his family took to flight, and concealed themselves in the woods. The forests round the Abbey of Villers sheltered for several days and nights the dispersed luckless country people. Even at the present day certain vestiges, such as old burnt trunks of trees, mark the spot of these poor encampments among the thickets. Willem van Kylsom remained at Hougomont "to take care of the château," and concealed himself in a cellar. The English discovered him there! he was dragged from his lurking-place, and the frightened man was forced by blows with the flat of a sabre to wait on the combatants. They were thirsty, and this Willem brought them drink, and it was from this well he drew the water. Many drank there for the last

time; and this well, from which so many dead men drank, was destined to die too. After the action the corpses were hastily interred. Death has a way of its own of harassing victory, and it causes pestilence to follow glory. Typhus is an annexe of triumph. This well was deep, and was converted into a tomb. Three hundred dead were thrown into it, perhaps with too much haste. Were they all dead? The legend says no. And it seems that, on the night following the burial, weak voices where heard calling from the well.

This well is isolated in the centre of the yard; three walls, half of brick, half of stone, folded like the leaves of a screen, and forming a square tower, surround it on three sides, while the fourth is open. The back wall has a sort of shapeless peephole, probably made by a shell. This tower once had a roof, of which only the beams remain, and the iron braces of the right-hand wall form a cross. You bend over and look down into a deep brick cylinder full of gloom. All round the well the lower part of the wall is hidden by nettles. This well has not in front of it the large blue slab usually seen at Belgian wells. Instead of it there is a frame-work supporting five or six shapeless logs of knotted wood, which resemble large bones. There is no bucket, chain, or windlass remaining; but there is still the stone trough at which the horses were watered. The rain-water collects in it, and from time to time a bird comes from the neighbouring forest to drink from it and then fly away.

One house in this ruin, the farm-house, is still inhabited, and the door of this house opens on the yard. By the side of a pretty Gothic lock on this gate there is an iron handle. At the moment when the Hanoverian lieutenant Wilda seized this handle in order to take shelter in the farm, a French sapper cut off his hand with a blow of his axe. The old gardener, Van Kylsom, who has long been dead, was grandfather of the family which now occupies the house. A gray-headed woman said to me, "I was here, I was three years old, and my sister who was older felt frightened and cried. I was carried away to the woods in my mother's arms, and people put their ears to the ground to listen. I imitated the cannon, and said, Boom, boom." A door on the left hand of the yard, as we said, leads into the orchard, which is terrible. It is in three parts, we might almost say in three acts. The first part is a garden, the second the orchard, the third a wood. These three parts have one common *enceinte;* near the entrance, the building of the château and the farm, on the left a hedge, on the right a wall, and at the end a wall. The right-hand wall is of brick, the bottom one of stone. You enter the garden first; it slopes, is planted with gooseberry bushes, is covered with wild vegetation, and is closed by a monumental terrace of cut stones with balustrades. It was a Seigneurial garden in the French style that preceded Le Notre. Now it is ruins and briars. The pilasters are surmounted by globes that resemble stone cannon balls. Forty-three balusarades are still erect; the others are lying in the grass, and nearly ull have marks of musket balls. One fractured balustrade is laid upon the stem like a broken leg.

It was in this garden, which is lower than the orchard, that six Voltigeurs of the 1st light regiment, having got in, and unable to get out, and caught like bears in a trap, accepted combat with two Hanoverian companies, one of which was armed with rifles. The Hanoverians lined the balustrade, and fired down ; the Voltigeurs fired up, six intrepid men against two hundred, and having no shelter but the gooseberry bushes, took a quarter of an hour in dying. You climb up a few steps, and reach the orchard properly so called. Here on these few square yards fifteen hundred men fell in less than an hour. The wall seems ready to re-commence the fight ; for the thirty-eight loop-holes pierced by the English at irregular heights may still be seen. In front of the wall are two English tombs made of granite. There are only loop-holes in the south wall, for the principal attack was on that side. This wall is concealed on the outside by a quickset hedge. The French came up under the impression that they had only to carry this hedge, and found the wall an obstacle and an ambuscade ; the English guards behind the thirty-eight loop-holes, firing at once a storm of canister and bullets : and Soye's brigade was dashed to pieces against it. Waterloo began thus.

The orchard, however, was taken ; as the French had no ladders, they climbed up with their nails. A hand-to-hand fight took place under the trees, and all the grass was soaked with blood, and a battalion of Nassau, seven hundred strong, was cut to pieces here. On the outside, the wall, against which Kellermann's two batteries were pointed, is pock-marked with cannon balls.

This orchard is sensitive like any other to the month of May : it has its buttercups and its daisies, the grass is tall in it, the plough horses browse in it ; hair ropes on which linen is hung to dry, occupy the space between the trees, and make the visitor bow his head ; and as you walk along, your foot sinks in mole holes. In the middle of the grass you notice an uprooted, outstretched, but still flourishing tree. Major Blackman leant against that tree to die. Under another large tree close by fell the German General Duplat, a French refugee, belonging to a family that fled upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Close at hand an old sickly apple tree, poulticed with a bandage of straw and clay, hangs its head. Nearly all the apple trees are dying of old age, and there is not one without its cannon ball or bullet. Skeletons of dead trees abound in this orchard, ravens fly about in the branches, and at the end is a wood full of violets.

Bauduin killed ; Foy wounded ; arson, massacre, carnage ; a stream composed of English, French, and German blood furiously mingled ; a well filled with corpses ; the Nassau regiment and the Brunswick regiment destroyed ; Duplat killed ; Blackman killed ; the English guards mutilated ; twenty French battalions of the forty composing Reille's corps decimated ; three thousand men in this château of Hougomont alone, sabred, gashed, butchered, shot, and burnt—all this that a peasant may say to a traveller at the present day, "If you like to give me three francs, sir, I will tell you all about the battle of Waterloo."

ANTWERP TO COLOGNE,

VIÂ HASSELT, MAESTRICHT, TO AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

THOSE who wish to run in six hours right away from Antwerp to Cologne, without visiting Brussels, can do so by taking the route viâ Maestricht, (see Appendix,) which joins the route from Brussels to Cologne at Aix-la-Chapelle. The principal places of interest passed on this route are—

Hasselt, where the Franks who were encamped here chose Pharamond for their king in 406.

Maestricht (population, 30,000), on the river Maas, a city well worth visiting. Like all places hereabouts, it is associated with the name of the hard, relentless Duke of Parma. Nine times he was repulsed; and when at last the strong town was taken by assault, 8,000 of the inhabitants were cruelly massacred.

There are the usual sights to be seen in Maestricht, such as the Church of Notre Dame and other churches, the garrison, ancient gateways, and a few good pictures and public gardens. Its great curiosity, however, is the

Caverns of St. Peter, and these are the most wonderful things of their kind in the world. A capital account of them is given in Murray, as follows:—

"Subterranean quarries under the hill called the Pietersberg, on which the Citadel or Fort St. Pierre stands. The entrance is not quite three miles from the Inns, outside St. Peter's gate; the hire of a carriage is six francs; the fee of a sworn guide, four francs. Some of the passages are wide enough to admit horses and carts. They cover a space of thirteen miles by six miles: the number of passages amounts to 16,000, twenty to fifty feet high and twelve broad, and a large part are now rarely explored. They are supposed to have been first worked by the Romans. The galleries, running generally at right angles, and lined by many thousand massive pillars forty feet square, left by the excavators to support the roof, cross and intersect each other so as to render it exceedingly difficult to find the way out; and it is dangerous to enter this singular labyrinth without a guide. Many lives have been lost from the want of this precaution; among others, four Recollet monks perished in 1640, in attempting to form a hermitage in a remote spot. They had provided themselves with a clue, which they fastened near the entrance, but the thread on which they depended broke.

They died of hunger; and their bodies, though they were diligently sought for, were not found till seven days after. The only persons competent to conduct strangers through the maze are a few experienced labourers who have spent a large portion of their lives in these caverns, and who assist their memory by marks made on the pillars and sides. In time of war the peasantry of the surrounding country have frequently sought refuge in the caves, along with their flocks and herds. The rock is a soft yellowish stone, not unlike chalk, and of the same geological age. It is used for building, but is ill adapted for the purpose, being much affected by the atmosphere: it does not make good lime, but when reduced to sand is very serviceable as manure for the fields. It abounds in marine fossil remains. Besides shells and crabs, large turtles are found in it, together with the bones of a gigantic lizard-like reptile, more than 20 ft. long, called the fossil Monitor. The caverns are very cold, but are remarkably free from all moisture, and hence their temperature scarcely ever varies. The walk through the caverns need not take up more than an hour. The view from the summit of the Pietersberg is fine."

Between Maestricht and Aix-la-Chapelle there is nothing calling for special observation. At the last-named town we join the route described on p. 73.

FROM BRUSSELS TO COLOGNE.

THERE are two routes, one from Brussels to Namur, and thence to Liége and Verviers, the other from Brussels to Louvain, and thence to Liége and Verviers.

The former route will be described in the journey under the heading Brussels to Strassburg, viâ Luxembourg; and tourists who intend travelling by that way to Cologne must bear in mind that they will have to change carriages at Namur. (Page 144.)

It is a more expensive and a more inconvenient way, unless some special object has to be attained.

The first place of interest is

Louvain, (population, 32,000,) situated on the Dyle, and is a very ancient town, built in a circular form. The Hotel de Ville is a marvel of beauty, and those who do not stay at the

town to inspect it minutely must look out for its quaint pinnacles and delicate masonry as they pass in the train. It is second in grandeur only to that of Brussels, and much more richly decorated. The delicacy of the work has necessarily caused it to fall an easy prey to the ravages of Time, but these have been happily repaired by judicious and careful restoration.

The Church of St. Peter, in this town, opposite the Town Hall, is well worthy of attention, containing several interesting paintings, especially one fine altar-piece by Quentin Matsys, and also a chandelier, wrought by him when he followed the useful calling of a blacksmith. In this and some of the other churches there are remarkable specmiens of wood carving.

Louvain is celebrated for its **University,** founded more than four centuries ago, which has been the Alma Mater of many learned men, both theologians and secular scholars. It was from this neighbourhood that the weavers of Flanders migrated to England in the fourteenth century, to escape persecution.

Louvain is also interesting to us through having been the residence of our King Edward the Third, whose wife, Queen Philippa, was by birth a Flemish princess. Several of her children were born in her native land, the more renowned being John of Gaunt or Ghent, who was named after his birthplace. It was, doubtless, from the fact of our close connexion with the Low Countries, that we were enabled to become so great in the woollen trade.

Continuing our journey, we pass

Tirlemont, a vast place, but not a vast population. Then through a plain where battles were fought in the Spanish War of Succession, until we come to

Landen, an obscure village where Pepin, the father of Charlemagne, was born and was buried on a hill which has been named after him.

At Landen the line branches off to Hasselt and Maestricht (see p. 68.) If you have taken a seat on the left-hand of the carriage, keep your eyes open now for a wonderful view as you descend to

Liege (population, 106,994), usually called the Birmingham of Belgium. A forest of chimneys and a stronghold of smoke and steam, presents a very different appearance to that picturesque city described by Sir Walter Scott in his charming romance of Quentin Durward, which, though it may serve to both delight and interest the reader, must not be taken as

being accurate in an historical sense. Liege of the present day is as utilitarian and prosaic as the ancient city was picturesque and romantic. It is, of course, still situated on the Meuse, and abounds with architectural remains of an interesting character. Some of the churches are very well restored, especially that of St. Jacques. Churches alone remain to give an idea of the buildings of ancient Liege, since all the other buildings were utterly destroyed, by order of Charles the Bold, the famous Duke of Burgundy, about the middle of the fifteenth century, who, in order to punish a revolt of the citizens, gave up the city to fire and sword for many weeks, during which period not only all the buildings, but thousands of the inhabitants, were utterly destroyed. In later years the cathedral was burnt by the army of the first French revolution, carrying on war against the Austrians in this country.

War, and even its terrible traces, have long since passed away from Liege, and the inhabitants of the city now devote their energies to the manufacture of arms for the use of their fellow creatures. Coal and iron abound in the immediate proximity of the city, and facilitate the operations of workers in hardware.

On again through country very charming for its pleasant surprises of villages and castles, until we reach

Verviers (population, 34,000), the frontier town of Belgium, where luggage is examined on entering Belgium. If the tourist in leaving Brussels has determined to go straight to Cologne, he will change carriages here, and have to re-register his luggage.

In the neighbourhood of Verviers, which is in the beautiful valley of the Vesdre, we have the most mountainous and consequently the most picturesque scenery of Belgium. The mountains, however, are nothing like the Swiss mountains, and the great charm of the scenery is perhaps felt chiefly from its remarkable contrast with the dead level of the country through which we have previously passed.

And now as we journey on we are on Prussian territory, and after a little while we dash through a couple of tunnels, and arrive at

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE. (German, *Aachen.*)

(Hotel du Dragon d'Or.)

Population, 80,000.

Although Aix-la-Chapelle was a Roman station in the country of the Gauls, it was only remarkable for its hot springs, until as the birthplace of the mighty Charlemagne it became subsequently famous, that justly celebrated conqueror and emperor having raised it to the dignity of the capital city of his northern dominions. Its **mineral springs** render it a place of resort, at the present day, for those who suffer from gout or neuralgic affections, whilst its historical remains and associations are of the deepest interest. Here Charlemagne died in 814, after a reign of almost unexampled success and prosperity, having been the conqueror and lawgiver of almost all Europe. Not only in ancient and mediæval times has Aix been remarkable as the seat of Diets and Councils, but in modern times it has also been the scene of more than one Congress that has arranged the affairs of Europe.

The **Hotel de Ville,** recently restored, is on the site of the palace of the Frankish kings, and contains paintings illustrating the life of Charlemagne.

The **Cathedral** is said to be the oldest church in Germany, part of it being the famous "Chapel," founded by Charlemagne, from which the city is named. It is said to have been erected as a burial place for himself and family, and was consecrated by the Pope Leo the Third, with extraordinary pomp. After a lapse of nearly three centuries, the tomb of Charlemagne was opened, and the body was discovered seated on a wooden throne, with all the insignia of sovereignty about him, and a copy of the Gospels on his lap. Either from motives of veneration, or with regard to their safety, all these relics of the great ruler were removed from his tomb, but his skull and some of his bones are still among the treasures of the church, which is very rich in relics, and also in fine specimens of Gothic art in the way of church plate.

The relics in this church are so very wonderful, that they are only shown to the vulgar world once in seven years, from the middle to the end of July, and they attract vast crowds of pious, but at the same time we cannot help thinking credulous, pilgrims. The present year, 1874, will be the occasion for the display.

It cannot fail to interest all to see
The garment worn by the Virgin at the nativity.
The very swaddling clothes in which Jesus was wrapped.
The cloth on which the head of John the Baptist was laid.

But why describe these things? Let the devout visit them, if it will aid their faith, or give them any spiritual satisfaction. But let those who take a purer, holier, diviner view of the Gospel story, pass by them, not in a self-righteous, but rather in a humbly thankful spirit, that they have "not so learned Christ."

The present **choir**, remarkable for its height (114 feet), was erected in the fourteenth century, when the original one built by Charlemagne was pulled down.

There are several other churches worthy of a visit, especially that of the Jesuits. Aix is a very agreeable place for visitors, even though they may not need the use of its salutary springs, and there is at the **Kurhaus** an excellent reading-room, with gardens adjoining, where a band plays daily, and balls are held every Saturday, which, commencing at eight o'clock, are not kept up beyond reasonable hours.

In the neighbourhood of Aix there are agreeable walks and drives, and there are charming musical *reunions*, known as Saturday evening concerts. Dremel's Hotel, "Grande Monarque," had formerly the entire pre-eminence, but now there are several other good hotels in this city, some of them managed by the proprietor of Dremel's. Cloth manufactures still afford abundant occupation to the industrious classes of the inhabitants, who appear to thrive, and are as content as their neighbours.

The view of Aix from the railway is imposing; and as we pass on towards Cologne, there are several objects of interest, especially the Castle of Frankenburg, near which Charlemagne is said to have had a residence when he mourned the loss of his Queen Fastrada.

Along the tract of country through which we are now passing there are abundant remains of the colonies formed at various times by the Romans, and also places remarkable in history, amongst them the castle of the family Merode, whose ancestors' conduct was so brutal during the thirty years' war, as to have given us the term "Merodeurer," from which the term murderer is derived. We must receive this like many other stories, bearing in mind that it is most likely told by Merode's vanquished opponents.

Watch every part of the road from Aix-la-Chapelle to

Cologne. Note, first, the wonderful viaduct, 308 yards long; the curious engineering perplexing in its ingenuity. Notice the little villages scattered about in pleasant places, and valleys and ravines; and away to the right, soon after leaving Eschweiler the distant mountains of the Eifel, and then look out for spires and towers and walls, and your journey will have ended for the day, as Cologne is the city that is before you. (See p. 80.)

FROM AMSTERDAM TO COLOGNE,

VIA UTRECHT, EMMERICH, AND DUSSELDORF.

Leaving Amsterdam, an hour's run of twenty-three miles brings us to

UTRECHT,

(Population about 54,000,) a singular-looking place, where was signed, in April, 1713, the famous treaty which ended the War of the Spanish succession, and commenced the independence of Holland. The **State House**, a modern structure, contains a few old pictures, also a series of sketches of old Utrecht houses; but the great attraction is the view from the **Cathedral tower**, in which, by-the-bye, is the residence of the sexton, who thus occupies a lofty position in the town. The costume of the country people here is very peculiar. The men wear a kind of half-vest, an old-fashioned short coat, and thick black hat, with narrow brim; the women being attired in a neat dress, with small neat-looking cap and great wooden shoes. Shoe-leather is cheap in the low countries, a pair of children's wooden shoes costing only three-halfpence, while a pair of men's shoes may be procured for half a franc. Besides the Cathedral, there are about twenty Protestant and other places of worship in the place. There are also a museum, library, botanical gardens, etc.; likewise many remains of antiquity. Utrecht was formerly famous for its silk velvets, good specimens of which are still procurable. **The Mall** (*Maliebaan*) is one of the finest promenades in Europe. It is half a mile in length, forming an immense avenue planted with eight rows of lime trees.

Resuming our journey, we next reach

Arnheim (population, 32,000). The town is essentially Dutch, but with a dash of beauty and picturesqueness which cannot be seen elsewhere in Holland. The Town Hall is adorned with such monstrous figures, that it has earned the title of the Devil's House. The great church is curious, and has a wonderful carillon. The charm of the place, however, is in its beautiful surroundings and country seats. One estate, Hartgesberg, not far from the railway station, should be visited. A few hours may be agreeably spent in Arnheim.

Emmerich, interesting from the fact that it is the frontier town of Prussia, and luggage is therefore examined here.

Wesel is a thickly populated (17,000), strongly fortified town, at the junction of the Rhine with the Lippe.

DUSSELDORF.

This charming town, one of the *neatest* on the Rhine, was and is celebrated for its art treasures. The celebrated School of Painting (which suffered much from a fire in 1872) is attached to the old Electoral Palace. No one should miss seeing Dusseldorf who can help it. Its public gardens and handsome buildings alone would repay a visit; but as it is a city of pictures, attention should be primarily given to its exhibitions of art.

Be sure and visit the **Town Hall**, in which are some fine specimens of the works of modern artists, and

The **Galleries** of Schulte, Allee Street, near the Breidenbach Hotel; and Besmeyer and Kraus, in Elberfelder Street.

There are some fine frescoes in the Commercial School (**Realschule**), and an extraordinary picture by Schadow in the Hall of Assize, Königs-platz.

We have passed hurriedly over the last few towns, as the ordinary tourist visiting Holland, Belgium, and the Rhine, usually finishes his Dutch experiences at Amsterdam or Utrecht, and then runs straight away by train to Cologne, at which place the real Rhine trip commences, and which we hasten to describe.

THE RHINE.

As we travel towards Cologne, or perhaps when we reach Cologne, and linger on the bridge of boats, while the mighty river rushes at our feet, it will be pleasant to read a little of the history of the Rhine, and to think over the thoughts of others who have written about it, and make those thoughts our own.

It will be well, first of all, to give a few of the dry details.

The river rises in the Alps (St. Gothard), runs through the country of the Grisons, enters the Lake of Constance (1344 ft. above sea level), rushes down to Schaffhausen, tumbles over the rocks there, and speeds its way to Basle, Cologne, and finally joins the sea viâ Holland. It is 870 miles long; it separates Switzerland from Germany, and Germany from France. In its progress it is joined by the Neckar and the Moselle, besides several minor rivers. About 570 miles, namely, from Basle to the mouth of the river, is navigable. It is the fourth river of Europe, as regards length, but the first as a channel of commerce.

The "tourist part" of the Rhine, from Bonn to Bingen, is the most beautiful, and draws to it more visitors than any other river in the world. Its history is as old as the civilized world, and its banks are crowded with historical memorials. It abounds with castles, fortresses; and nearly all of these remains of feudal savagery, says Victor Hugo, "have been mute witnesses of bygone ages—prominent features in great actions; and their walls have echoed the cries of war and the murmurings of peace. They stand there like eternal monuments of the dark dramas which, since the tenth century, have been played on the Rhine. They have witnessed, so to speak, monks of all orders, men of all ranks; and there is not an historical fact in the lives of those men who took a prominent part on the Rhine, that is not designed on their venerable walls. They have listened to the voice of Petrarch; they saw, in 1415, the eastern bishops, proud and haughty, going to the assembly of divines at Constance, to try Jean Huss; in 1441, going to the council of Bâle, to depose Eugene IV.; and, in 1519, to the Diet of Worms, to interrogate Luther; they witnessed, floating on the Rhine, the body of Saint Werner, who fell a martyr to the Jews in 1287. In fact, all the great events, from the ninth to the nineteenth century, that transpired on the banks of the

flood have, as it were, come under their notice. They are mute recorders of the things that were—of Pepin, of Charlemagne, of Charles V., and of Napoleon. All the great events which, time after time, shook and frightened Europe, have, like the lightning's flash, lighted up these old walls. At present it is the moon and the sun which shed their light upon these ancient edifices, famed in story and gnawed by time, whose walls are falling, stone by stone, into the Rhine, and whose dates are fast dwindling into oblivion."

Says Lord Lytton, in his "Pilgrims of the Rhine":—

"You begin now to understand the character of the German literature. The Rhine is an emblem of its luxuriance, its fertility, its romance. The best commentary to the German genius is a visit to the German scenery. The mighty gloom of the Hartz, the feudal towers that look over vines and deep valleys on the legendary Rhine; the gigantic remains of antique power, profusely scattered over plain, mount, and forest; the thousand mixed recollections that hallow the ground; the stately Roman, the stalwart Goth, the chivalry of the feudal age, and the dim brotherhood of the ideal world, have here alike their record and their remembrance.

"As the Rhine flows, so flows the national genius, by mountain and valley—the wildest solitude—the sudden spires of ancient cities—the mouldered castle—the stately monastery—the humble cot. Grandeur and homeliness, history and superstition, truth and fable, succeeding one another so as to blend into a whole."

"The Rhine," says Victor Hugo again, in one of his frequent bursts of impassioned enthusiasm, "is a noble river—feudal, republican, imperial—worthy, at the same time, of France and of Germany. The whole history of Europe is combined with its two great aspects—in this flood of the warrior and of the philosopher—in this proud stream, which causes France to bound with joy, and by whose profound murmurings Germany is bewildered in dreams." Scarcely less glowing is the great writer's description of the world-famous stream. "The Rhine is unique; it combines the qualities of every river. Like the Rhone, it is rapid; broad, like the Loire; encased, like the Meuse; serpentine, like the Seine; limpid and green, like the Somme; historical, like the Tiber; royal, like the Danube; mysterious, like the Nile; spangled with gold, like an American river; and, like a river of Asia, abounding with phantoms and fables."

The Rhine is the queen of European rivers, the pride and boast of the German Fatherland. Over and over again have the charms of this river been described by its enthusiastic admirers, yet they seem ever fresh, ever beautiful, ever attractive. The smiling beauties which gained the wondering admiration of Cæsar and his legions, have yet a charm for the roving Englishman, for the regiments of tourists who annually make their way thither to feast their eyes on its majestic form :—

> "A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
> Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
> And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
> From grey but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells."

In the Middle Ages the Rhine was the scene of many dark deeds, and also the region of romance, and is now, as it has been for centuries, the stream held in veneration by the whole Teutonic race; and "the Rhine" is the watchword of the German legions to this day.

The following measurements as to length and breadth of the Rhine, are given in Bædeker's Guide.

Length of the Rhine.

	Eng. Miles.
From Bâle to Mannheim	156
,, Mannheim to Mayence	51
,, Mayence to Bingen	19
,, Bingen to Coblentz	41
,, Coblentz to Cologne	63
,, Cologne to Dusseldorf	36
,, Dusseldorf to Emmerich	73
,, Emmerich to Briel (North Sea) . .	105
,, Bâle to the North Sea	544

Breadth of the Rhine.

	Yards.		Yards.
At Bâle	189	At Cologne . . .	433
,, Mannheim . . .	429	,, Dusseldorf . . .	409
,, Mayence . . .	492	,, Schenkenschanz (Dutch Fort) . . .	909
,, Coblentz . . .	399		
,, Bonn	532		

Its greatest breadth therefore, along the tourist's course, is at Bonn, its narrowest at Basle. The depth varies from 3 ft. to 12 ft. between Basle and Strassburg, its shallowest part; to 76 ft., its greatest depth, at the Lurlei.

Poets have sung of it, and as we read their poems on its banks, or as we float upon its bosom, we may perchance catch a little of the fire of their inspiration.

Thus wrote Bowles:

"'Twas morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow
(Hung with the blushes of the bending vine)
Streamed the blue light, when on the sparkling Rhine
We bounded, and the white waves round the prow
In murmurs parted; varying as we go,
Lo! the woods open and the rocks retire;
Some convent's ancient walls, or glistening spire
'Mid the bright landscape's tract unfolding slow.
Here dark with furrowed aspect, like despair,
Hangs the bleak cliff, there on the woodland's side
The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide;
Whilst Hope, enchanted with a scene so fair,
Would wish to linger many a summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away."

And thus saith Byron:

"The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine,
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!"

From Bonn to Coblentz, thence to Mayence, the lover of sublime scenery, the geologist, the antiquary, and the naturalist will find abundant material for contemplation, from which he will not only derive immense satisfaction, but will also enrich his stock of knowledge, and gratify his passion for research.

The means of living are not expensive in this part of the world, nor are the necessary conveyances unattainable at moderate remuneration. Numbers of those who use the Rhine as a mere thoroughfare to the glories of Switzerland and Italy, in passing by its beauties, will in many cases go further and fare worse; for although the scenery of Switzerland is undoubtedly grander, and that of Italy more sublime, yet neither is so picturesque as that of the Rhine, nor yet more interesting from historical association; since the scenes through which we pass in going up the Rhine are at every turn of the river replete with historical or fairy lore.

We can trace the course by which Julius Cæsar came down to invade us; we are constantly reminded of great events, from Constantine to Charlemagne; we can recall the period of the Middle Ages, with all its grandeur and romance; and thence come into the later times of religious discord and the disastrous wars that resulted from that cause.

We witness also on the banks of the Rhine the scenes of the many conflicts between the French and the Germans, for the mastery over this mighty stream, from the time when Louis XIV.'s generals gained such briliant victories on its shores, till the epoch of the late war, when Louis Napoleon was so ignominiously subdued under the iron heel of Prussia.

We must not neglect to recall the great struggles between the Austrians and the army of the French Revolution, at the close of the last century, with the subsequent victories of Napoleon Buonaparte, and the final triumph of his opponents, whom he had treated with that arrogance so characteristic of the parvenu, and so utterly at variance with the ideal formed of a really valiant soldier.

There was a time when Dukes of Nassau, and of Baden, together with other potentates, held sway over various portions of the Rhine; but now all power is being rapidly absorbed by Prussia, which, like Aaron's rod, seems destined to swallow up its neighbours.

UP THE RHINE.

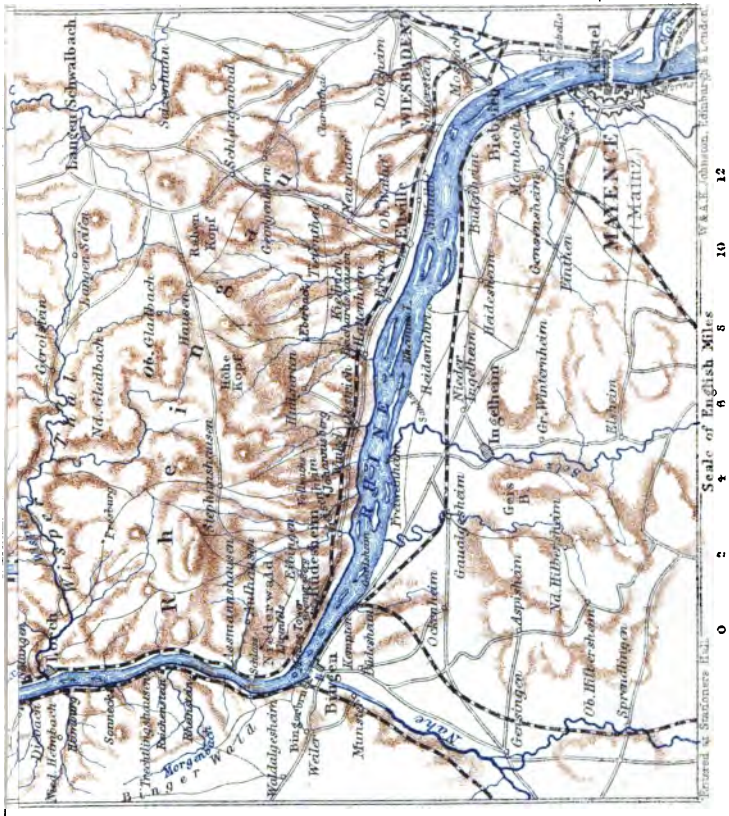
COLOGNE. (Germ. Köln.)

Hotel Belle Vue. (Deutz.)
Hotel de Hollande. (Facing the Quay.)

Population, 129,233.

Cologne is the largest town in the Rhenish province of Prussia, and one of the most important cities in Germany. It is built in the shape of a crescent, and is strongly fortified, being enclosed with walls in a circuit of nearly seven miles. In the garrison there are 7,000 men. The city has "20 churches, 8,500 houses, 19 gates, 33 squares, and 270 streets." Its early history is full of interest, and would require a chapter to fairly

epitomise it. It is known as having been one [redacted]



The chief attraction in Cologne is its magnificent **Cathedral (Dom.)** It is in the form of a cross, 511 ft. long by 231 ft. broad; the roof rests on 100 columns, of which the four centre ones are

30 feet in circumference, and their foundations were laid 46 feet below the surface on account of the immense weight they were to support. The building was commenced in the year 1248, and the name of the architect is unknown, although some have attributed its origin to Miester Gerard, a native of Rhiel near Cologne. For nearly three centuries the building remained in a very incomplete state, and when the French took Cologne, just eighty years ago, they turned it into a hay magazine, and after it had served its purpose for them they stole all the lead off the roof to use for bullets; and to-day it is probable the Cathedral would have stood to Cologne as the Colosseum does to Rome, had not the late King William of Prussia come to the rescue, and not only preserved this marvellous work from falling into decay whilst yet incomplete, but for directing the steps to be taken for finishing it. His successor, in 1842, took great interest in the work, and a society has been formed for carrying it to completion. The restorations have been admirably done, and the modern work is by no means put to shame in contrast with the ancient. Another great curiosity in the Cathedral is

The Chapel of the Three Kings. You would hardly expect to find here the mortal remains of the Three Wise Men who went to do homage to the Infant Saviour at Bethlehem, would you? Nevertheless here they are, says tradition. But, personally, I doubt the tradition, from the mere fact that the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, had a hand in it. *She* found all the curiosities which monks exhibit to sight-seers in Palestine. She identified Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre. She found the three crosses, identified the true cross; and the nails, and crown of thorns, and the inscription, were found by her. And she found the mortal remains of the Three Wise Men, and sent them to Constantinople.

After that they were preserved in a church in Milan; but Frederick Barbarossa got hold of them, and gave them to the Archbishop of Cologne.

The shrine is open to the public free on high days and holidays, such as Sundays and all great feast days, but at other times rather a stiff figure stands as a barrier, viz., 1½ thaler= 4s. 6d.

The shrine is costly, and the skulls of these inoffensive men may be seen grinning at you, wearing diadems of precious stones, and their names written in rubies. To those who are not aware of the fact, it will be interesting to know that the

names of the three wise men were Gaspar, Melchoir, and Balthazar.

If you do not go in to see this sight, omit not to look at a black marble stone in front of it: it marks the spot where the heart of Marie de Medicis is buried. She was the widow of Henry IV. of France, and died in Cologne in exile.

You must remember that the only free places in the cathedral are the nave and the transept, and the choir during service; at other times you must pay 15 sgr. to see it; and, as is usual in Continental churches, for all other special objects, "who sees, pays." The cathedral contains the

Tomb of Philip von Heinsberg, who built the fortifications of the town; of

Conrad of Hochstaden, one of the founders of the cathedral.

Notice specially the celebrated **Dombild**, representing the Adoration of the Magi, which Bædeker describes, quoting Goethe, "as the axis on which the history of Lower Rhenish art turns."

If you are of strong wind and limb, you can ascend to the central **tower**, and take in a bird's-eye view of the city and its surroundings, and, on a clear day, catch sight of the Seven Mountains. Whether you do this or not, you should at least ascend to the **choir gallery**, which gives a magnificent view of the wondrous proportions of the cathedral.

Much is yet to be done to complete the exterior of the building: the two towers forming the west entrance are to be 500 feet in height, and when it is finished it will unquestionably be the most magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture in the world. A facetious writer says, "It may be called the church of the Millennium: 1st, Because it is constructed to hold more worshippers than are ever likely to visit it while sin reigns in the world; and 2nd, Because while one part is being restored and another part commenced, other parts are falling into ruin; and it is presumed it will never be finished until the time of the restoration of all things."

Whatever else you may omit to see in this wonderful ecclesiastical museum, you must by no means omit a careful inspection of the **Choir**, which is simply magnificent. It was completed in 1322. The stained glass windows throughout the cathedral will afford much gratification, some of them are very old, some comparatively modern, and some are really curious.

The writer above referred to introduces the following de-

scription of one that attracted the attention of himself and companions.

"It represented a gentleman of very bulky dimensions, dressed in the costume of an emperor, lying on his back in a green field, and on his stomach a large tree grew! 'What can it mean?' asked Alec. And we all considered for a time. 'Perhaps,' suggested Charlie, 'it represents some one bringing forth the fruits of good living.' But after a little careful study we arrived at a different conclusion and a right interpretation.

"The gentleman on his back was Adam, the green field Paradise, the tree represented the genealogy of the Virgin Mary, the branches showed her crowned ancestors (on one branch was David with a harp, and on another Solomon, in gorgeous apparel, on his throne); and at the top of the tree there was an open flower disclosing the Virgin with the Holy Child in her lap."

As you come out of the cathedral, you will notice the recent work which has been performed at great expense. A huge **crane** of curious make stood for many years on the place where the tower is building. A strange superstition attached to it, which reminds us of the story about the burial of St. Swithin. It is said that once upon a time the crane was taken down, as it was very justly considered to be no ornament, and at that time there was little probability of the building ever being used; but no sooner was it removed, than a fearful storm burst over Cologne. Whether it lasted 40 days and 40 nights, as it did when the body of St. Swithin was touched, I cannot say, but the pious citizens took it as a sign, and the old crane was replaced where it stood until quite recently, and then allowed itself to be taken down in peace.

It is not my intention to ask you to accompany me in any cut-and-dried tours of towns, having myself been often much more perplexed with the instructions given, than when perfectly free to find out the special objects of interest according to the dictate of my own sweet will. I shall only name and describe the principal things to see, and leave you to find out the best way of seeing them.

Cologne is a very difficult place to find one's way about in, and its streets are by no means inviting as places of promenade; the pavement is bad, the drainage defective, and the odours such as render the use of Eau de Cologne a positive necessity. This may be the result of policy. But it is only fair to say that every year sees fresh sanitary improvements,

and the day may come when the often quoted lines of Coleridge will be regarded as a wicked libel.

"In Cöln, that town of monks and bones
And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
And rags and hags and hideous wenches,
I counted two and seventy stenches!
All well defined and genuine stinks!
Ye nymphs! that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?"

Far be it from me to declare that all Cologne is as sweet as a country village in England. It is not, and you will have ample opportunity of even counting up as high as 72; but it is certainly true that a wonderful change has taken place for the better since the days of Coleridge.

Talking about scents reminds me to speak here of

Eau de Cologne, and to warn you that in the course of a day's march twenty different touters will recommend twenty different sorts, each as the only genuine. Be not deceived by them, but go straight to Johann Maria Farina, just opposite the Jülichs platz, and buy what you want. No doubt you will need it while you stay in the city.

Everybody goes to see the

Church of St. Ursula, and it is certainly a curious sight. The story of St. Ursula runs thus. Ursula was the daughter of King Vionetus (?); some say he ruled in Britain, and some in Brittany. No matter. Ursula was to be married to a German prince, and she would convert him to Christianity, but first she must make a pilgrimage to Rome. So she took eleven ships across the sea, and all her companions, namely, 11,000 virgins. She reached Rome, and received the blessing of the pope, as also did her "few friends." But, as she returned down the Rhine, after being married to the prince at Mayence, the Huns, who overran the country at that time, ran down upon them, and slaughtered St. Ursula, her husband, the pope, who had accompanied them from Rome, and the 11,000 virgins. Ursula became the patron saint of chastity, and she reposes in this church at Cologne, surrounded by the bones of her faithful friends, stuck into walls, stowed away on shelves, or exhibited in glass-cases—a graceful and edifying monument, and a caution to all young women never to travel so far again without their lawful protectors. Tom Hood says these bone-

lined walls represent the "chastest kind of architecture." I think it was Professor Owen who examined these bones, and found that some of them belonged once to calves (the young of the cow).

There are other curiosities to be seen here. Three thorns from the Crown of Thorns worn by our Saviour (I have seen two complete crowns in Jerusalem, some at Rome, some at Venice, and elsewhere!) one of the vessels that contained the water turned into wine at Nain (I think I have seen at least a dozen of these in various parts, even the Mahomedans in Constantinople have some—so much have they multiplied since the time they were first used!) and so on, and so on.

Forgive me if these remarks are offensive to you; but I do not think they will be, even if you chance to be a good sound common-sense Romanist, and I am sure they will not if you are a Protestant.

Let us get out into the air, away from the

"Hags and rags and hideous wenches,"

as Coleridge says, and seek other sights. We must by no means omit to visit the

Museum ($7\frac{1}{2}$ sgr.—free on Sundays and holidays), containing many fine specimens of art, ancient and modern, coins, Roman antiquities, and other curiosities usually found in museums.

The Archiepiscopal Museum, near to the Dom, is a marvellous collection of mediæval art, which will only interest the few. The unlearned in this style of art, to whom a picture is only a picture, will entertain feelings similar to those indulged by a friend, who described it thus: "It is a wondrous collection of paintings. Where they all came from, who were the men that had the nerve to paint such horrible things, why they should remain to shock every sense of decency and pity, we did not stop to inquire. The Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's is a gay and festive scene compared with the Museum of the Archbishop at Cologne. Scenes of torture, pictures all red with blood, faces depicting every expression of physical and mental agony, horrible misrepresentations of the dead Christ, grotesque glimpses of heaven, and revolting glimpses of hell, such are the subjects of the pictures."

There is a church in Cologne lined with the bones of martyrs who suffered under the persecution of Diocletian.

The Church of the Apostles is a curious specimen of the architecture of the eleventh century. **The Church of St. Peter's** is famous as containing a painting of the Apostle's Martyrdom, by Rubens, respecting the merit of which great diversity of opinion exists among connoisseurs. The most remarkable church in Cologne is **St. Maria in Capitolio,** said to be more than eleven hundred years old, and to be built on the site of the Roman Capitol of this city. It is not only curious from its architectural peculiarities, but also as containing some good paintings by old German masters, fine painted glass, and some curious monuments. There was formerly a convent attached to the church, which has been destroyed, the only remaining part of the building being the cloisters, attributed to the tenth century, which have been recently restored. There was a fine old tower to the church, which fell some two hundred years ago, and the present one was then erected.

Near this church, in the **Sternengasse, No. 10,** is the House in which Rubens was born, June 29, 1577. (A wooden effigy of the great painter and an inscription mark the house.) And here, too, Marie de Medicis died, 1642.

If you have leisure, you will do well to visit

The Zoological Gardens (10 sgr.), and, if it be Wednesday, hear the band play.

Stroll along the **Wharves,** and see the bustle of every-day continental life, and the narrow **Hochstrasse,** the centre of commercial life.

Nor omit to notice the magnificent **façade** of the Town Hall, nor to walk across the

Iron Bridge, a very fine structure, with a good view of the cathedral. It will bring you to

Deutz, an extensive suburb, with nothing particular to see but the fortifications, and then back to Cologne over

The Bridge of Boats. You will see others further up the river, but this *first* one will impress you most. The water rushes past, whirling and eddying close to where you lean, and at night-time you look up at the lights of the city and the dim outlines of its great buildings, and to the trembling reflection of the stars in the water, and thought goes back to other days and scenes, and you say perhaps in your heart what Longfellow has said in exquisite words :—

"Whenever I cross the river,
On its bridge with wooden piers,

Like the odour of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sadness,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow.

And for ever and for ever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection,
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here."

Two days will amply suffice to see all the sights of Cologne. If you chance to be there when a concert is given in the **Gürzenich**, do not fail to go.

COLOGNE TO BONN.

(Either by rail, varying from forty minutes to one hour, or by boat, two hours and a half. We give the preference to the latter route if the weather is good and time not an object.)

The view of Cologne rapidly vanishing from the sight, the various objects on the river arrest the attention of the happy ones who are seeing the Rhine for the first time. Among these last named, that which will surprise and amuse them most is the appearance and size of **the rafts** which we are meeting as they are hurrying, as far as their bulk will allow them, down the mighty stream, to the navigation of which they are adapted by their size and peculiar construction. They are, in fact, like floating villages, since whole families inhabit them, for whose accommodation small huts are erected on the firmly-bound planks.

The origin of these rafts is small, as they are composed of trees cut down on the banks of the Rhine and its tributary streams, and from being at the commencement of their career merely a few logs, will have grown in their course down the river into floating islands, five and six hundred feet in length, and a couple of hundred feet in breadth, before they shall have

accomplished their journey to the lower part of the Rhine, where they are broken up, and their component parts are sold to the timber merchants of the district and neighbouring places.

It is an ingenious way of conveying the timber down the river, but simple though it may appear, requires both skill and knowledge in those who undertake the task, as the navigation is, at certain turns of the river, extremely difficult for so unwieldy a craft, which is both steered and propelled by oars, plied by a vast number of rowers.

Between Cologne and Bonn you will see, on the left hand,

Bensberg, a Prussian military school. Monument at foot to the memory of two thousand men (Austrians) who fell at Jemappes, 1794.

Erdenburg, with an ancient wall, of doubtful origin.

The Abbey of Siegburg, Benedictine—now a Lunatic Asylum.

Church of **Schwarz-Rheindorf,** with two storeys, so constructed that worshippers in the top storey can hear all that is going on in the storey below.

Soon after this you see a lofty tower on your right, and then you come into the midst of some really fine scenery, and the steamboat stops at

BONN.

(Grand Hotel Royal.)

Population, 26,500. Bonn has an ancient history, as it was once one of the first Roman fortresses on the Rhine. Like many other places, it went down and down; but when it got into the hands of the Prussians, in 1815, a new era in its history commenced, and it is now a well-built, populous, and picturesque town, and a favourite resort of visitors who are making a lengthened stay on the Rhine, as it is a capital centre for pleasant excursions. The principal object of interest is

The University, which was originally the palace of the Electors of Cologne. It is an immense place, 1800 feet long, has a good Museum of Art and Antiquities, and a large Library. Here it was that the lamented Prince Consort received much of the education which developed the more manly features of his character.

You will enjoy a stroll through the **Hofgarten,** with its fine avenues of leafy trees.

The Minster, an imposing edifice, brings us in contact with the memory of the inveterate Helena, mother of Constantine, who must have founded as many churches as our Prince of Wales attends public dinners. There is little to see inside the church. A fine **statue of Beethoven** in the Minster-platz (inaugurated in the presence of our Queen, in 1845,) deserves careful attention.

If you care for a walk of a mile or more, go on to

Kreutzberg Church, where you may see the twenty-eight marble steps which led to the Judgment Hall of Pilate, and were trodden by our Lord. You may also see them at St. John Lateran in Rome! It is not lawful to walk up, but every pious pilgrim must go up on his knees, not *an easy* thing to do. The walk to Kreutzberg along the chestnut avenue of Poppelsdorf is very pretty.

No. 515, **Bonngasse,** is the house in which Beethoven was born, December 17th, 1770. He was five years old when he displayed his rich musical genius, and thirteen when his first sonatas and songs were published at Mannheim. Every lover of "Fidelio," the "Mount of Olives," and the innumerable works of his master mind, should visit 515, Bonngasse; and the sympathetic will like to recall many of the well-known incidents in the life of the deaf musician.

The Cemetery, with a beautiful Romanesque chapel in the centre, is the resting-place of many eminent persons.

There is a fine monument of Niebuhr, who wrote that portion which is finished, of the third volume of the History of Rome, in Bonn: he died January 2nd, 1831, and his wife, who is also represented on the monument, died on the 11th of the same month. Here, too, rest the son and widow of Schiller; Schumann, the composer; Arndt, the poet; and others.

Coming down to the Quay, to wait for the boat, we take a long look at

THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS,

A beautiful group of hills, the highest rising to an elevation of about fourteen hundred feet, and the others to little more than one thousand, and, adorned as each of them is with a picturesque ruin, gives us a good introduction to the beauties of the Rhenish scenery, which, though it becomes more grand as we advance up the river, is never more charming than hereabouts.

Much sentiment has been wasted, we think, upon these Seven Mountains, and they have been exaggerated into the Alps or the Andes. Poets have sung about them, painters have sketched them, patriots have sworn by them, and writers have extolled them, probably because they thought it was the proper thing to do. We leave you to judge for yourselves, warning you not to build your hopes too high.

Taking the steamer, we pass on to

Königswinter (left bank),

A quiet, comfortable little town, celebrated only for its close proximity to

THE DRACHENFELS.

And from this point we may consider that we have started upon the real legendary Rhine. From Drachenfels to Mayence we shall pass no end of castles, crags, dungeons, towers, ruined walls, and all of them with a legend attached. The "B.A., Christchurch," whose book we have before referred to, was evidently an unpoetic man, for he sums up the legends in this way:—

"The history of the Rhine, from one end to the other, is very simple. There are always two sisters who are in love with the same gentleman, who always goes to the crusades and marries, and always comes back a ghost, and marries again, in spite of a baron, who always locks one of seven daughters in a castle, which is attacked, sacked, and razed to the ground by two brothers, both of whom also try the crusades, then return, and both marry, or think of marrying the same lady, who always settles the matter by jumping into the Rhine, where she makes whirlpools, and attends weddings, till she finally frightens some one else into marrying her.

"Some general idea of this kind, acquired before starting, and then associated with every ruin, will be found most useful. It is the kind of impression retained *after* carefully following a guide-book for fourteen hours, and saves all the trouble."

From Königswinter we ascend the Drachenfels 1000 feet above the Rhine; it is an easy ascent, and may be done by the poorest climber from one hour to two hours and a half. The legend is too well known to need repetition, of how a dragon dwelt in a cavern half-way up the hill, and how a Christian maiden was thrown to the monster, and how it retired before the sign of the cross. Notwithstanding its conversion to Christianity, it came to a bad end after all. Siegfried, a low

country hero, slew it, and having bathed in its blood became ever after invulnerable.

There is a ruined castle on the summit of the Dragon's Rock, and from it a view is obtained of unparalleled beauty. On one hand the six mountains (the one on which we are being the seventh), on the other the beautiful island of **Nonnenwerth,** and **Rolandseck.** While we rest on the top of the mountain it may be interesting to read the legend connected with these last-named places.

"The island you see before you, gentlemen, is called Nonnenwerth or Nun's island, and over there, on the ridge of the hill, you will see a ruined castle. That is named the castle of Rolandseck. The castle is related to the island by strong ties of association, and so I point them out both together. For once upon a time, when tourist tickets were uncreated, and the name of Cook was unknown, when steamers had not existence, and the sceneries of this land were as undisturbed as when the sons of Gomer came here to spread the language they had learnt at Babel, there lived in these parts a nobleman whose name was Roland. He was the nephew of Carlo Magno, or Charlemagne, (to whose ashes let there be peace!) and he was not an unworthy relative of so great a man. He was mighty in all manly sports, and he was a terror to his enemies. Strange it is, fair gentlemen, that the fierce and powerful warrior can at the same time be the gentle and graceful lover, and that the warlike passion and the tender passion can dwell in the same breast. But it was so with Roland; and his fair Olivia lived in the sunshine of his smile, and found her sweetest resting-place in his heart. But 'the course of true love never did run smooth,' as you may have heard, and Olivia dreaded the news that was daily expected, that her lover would have to go to the wars. At last the news came; Roland was to fight the foe at Roncesvalles, and with tears and sighs from Olivia, and brave assurances from Roland, the lovers parted. Gentlemen, I will not harrow up your feelings with details of that good-bye; enough for us to know that Roland's armour sparkled in the sunshine, and his war-horse pawed the ground as he passed the castle window, where Olivia strained her tearful eyes, and waved her pocket-handkerchief, almost too damp with tears to float upon the summer air.

"Nor will I tell you of the weary days Olivia spent waiting for the return of her lord, nor how the days passed into weeks, the weeks into fortnights, the fortnights into three weeks, and then

into months, but the lover came not back. At last, one fatal day, there was heard the clatter of horse's hoofs, and the salutation of voices, as a worn and weather-beaten courier came into the village. 'News of battle! news of battle!' ran from mouth to mouth, and Olivia caught the sound; eagerly and passionately she begged intelligence about Roland, and you who have loved may guess her emotions when the fatal story was told her that her hero-lover was dead—killed in the battle of Roncesvalles. What was the world to Olivia, what were green trees and gliding rivers and castled halls without Roland? She turned her back upon the world, and her face towards the little island of Nonnenwerth, there she entered the convent, and took the black veil, an emblem of the gloom which hung over her life. Strange and sad as this part of my story is, the sequel is stranger and sadder. An enemy had spread a false report about Roland; he was victorious in the battle, bore the brunt of the fight, and when, crowned with honours, the opportunity came for him to return, he left the scene of slaughter for the dwelling-place of love. But a cold weight pressed upon his soul when he came back and saw the pale horror-stricken faces of those who knew him; when instead of the shout of welcome there was the groan of sorrow, and where the smile should have been there was instead the tear. At last the news was told him, how he had been reported dead, and how, stunned and broken down with the shock, Olivia had entered the convent, and was now separated from him on earth for ever. I have not much more to tell, gentlemen. Roland took possession of yonder castle which bears his name, and there, hour by hour and day by day, he gazed down upon the cruel walls of the convent on the island, which held for their prisoner the loved one of his heart. They say that marriages are made in heaven; let us hope that when he had lived his life of long regret, and she had passed away her life in prayer, that at last the marriage was concluded where the vows were registered."

This interesting romance has been the theme of many a poet's rhyme, but by none is the story more touchingly told than in the charming ballad, "Roland the Brave."

"Roland the brave, the brave Roland,
False tidings reach the Rhenish strand,
That he had fallen in the fight,
And thy lovely bosom swollen with pain,
O fairest daughter of Allemagne,
For the loss of thine own true knight.

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil,
In Nonnenwerther's cloister pale?
For the vows had scarce been sworn,
The fatal mantle o'er her flung,
When to a trumpet the Drachenfels rung;
'Twas her own true warrior's horn.

Woe! woe! each heart shall bleed, shall break;
She would have hung upon his neck,
Had he come but yestere'en,
And he had held those peerless charms
That shall never, never fill his arms,
Nor meet him but in heaven.

Roland the brave, Roland the true,
He ne'er could bid that spot adieu;
'Twas dear to him in his woes;
He loved to breathe the neighb'ring air,
To know she named him in her prayer,
When th' angelic Ave rose.

She died, he sought the battle plain;
Her image filled his dying brain;
When he fell, and wished to fall,
Her name was in his latest sigh;
When Roland, the flower of chivalry,
Expired at Roncesvalles."

Nonnenwerth, spared by Napoleon, it is stated, at the entreaty of Josephine, is still a religious institution in the hands of the Sisters of Charity.

In the vicinity of Rolandseck there is a famous road quarried in the rock, known to be of Roman origin, but only completed in later years by the French and the Prussians.

On the left bank of the river, just above Rolandseck, stands the imposing ruin of

Godesberg, one of the fortresses of the martial archbishops of Cologne, built in the thirteenth century on the site of a Roman camp.

From this lofty ruin a magnificent panorama of both sides of the Rhine may be seen, commanding as it does a fine view of the Seven Mountains, looking down on Rolandseck and Nonnenwerth.

The hotel at Godesberg is well spoken of, and the situation of the village especially eligible for those who are intending to make excursions among the beautiful scenery which extends on both sides of the stream.

It would be well worth while for those who have plenty of leisure at their disposal to halt from time to time in their

passage up the Rhine, and visit not only the interesting ruins with which its banks abound, but also many of the adjacent towns and villages, which are both extremely picturesque and also replete with historical associations, both modern and ancient; to the most attractive of which it is our design to call attention.

And we would remind you that your ticket entitles you to break your journey at any of the stopping-places of the steamer. Lord Lytton says—

"From the Drachenfels commences the true glory of the Rhine.

"The Rhine widens, like a broad lake, between the Drachenfels and Unkel: villages are scattered over the extended plain on the left; on the right is the Isle of Werth, and the houses of Oberwinter; the hills are covered with vines; and still we turn with a lingering gaze to the lofty crest of the Seven Hills."

Opposite Drachenfels is

Mehlem, the birthplace of Mehlem the artist. Passing under the Drachenfels every one is bound to recite the lines of Byron :—

"The castle crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these."

We pass Rolandseck on the right, and from this point steamer and rail run parallel. When opposite Oberwinter, we must not forget to look back and enjoy the singularly beautiful view.

Remagen, a good place for short excursions. Behind it is the Gothic church Apollinarisberg, said to be one of the most elegant churches in the country. The frescoes and pictures well worth visiting (open from 9.30 to 12 and 2 till 6).

Linz (left), a very old town partially walled.

Rheineck (right), with a fine castle and an elegant modern residence. Lord Lytton says—

"There is something weird and preternatural about the aspect of this place, its soil betrays signs that, in the former ages (from which even tradition is fast fading away) some volcano here exhausted its fires. The stratum of the earth is

black and pitchy, and the springs beneath it are of a dark and graveolent water. Here the stream of the Brohlbach falls into the Rhine, and in a valley rich with oak and pine, and full of caverns, which are not without their traditionary inmates, stands the castle of Schweppenbourg, which our party failed not to visit."

ANDERNACH,

A quaint interesting old town on the right, situated in a vast amphitheatre of basaltic hills. The church with its four tall towers is seen for some distance before the town is approached. One of the prettiest legends connected with the Rhine attaches to this place. It is given by Longfellow thus:—

LEGEND OF ANDERNACH.

"There was once a poor old woman in Andernach, whose name was Frau Martha, and she lived all alone in a house by herself, and loved all the saints and the blessed Virgin, and was as good as an angel, and sold tarts down the Rheinkrahn. But her house was very old, and the roof-tiles were broken, and she was too poor to get new ones, and the rain kept coming in, and no Christian soul in Andernach would help her. But the Frau Martha was a good woman, and never did anybody any harm, but went to mass every morning, and sold tarts by the Rheinkrahn. Now one dark windy night, when all the good Christians in Andernach were asleep in the feathers, Frau Martha, who lay under the roof, heard a great noise over her head and in her chamber. Drip! drip! drip! as if the rain were dropping down through the broken tiles. Dear soul! and sure enough it was. And then there was a pounding and hammering overhead, as if somebody were at work on the roof, and she thought it was Pelz-Nickel tearing the tiles off because she had not been to confession often enough. So she began to pray; and the faster she said her Paternoster and her Ave Maria the faster Pelz-Nickel pounded and pulled; and drip! drip! drip! it went all round her in the dark chamber, till the poor woman was frightened out of her wits, and ran to the window to call for help. Then in a moment all was still, death still. But she saw a light streaming through the mist and rain, and a great shadow on the house opposite And then somebody came down from the top of her house by a ladder, and had a lantern in his hand, and he took the ladder on his shoulder and passed down the street. But she could not see clearly, because the window was streaked with rain. And in the morning the old broken tiles were found scattered about the street, and there were new ones on the roof, and the old house has never leaked to this blessed day.

"As soon as mass was over Frau Martha told the priest what had happened, and he said it was not Pelz-Nickel, but without doubt St. Castor or St. Florian. Then she went to the market, and told Frau Bridget all about it, and Frau Bridget said that two nights before Hans Claus, the cooper, had heard a great pounding in his shop, and in the morning found new hoops on all his hogsheads, and that a man with a lantern and a ladder had been seen riding out of town at midnight on a donkey; and that the same night the old windmill at Kloster St. Thomas had been mended, and the old gate of the churchyard at Feldkirche made as good as new, though nobody knew how the man got across the river. Then Frau Martha went down to the Rheinkrahn and told all these stories over again, and the old ferryman of Fahr said he could tell something about it, for the very night the churchyard gate was mended he was lying awake in his bed because he could not sleep, and he heard a loud knocking at the door, and somebody calling to him to get up and set him over the river. And when he got up he saw a man down by the river with a lantern and a ladder; but as he was going down to him the man blew out the light, and it was so dark he could not see who he was; and his boat was old and leaky; and he was afraid to set him over in the dark, but the man said he must be in Andernach that night, and so he set him over. And after they had crossed the river he watched the man till he came to an image of the Holy Virgin, and he saw him put the ladder against the wall and light his lamp, and then walk along the street. And in the morning he found his old boat all caulked and tight and painted red, and he could not tell for his blessed life who did it, unless it were the man with the lantern. Dear soul! how strange it was! And so it went on for some time: and whenever the man with the lantern had been seen walking through the street at night, so sure as the morning came some work had been done for the sake of some good soul; and everybody knew he did it, and yet nobody could find out who he was, nor where he lived; for whenever anybody came near him he blew out his light and turned down another street, and suddenly disappeared, nobody could tell how. And some said it was Rübezahl, and some Pelz-Nickel, and some St. Anthony-on-the-Heath. Now, one stormy night, a poor sinful creature was wandering about the streets with her babe in her arms, and she was hungry and cold, and no soul in Andernach would take her in. And when she came to the church where the great crucifix stands, she saw no light in the little chapel at the corner, but she sat down on a stone at the foot of the cross and began to pray, and prayed till she fell asleep with her poor little babe on her bosom. But she did not sleep long, for a bright light shone full in her face, and when she opened her eyes she saw a pale man with a lantern standing right before her. He was almost naked, and there was blood upon his hands and body, and great tears in his beautiful eyes, and his face was like the face of the Saviour on the cross. Not a single word did he say to the poor woman, but looked at her

compassionately, and gave her a loaf of bread, and took the little babe in his arms and kissed it. Then the mother looked up to the great crucifix, but there was no image there ! and she shrieked and fell down as if she were dead. And there she was found with her child ; and a few days after they both died and were buried together in one grave. And nobody would have believed her story if a woman who lived at the corner had not gone to the window when she heard the scream, and seen the figure hang the lantern up in its place, and then set the ladder against the wall, and go up and nail itself to the cross. Since that night it has never moved again. Ach ! Herr ! Je !"

Andernach dates back as far as the camp of Drusus, though most of the now existing fortifications and buildings are of the date of the sixteenth century, amongst which the earliest and most picturesque is the ancient watch tower partly destroyed by the French in 1668; who at the same time laid waste the whole palace of the archbishops of Cologne, the ruins of which are still to be seen near the beautiful Gothic gateway known as the Coblentz Gate.

The neighbourhood of Andernach is replete with beauties, both natural and artificial, but the town itself is so rich in antiquities that it demands special attention, and is quite worth a lengthened visit.

Andernach was taken by storm in the year 1200, by Philip von Hohenstaufen, when nearly all the principal buildings were destroyed, among them the church, all but a small portion of it, the remains of which may be traced in the present edifice, the date of which is early in the thirteenth century. It has a striking appearance, with its four towers. There is some fine carving about the exterior, and the interior is remarkable for its arrangements, there being a gallery exclusively for the male portion of the congregation, the female being restricted to the lower part of the church. This rule was adopted in several of the churches in this part of the world, and reminds one of the practice still existing universally in the Jewish synagogues, and also partially in some Christian churches in our own country.

The neighbourhood of Andernach is famed for having produced a remarkable stone of volcanic origin, famed among the Romans, and still used for mill stones in many parts of the world.

There is beneath the Rathhaus a bath-house of great antiquity, by some attributed to the Roman period, which was at one time used by the Jews, who were expelled from this

town at the end of the sixteenth century, and have never attempted to settle here since.

From Andernach a very agreeable excursion may be made to the **Abbey and Lake of Laach.** The former belonged to the Benedictines. It was suppressed, and its valuable revenues seized by the French, and it was for many years deserted. Of late years it has passed, by purchase, into the hands of a religious body which has established a seminary here.

The lake is, like many of the Italian lakes, of volcanic origin, and is like them also as to the colour of its water. It is extremely deep, and its banks furnish abundant examples of its geological character.

It is in a retired and beautiful spot, and there is at one point an escape of carbonic acid gas, the sole remains of volcanic action, which is fatal to birds and other creatures that come within the range of its vapours, and resembles in its effects those which emanate from the Grotto del Cane, near Naples.

After Andernach, the next place of importance is **Neuwied,** with its flying bridge across the Rhine. It is comparatively speaking a modern town, having been built about two hundred years since, on the site of a small town of great antiquity destroyed during the Thirty Years' War.

The palace contains a curious collection of Roman antiquities, excavated from a buried city named Victoria, of Roman foundation.

The present town of Neuwied is small, but flourishing, now attached to Prussia; its inhabitants are industrious. One district is occupied by a settlement of the people known as Moravians, whose peculiar institutions are interesting to some, and insure for them a number of visitors who usually purchase their wares, which are of their own manufacture.

Between Andernach and Coblentz, the banks of the Rhine are flat—the more remarkable in contrast with the rocky defile through which we have so lately passed; but there are many spots between the two of great interest; for the French, under General Hoche, crossed the Rhine hereabouts, in 1797, though strongly opposed by the Austrians; and near the spot is an obelisk erected to Hoche's memory.

Not far from here Cæsar also crossed the Rhine for the second time, and the remains of a Roman bridge are still visible.

The river Sayn enters the Rhine at the village of **Mul-**

hofen, remarkable for its ironwork, and not far from this, up a charming valley, lies the village of Sayn, where there is a handsome modern chateau of the same name. There also are the ruins of the old **Chateau of Sayn**, destroyed by the French in the Thirty Years' War.

The old church of Sayn, and the ruins of Rommersdorf, as old as the commencement of the thirteenth century, are among the sights of this part of the river.

We are now in the dominions of the ancient Electors of Treves, and the remains of one of their chateaux still exists at **Kesselheim**. Here the exiled Royal Family of France took refuge at the period of the first French Revolution; the chateau, or rather what remains of it, is now an inn.

The flat country between Andernach and Coblentz is often, during early autumn, the scene of the great military manœuvres of the Prussian army.

Within the walls of the fortress, situated near the banks of the Moselle, and named Fort Franz, are monuments to Hoche and Marceau, both distinguished French generals. The latter is buried here; a soldier who fell admired, it is said, by both friends and foes, and immortalized, as some think, by verses of Byron:

"By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,
Our enemy's—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
And fitly may the stranger lingering here
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

He certainly must have been respected by his enemies, for when it was necessary to disturb his grave, in order to enlarge the fortifications, his remains were removed to a new tomb, which was erected by the order and at the expense of the King of Prussia, William the Third.

COBLENTZ.

(Hotel Du Géant. A splendid hotel on the banks of the Rhine.)

Every tourist must make Coblentz a stopping place. It is at the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine, and its name under the Romans was Confluentes. Perhaps there is nothing more delightful on the Rhine than a stroll by morning grey, or golden noon, or silvery moontide, on the promenade, laid out under the direction of the Empress Augusta.

Coblentz itself is strongly fortified, and comprising the fortifications of Lower and Upper Ehrenbreitstein, is said to be capable of containing 100,000 men, with the arms and provisions necessary for so vast a host. The **Church of St. Castor**, conspicuous by its four towers, is especially interesting from its great age, the date of its origin being 836. The present structure dates from 1208, and has been restored of late years, and contains some highly interesting monuments and deservedly praised paintings, both ancient and modern.

It was at Coblentz that the grandsons of Charlemange met to settle, as to dividing his vast dominions into Italy, France, and Germany. This was also the place of rendezvous between our Edward the Third and the Emperor Lewis, of Bavaria, when the English monarch was desirous to obtain the Emperor's help in his designs on France, which Lewis readily gave him, and was thus instrumental in bringing on England the disastrous consequences which resulted in after time from a most unjust war. Coblentz is memorable as exhibiting a specimen of the arrogance of the First Napoleon, who, on his expedition to Russia, caused to be erected here a **fountain** with an inscription commemorative of the event, as though victory were secured to him. In a few months he was retracing his steps to Paris, defeated, and pursued by the Russians under General St. Priest, who, on seeing the inscription on the fountain, would not have it erased, but merely added a visa to the effect that he had, as commandant of the town, seen and approved it. The **bridge** over the Moselle, the work of the fourteenth century, affords a very picturesque view of the river and the adjacent buildings, which are of a highly picturesque character.

On the banks of the Rhine stands the new **Palace**, built about a century ago by the last of the Electors of Treves.

It is beautifully decorated, and contains some exquisite tapestry, and is at times the residence of the present Royal Family of Prussia.

It was for twelve years the residence of Queen Augusta, wife of the present Sovereign, a highly-respected and amiable lady, brought into the notice of the world at large in the events of the late war, by the telegrams, so devoutly couched, which were sent her from time to time by her loving spouse, who, in spite of his apparent devotion to her, nevertheless, (for State reasons, of course,) had resided apart from her for many years, at Berlin, or rather, at Potsdam, in its immediate vicinity. Coblentz is not only a great military depôt, but also a place of considerable commercial importance. The wine trade is carried on to a great extent here, and also large exportations of mineral waters are made from this part of the Rhine. The various volcanic productions, pumice stone, mill-stones, etc., also form important articles of commerce.

The town is agreeable as a residence, and society is much enlivened by the presence of the military. The neighbourhood is lovely, and replete with interest.

Among the buildings in the town we must not omit to mention the ancient **Town Hall**, near the Moselle Bridge; the venerable Castle of the Electors of Treves, built in the thirteenth century, now devoted to purposes of trade.

The Rhine is crossed at Coblentz by a bridge of boats, and also one of iron of modern structure, for the railway and foot passengers.

No town on the Rhine is more finely situated than this, or better adapted as head-quarters for those who desire to make excursions into its beautiful vicinity, whence fine views may be obtained of the banks of both the Rhine and Moselle.

But the glory of Coblentz is the noble height across the river, crowned by the glorious fortress and impregnable modern stronghold,

Ehrenbreitstein (*Honour's broad stone*), occupying one of the finest sites in the world. Originally a stronghold of the Electors of Treves, it effectually resisted the attacks of the army of Louis the Fourteenth, but fell before that of the Revolution, 1799—not, however, till the garrison was reduced to the extremity of famine. On evacuating it, the French blew it up, and for some years it remained a ruin till the peace of 1814, since which time the Prussians have done all that money, labour, and ingenuity can accomplish to

render it impregnable, and give it the pre-eminence it now holds as an European fortress—called as it is the Gibraltar of the Rhine. Its fortifications are said to have cost more than two millions sterling; and its resources such as to enable it to stand a siege of ten years, even in these days, when modern gunnery has rendered nearly all kinds of fortification useless.

As may be supposed, the **view** from Ehrenbreitstein is magnificent, as is that which may be obtained from the neighbouring hills.

Byron's fine lines, though rather out of date as regards the actual state of the fortress, will be read with interest:

> "Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall
> Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
> Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
> Rebounding idly on her strength did light:
> A tower of victory! from whence the flight
> Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain:
> But Peace destroy'd what War could never blight,
> And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain—
> On which the iron shower for years had pour'd in vain."

It is contended by some that the view from the hill of the **Karthause**, just above Coblentz, so named from the ancient Convent of the Carthusians, which once stood on this point, is finer than that from Ehrenbreitstein.

"High, dark, and massive, on the opposite bank, swelled the towers and rock of Ehrenbreitstein; a type of that great chivalric spirit—the honour that the rock arrogates for its name—which demands so many sacrifices of blood and tears, but which ever creates in the restless heart of man a far deeper interest than the more peaceful scenes of life, by which it is contrasted. There still, from the calm waters and the abodes of common toil and ordinary pleasure, turns the aspiring mind! still, as we gaze on that lofty and immemorial rock, we recall the famine and the siege, and own that the more daring crimes of men have a strange privilege in hallowing the very spot which they devastate!

"Below, in green curves and mimic bays covered with herbage, the gradual banks mingled with the water; and just where the bridge closed, a solitary group of trees, standing dark in the thickest shadow, gave that melancholy feature to the scene which resembles the one dark thought that often forces itself into our sunniest hours. Their boughs stirred not; no voice of birds broke the stillness of their gloomy verdure; the eye

turned from them, as from the sad moral that belongs to existence." (Lord Lytton's "Pilgrims of the Rhine.")

The neighbourhood of Coblentz is so replete with objects of beauty and interest, that many days devoted to excursions might be well spent here.

For the sportsman this is a most desirable spot; game of every kind abounds in the neighbourhood, and permission to shoot and hunt is to be obtained by those foreigners who have good introductions to the magnates of the soil.

There is one excursion strongly recommended to all who have the chance of making it, and that is the trip up the **Moselle to Treves**, a city of the greatest interest.

Steamers ply up the river from Coblentz to Moselle, but in the summer season, when the water is low, are liable to be retarded.

If the journey to Treves cannot be accomplished, a day's excursion along the banks of the Moselle will amply repay all who may make it; for not only is the scenery beautiful, but the villages are pretty, and the costumes of the peasant girls picturesque in the extreme. So, by all means, let tourists give time and attention to the banks of the blue Moselle.

After leaving Coblentz, the course of the river is more closely shut in by rocky shores, adorned on either side by ruins, outvying one another in antiquity and picturesque appearance. The cultivation of the vine, carried on hereabouts to a great extent, gives a lively aspect to the scene—though a Rhenish vineyard must yield to an Italian, as to appearance.

Many of the Rhenish villages are extremely picturesque, with which the costumes of the peasantry are in keeping in many places.

It is a good thing to start from Coblentz in the morning, so as to have a clear day before you for thoroughly enjoying the most magnificent scenery on the Rhine.

As we pass along, the mountains begin to close upon us, and we soon enter the wonderful

Gorge which extends from Coblentz to Bingen.

We have on the right the island of Oberwerth, and the vineyards of Horchheim on the left. Then we arrive at Capellen, the station below the

Castle of Stolzenfels, remarkable for its situation, and as having been the residence of the Archbishops of Treves during the middle ages.

This castle, after its destruction by the French in 1688, lay in ruins for many years, till the Municipality of Coblentz made it a present to the late King of Prussia, when Crown Prince, and it was then restored by him, at considerable expense, not merely to a habitable condition, but to such as is befitting a royal residence.

The grounds have been tastefully laid out, and the **view** of the Rhine and its surrounding scenery has been pronounced the finest that can be obtained from any point of the river, and is generally agreed to be simply unequalled.

The interior of the castle is decorated with some excellent ancient and modern paintings and frescoes. It was here that Queen Victoria was received by the late King of Prussia, in 1845.

Looking from here across the river (left) we have the **Church of St. John**, built in 1100, and now restored from ruin; and on the top of a rock above the mouth of the river Lahn the **Castle of Lahneck**, an ancient structure, splendidly situated, and only recently restored.

Below the castle is all that remains of Oberlahnstein.

The red building was once the residence of the Electors of Mayence.

And now we approach the

Castle of Marksburg (left), a gloomy fortress used as a prison at the present day, and in former times was the scene of the captivity of the Emperor Henry IV. It is worthy of a visit from the lovers of romance, as its general aspect is suggestive of all the horrors attendant on a castle in the dark ages, where dungeons, secret passages, torture chambers, are found in abundance.

There is a horrible pit, into which it is said prisoners were lowered by means of a chain working on a windlass. It must have been like going literally

> "Into the jaws of death,
> Into the mouth of hell."

There is a legend which says that the pit is haunted with the spirits of those who perished there; and that now, if even so slight a thing as a pin or a pea is thrown down into it, a cry will be drawn from the spirits thus disturbed. A winding staircase leads up to what is called, by courtesy, the "Chamber of Torture." Here the rack and the thumb-screw and the crank did their awful work; and when the wind at night finds its way

through the chinks in the stones which serve the place of windows, it raises the ghostly cries of the sufferers afresh; and so the martyrs of the past cry on and on, for ever and for ever, for vengeance. A secret passage is said to exist, leading from the castle to the river; and if so, it passes through the solid rock.

The next town of any importance that we arrive at is **Boppart**, founded, like so many other places on the Rhine, by the Romans, the remains of their camp being still in existence in the town.

Boppart was a strongly walled place of the Middle Ages.

The principal church, conspicuous by its two spires, is an interesting edifice (date 1200), well worthy of a visit.

The general aspect of the town is highly picturesque. The great charm this place has for the traveller is the facility it affords him to make excursions into some of the most beautiful scenery of the Rhine district.

The large building behind Boppart is the convent of **Marienberg**, once a Benedictine nunnery, then a cotton-mill, and now a water-cure establishment.

Proceeding up the river, opposite Salzig are two ruined castles, **Sterrenberg** and **Liebiensten**. There is a legend connected with these castles, and on the strength of it they are called "The Brothers." The legend runs something like this:—

Conrad loved Hildegard, and Heinrich, his brother, loved Hildegard. Heinrich gave her up in favour of his brother, and soon after this Conrad gave up Hildegard, and both went crusading. Time passed on, and the hapless girl, not knowing but that Conrad still loved her, was horrified at his returning with a lovely Grecian bride. Heinrich, hearing of this, was angry, and rushed back (from Jerusalem, I think) to avenge Hildegard, and make short work of Conrad. They prepared to fight, but were interrupted by a female figure rushing towards them. It was Hildegard, who came to say that as she could not have both she would have neither, but caused them to swear eternal friendship. Hildegard went into a convent; Conrad's bride ran away from him; and, on the strength of their mutual misfortunes, the brothers fell into each other's arms, and have been happy ever since.

And now we arrive at

St. Goar (right), named after a good man who preached here in the seventh century. There can be no doubt that he

was a good man, and had the gift of miracles; for it is recorded to his honour, that on one occasion, as a proof of his divine powers, he hung up his cloak on a sunbeam to dry. Happy cloak! St. Goar is a good place to stop at and get some lunch, or to stay the night, if time permits. The principal glory of the town is the **Castle of Rheinfels**, rising grandly at the back of the town. It is the most extensive ruin on the Rhine; it was built in the thirteenth century, and for many years was a stronghold of the Landgrave of Hesse. In 1692, 24,000 French, under General Tallard, attacked it; but Gortz, the Hessian general, resisted them, and Tallard, who had promised Rheinfels to Louis XIV. as a new year's gift, had to regret his boastful promise. After that it was taken by the French without a struggle, and by them was blown up. Unless you have a weakness for seeing everything narrowly, a visit to the castle will not repay the trouble of getting there. Opposite St. Goar is

St. Goarshausen, a pretty little town with the Cat, another ruin with a moral story attached, rising above it.

And now we are in such a delightful part of the Rhine, that eyes and ears, and every sense and emotion, are in full exercise. On the left are the rocky heights of

Lurlei, and below, the fatal whirlpool called *Gewirre*. The story is too well known to need repetition in detail, so we will only say that the wonderful echo which, until very recently, existed here, and may now be awakened by a man with a cannon on the opposite bank, gave rise to the superstition that an enchanting siren dwelt in these cool grots and rocky cells, and bewitched the boatmen with her enchanting songs. As the men tarried to listen, their boat would be drawn into the vortex of the whirl, and so they would perish. The legend is so true, read as an allegory, that we print the moral given by a well-known traveller:—

"There are many beautiful spots on life's great river, and many siren voices making sweet music; but destruction may lurk there, and it is never worth while to run the risk of being drawn down in the fatal whirlpool for a mere song. A mess of pottage may be a good thing—that is a matter of taste—but it is not worth a birthright; and sweet sounds and sights of beauty may be good things in themselves, but if they are only to be found across some deep and dangerous river, where death lurks in disguise, leave them for those who will, but take you the music and beauty to be found this side the stream."

(A pleasant way of spending a few hours is to dine at St. Goar, cross the river, explore St. Goarshausen, hear the echoes, take note of the beautiful views up and down the river, and specially watch for any rafts which may be passing the rapids at Lurlei; they bend and twist, and undulate from stem to stern, and it looks as though the whole cumbrous concern must go to pieces. Then come back to St. Goar, and, if you have time, walk up to Oberwesel.)

We now steam away from St. Goar, look up at the rocks, down at the whirlpool, and perchance hear the echoes. Then we come to **Oberwesel**, a quaint interesting town, near which were the once much-dreaded **Seven Sisters**—sunken rocks—fatal to many a boat crew; but this danger is now at an end, thanks to the operation of gunpowder. The said Seven Sisters, now blown up, were seven lovely maidens turned into rocks as a punishment for their hard-hearted behaviour in rejecting the suits of all the devoted youths of their day, who in vain sought to gain their affections.

Oberwesel, a town of Roman origin, situated on a most charming spot, is full of interest of all kinds.

The **Church of Our Lady** is a most beautiful and elegantly proportioned Gothic building, in the style of the fourteenth century; decorated with great elegance internally, both as to painting and sculpture.

A small chapel, observable higher up the Rhine, may be mentioned in connection with Oberwesel, it being dedicated to St. Werner, a boy said to have been crucified in the dark ages by the Jews of Oberwesel.

The guide-books declare the whole story to be a fabrication, and speak as though the Jews were above suspicion of being guilty of such a crime, which, to say the least, is giving somewhat of a contradiction to their historical character.*

The ruined **Castle of Schönberg** may interest some as having been the residence of the family of that Marshal Schönberg who was of so much assistance to the Prince of Orange when he acquired the crown of England, but will be more so to most of the lovers of romance, as having been the home of the hard-hearted Seven Sisters, turned into rocks, to whom we have made reference.

* The tradition is that the body of the child was thrown into the river at Oberwesel, and instead of floating down as it would have done, it made its way up the stream as far as to Bacharach, where it was buried, afterwards canonized, and the chapel above referred to was erected.

The **Castle of Gutenfels,** only of late years allowed to become a ruin, is replete with historical interest. It is situated just above the town of **Caub** or Kaup, at a part of the Rhine remarkable as the point at which Blucher and his army crossed the river in 1814, after having defeated their enemies, the French, at Leipsic. We are told that nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the troops on beholding this, to them, almost sacred stream; to this hour it is the heart's desire of every German to keep the banks of the river as a part of Fatherland, a wish that has been realized by late events far beyond the most sanguine expectation of even the enthusiastic sons of the Teuton race.

We now pass a remarkable place: situated in the middle of the Rhine, opposite Caub, is a singular-looking building, called the **Pfalz,** which served in days gone by as a toll-house; though, from its situation and appearance, it would seem to have been better fitted for a place of refuge, the only access to it being by means of a ladder through a strongly barricaded door, so that a very small garrison would have served to keep all invaders at bay, before the discovery of gunpowder rendered nearly all fortifications useless, unless their walls were well defended from without as well as from within.

It is a weird, desolate place, and the dungeons are below the water; and it must have been torture for those who were there to hear its constant plashing, and its "awful and mysterious voice, perhaps the most sensible and flexible of all the voices in nature."

We now approach **Bacharach,** another place worthy of a visit, both for the sake of seeing the town itself, and its charming surroundings, embracing as they do some of the finest wine-growing places of the district. Notice the church of St. Werner. (See p. 108.)

Bacharach is said to take its name from a rock dedicated to Bacchus, to whose votaries this part of the river is as interesting as ever.

Lorch, rich in castellated ruins, is remarkable as being one of the oldest towns up the Rhine.

As we advance up the river, it becomes more and more worthy of being called castellated; for the neighbouring hills are crowned with the ruins of castles, said to have been strongholds of robbers, destroyed with their occupants, in the thirteenth century, by the Emperor Rudolph.

It may have been that these mighty men of old abused their

power; but no doubt, in some cases, they exacted toll from travellers and merchantmen, in order to keep up that power which alone could render the Rhine a safe highway by keeping in check the smaller tribes of depredators by which its banks were infested.

It is very well for us to talk of our high civilization and advancement; but it is ever the same story, for this is precisely what our Government does at the present day, in taxing us to protect our property and lives by maintaining the police force and a standing army to defend us from the lawless members of society.

Institutions of this kind are regarded with aversion by some visionaries, who imagine that the world is advancing to an Utopian state, when wars will be unnecessary, and all punishments abolished, in consequence of its having been discovered that they who do their neighbours wrong are more to be pitied than blamed.

We are now in the very heart of the wine-growing district of the Rhine, and that which produces some of the most celebrated descriptions of the far-famed Rhenish wines.

Many of the castles hereabouts are remarkable for their admirable positions, as well as picturesque appearance.

The ingenious manner in which the **cultivation of the vine** is carried on by the side of the hills is well worthy of attention, as showing the amount of labour and expense which is bestowed on the work, all the soil being carried up by manual labour, and ranged on terraces difficult of access, built on the face of the rock, to reach which much risk is incurred by the labourers of both sexes employed in this arduous task, who are found to be as well conducted, cheerful, and contented, as they are hard-working and thrifty.

The culture of the vine was introduced into this part of the world by the Romans, and, since their time, has ever occupied the time and attention of the people of the land, whilst the fame of Rhenish wine is world-wide.

We are now passing through the district, the vineyards of which produce the most famous descriptions. We see on the right the **Castle of Rheinstein**, situated close to the river, chiefly remarkable as having been restored, and become the residence of a member of the Prussian Royal Family.

The Castles of **Heimburg** and **Sonneck**, once Rhenish strongholds, have both been restored, and adapted as modern residences.

From the **Rossel**, a small tower just above **Assmannshausen**, is to be obtained one of the finest views of the Rhine, and travellers frequently make a stay at Bingen in order to visit this and other localities of its neighbourhood, especially the Forest of Niederwald.*

BINGEN.

(Hotel Victoria.)

Population, 7000. Close to the confluence of the rivers Nahe and Rhine, stands the famous **Mouse Tower**, an insulated building, round which the waters of the Rhine flow rapidly, connected with which is a terrible story of the wickedness of a certain Bishop Hatto, who took refuge herein under peculiar circumstances, as has been related by Southey in the following lines :—

THE TRADITION OF BISHOP HATTO.

The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet ;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around,
The grain lie rotting upon the ground.
Ev'ry day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store ;
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.
At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor, without delay ;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.
Rejoiced at such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near ;
The great barn was full as it could hold,
Of women and children, and young and old.
Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto, he made fast the door ;
And whilst for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.
"I' faith 'tis an excellent bonfire," quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn."

* It is a point specially to be remembered, that one of the loveliest walks in the Rhineland is to be found in the Niederwald.

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily;
And he slept that night like an innocent man,
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.
In the morning, as he entered the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall;
A sweat like death all o'er him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.
As he looked, there came a man from his farm;
He had a countenance white with alarm.
"My lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."
Another came running, presently,
And he was as pale as pale could be;
"Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly!" quoth he;
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way;
The Lord forgive you for yesterday."
"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he,
"'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep!"
Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And he reached his tower, and barred with care
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.
He laid him down, and closed his eyes;
But soon a scream made him arise.
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.
He listened and looked; it was only the cat;
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that;
For she sat screaming, and mad with fear,
At the army of rats that were drawing near.
For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep;
And now, by thousands, up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.
Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder, drawing near,
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.
And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls, by thousands they pour;
And down through the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below;
And all at once to the Bishop they go.
They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from ev'ry limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

It is a good boy's story, but had a less renowned name been attached to the poem, which is quoted for the amusement of the

reader, it would not have been so popular as it is. Similar stories are told of bishops and magnates in other parts of Germany, and no doubt will be related of Poor Law Guardians and others, to whose care the poor are entrusted, and of whose terrible neglect we have had such painful and abundant proof. No doubt, the terrible disclosures respecting St. Giles, St. Pancras, and other institutions, will in time grow into fables as bad as the Story of the Rats.

It is only fair to Bishop Hatto's memory to state, however, that the Mouse Tower was not built till two centuries after his death, and was no doubt nothing more than a toll-house, and some political or personal adversaries of the Bishop have fixed this tale to his name in order to blacken his character —a practice for which we can find many parallels in history, in which a man's memory is rendered infamous by the attacks made on it by historians, who in subsequent ages are opposed to the views he is supposed or known to have held. Bishop Hatto may have been a very bad man, but the Mouse Tower story is no proof that such was the case.

Bingen is situated so as to afford a fine view of the Rhine, and also of the Nahe. In order to appreciate the beauties of this vicinity, it would be necessary to make a stay of two or three days at Bingen. Just above the town there is a ruin called the Klop, or the Castle of Drusus, and no doubt occupying the site of a Roman stronghold.

The **Chapel of St. Roch**, in the immediate neighbourhood of Bingen, is rendered especially interesting on the fête of the saint, which occurs in August, by a pilgrimage at which all the peasantry of the neighbourhood assist.

Bingen is a thriving but not highly interesting town, but its neighbourhood abounds in lovely scenery, and is well worth the attention of visitors desirous of knowing anything respecting the culture of the vine.

In this vicinity are to be found establishments in which both the whey and grape cures may be adopted. Excursions are easily made from Bingen, either on foot or with the co-operation of donkeys.

Not only at this particular point, but on every side, and at every turn, can delightful excursions be made on the banks of the Rhine, and with so little exertion or expense as to render them indeed trips of pleasure; and of all rivers in the world, this is indeed one which educated persons regard with interest, in whatever light it may be viewed, either

with respect to the natural beauties with which its banks abound, or on account of the historical events with which it is associated.

Under the influence of the Romans, from the time of Cæsar, it became a region of the highest cultivation and civilization. Under Constantine some of its most important positions rose to eminence and splendour. After the fall of the Roman Empire, it became the haunt of rude and violent men of the various tribes which overran Europe, but has still maintained its position as the highway between Italy and the North.

In the middle ages the Rhine was the scene of many dark deeds, and also the region of romance, and is now, as it has been for centuries, the stream held in veneration by the whole Teutonic race; and "the Rhine" is the watchword of the German legends to this day.

Before leaving Bingen we must give attention to **Rudesheim**, on the opposite bank of the Rhine, one of the many excursions taken from Bingen, near to which is the Castle of Brömserburg, which has been partly restored and rendered habitable. This vicinity was the scene of the romance of Giselle, the only daughter of a lordly knight, who, after the example of Jephtha, vowed to dedicate his child to a religious life, should he return victorious to his Rhenish home. The young lady did not at all incline to fulfil her part of the contract: she was in love, had no desire for a cloister, and, failing to induce her father to give up his most reprehensible design of making her a nun against her will, threw herself from a tower of the paternal Castle of Rudesheim into the Rhine. Her body was found floating on the river, and there is a legend that her ghost still haunts the scene of her death, and is seen at times floating about the river and the adjacent bank.

He must be a being devoid of imagination who does not enjoy this and the many other legends of the Rhine, to set forth which so much genius, both native and foreign, has been employed; and no writer has done more to embellish parts of this charming river than Longfellow, whose recollections of the Rhine are among some of the most pleasing emanations of his gifted and elegant pen.

MAYENCE.

(Hotel de Hollande.)

Population, 48,000. This city, the ancient fortress of Drusus, abounds with relics and traditions of the past. The tradition is handed down and still believed by the people of Mayence, that it was in their city the **vision of the Holy Cross** occurred to the Emperor Constantine, and the field over which he was marching when it appeared, is pointed out to this day. That the Roman legions under Constantine were encamped here, there can be no doubt, and the Christian religion was early preached here by those who had listened to the preaching of the apostles.

The traveller is struck by the general appearance of the city; the fortifications, the bridge of boats across the Rhine, on which river this city is situated, at the point where the Main flows into it: all engross the immediate attention.

The town was a place of importance under the Romans, and in the later history of the world was rendered famous by the splendour and power of its Archiepiscopal rulers, who held a pre-eminence among the magnates of the German Empire, a power which they are said to have abused, and in the exercise of which they lost sight of their higher calling.

Mayence was at one time the most important stronghold on the Rhine, and it was by the courage and energy of its people and rulers that the strongholds of the Robber Chiefs along its banks were destroyed, and the peaceful traders delivered from the exactions of these lawless men.

This, however, it must be remembered, is the traders' version of the story; we must, in justice, bear in mind that this is the one same story of the struggle which has been and is perpetually going on among men, as to whether brute force or barter shall gain possession of this world's goods.

I certainly would prefer that a man should cheat me out of my worldly goods, than knock me on the head in order to seize them; and am therefore glad to see the ruins of the Rhine, and witness the triumph of peaceful commerce over wrong and robbery.

Mayence was the **birth-place of Gutenberg**, and the house where he was born still exists, also that where the first printing-office was established. Archimedes really planned a

lever to move the world; but Gutenberg had not the least idea that the little types, which he first succeeded in making moveable, were to be the real instruments by which the earth was to be shaken from its foundation.

Strassburg and Frankfort dispute the right of Mayence to claim the honour of having been the birthplace of printing. A bronze **statue of Gutenberg,** the inventor of the art, has been erected in the town.

The Cathedral is remarkable for its great antiquity, having been built in the tenth century. It is of red sandstone, and its exterior presents a singular appearance, blocked in as it is by the insignificant buildings which almost entirely surround it. Great and extraordinary have been the vicissitudes of fortune that have befallen this edifice, from the days when it held a proud pre-eminence among the churches of Germany, till the present time, when it owes its restoration from ruin to the liberality of the citizens. The building itself, which has suffered from conflagration and bombardment, from time to time, was sacked and turned into a barrack by the French, towards the close of the career of Napoleon. Little of the original structure remains, but at the east end, which is very curious. The interior of the church is still undergoing restoration, commenced within the last ten years, and in some parts quite completed.

Among the principal objects of interest herein are the tombs of the Archbishops of Mayence, who, as Electors, held the rank of Sovereign Princes; also some monuments to eminent German worthies, men of letters, and generals of distinction. The monument of Fastrada, the wife of Charlemagne, is very remarkable.

There is also a monument, erected in the thirteenth century, to St. Boniface, first Archbishop of Mayence, an Englishman by birth, renowned for piety and learning, who preached for thirty years during the eighth century the Gospel throughout Germany.

There is a curious specimen of ancient sculpture in this church, called the Easter Sepulchre; an ancient leaden font; also a pair of brazen doors, which bear inscriptions of historical interest, besides being nearly a thousand years old, are especially worthy of notice.

Among the tombs is one mentioned by Victor Hugo, who tells us that as he was leaving the galleries, he discovered in he shade a sculptured head half-protruding from the wall,

surmounted by a crown of flower-work, similar to that worn by the kings of the eleventh century. He looked at it: it had a mild countenance; yet it possessed something of severity in it —a face imprinted with that august beauty which the workings of nature give to the countenance of man. The hand of some peasant had chalked the name "**Frauenlob**". above it, and the French poet instantly remembered the Tasso of Mayence, so calumniated during his life, so venerated after his death. When Henry Frauenlob died, which was in the year 1318, the females who had insulted him in life carried his coffin to the tomb, which procession is chiselled on the tombstone beneath. Victor Hugo looked again at that noble head. The sculptor had left the eyes open; and thus, in that church of sepulchres —in that cloister of the dead—the poet alone sees; he only is represented standing, and observing all. A modern and perhaps more faithful monument, by Schwanthaler, to the German poet, is to be found in another part of the church.

There are few other buildings of any importance in the town; though the Museum contains some paintings, but none of surpassing merit; there are, of course, abundant interesting remains of the Roman period.

A curious piece of Roman antiquity, called the **Tower of Drusus**, and undoubtedly founded by him, is worthy of notice, as are the remains of the Camp, which was the origin of Mayence—it having been selected as a station by the Romans, doubtless from its position at the junction of the Rhine and the Maine.

A Bridge of Boats, of extraordinary dimensions, here extends across the Rhine; and a permanent railway bridge has of late years been made to span the stream.

A summary of the principal things to be seen in Mayence will be found useful to the tourist.

The **Cathedral**, open early in the morning, and from 4 to 6 o'clock in the afternoon.

The **Tower** of the cathedral commands a magnificent view. (18 kr.)

The **Museum** in the old Electoral Palace contains a marvellously rich collection of Roman antiquities, and a fair picture gallery, open on Wednesday and Sunday free; other days by cards of admission to be procured at the Octroi.

The **Eigelstein**, or monument of Drusus, a curious and

interesting relic within the citadel, at the gate of which application must be made for admission.

The **Statue of Gutenberg,** in the *Theater Platz*, designed by Thorwaldsen.

The **Public Promenade** (Neue Anlage), fine views of the Taunus Mountains, and the river.

The **Bridge of Boats,** 600 yards long. Roman remains to be seen when the river is low. Notice the watermills.

The **Town Library,** 100,000 vols., open Monday to Friday.

The **House in which Gutenberg was born,** at the corner of the Emmerans—Strasse.

The **House of M. Mayer,** 3, Ball Platz; notorious from the fact of a stone weighing 1367 lb. having been thrown into it by an explosion of gunpowder in 1867.

From Mayence steamboats constantly ply up and down the Rhine; and in the case of those to whom time is no object, this mode of conveyance would he preferred to the railway.

Having now arrived at the conclusion of this part of our Rhenish trip, we cannot take our leave of it without strongly advising our readers not to content themselves with a mere glance at its beauties from the deck of a steamer, but to dawdle along the charming banks of this most romantic stream, and make excursions into the beautiful country by which it is in so many places bounded.

WIESBADEN.

(Grand Hotel du Rhin.)

Population, 36,000. A short and pleasant railway journey from Mayence (Castel), or from Biebrich, will bring us to Wiesbaden, one of the oldest watering-places in Germany. Hither flock thousands upon thousands annually; some seeking health from the baths, others seeking amusement, others seeking and finding strange studies of character. It is a good place as a centre for excursions. **Schwalbach,** the celebrated watering-place, can be reached from here in about a couple of hours. **Schlangenbad,** a beautiful place for a long and inexpensive summer sojourn, is also easily accessible from here.

Wiesbaden was once the capital of the Duchy of Nassau, and is now the principal town of the province of Wiesbaden, Nassau having been annexed to Prussia in 1866. It is a large garden in the beautiful valley of the Taunus, through which flows the Salzbach. Handsome streets, large hotels, pleasant promenades abound; but the life of Wiesbaden centres in the **Kursaal.** It is one of the gayest places in Germany, perhaps in the world. Banquet-hall, ball-room, reading-rooms, gambling-rooms, gardens, lake, colonnade of shops, cafés, bands of music, everything to tickle the ear, charm the eye, and gratify the senses. The student, the poet, the steady-going lover of nature and art, will not care for Wiesbaden; but the pleasure-seeker will. Pleasure (so called) has its home here, notwithstanding the fact that the gaming table has been closed since 1872, in which year 60,000 persons visited the place.

On Sunday (unhappily) swarms of people from all parts congregate here, and the scene is one of utter distraction.

The objects of interest at Wiesbaden are:—

The **Museum,** open on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

The Boiling Spring (Kochbrunnen) near to the Kursaal.

The **Great Square;** the Ducal Palace; the handsome English Church, perhaps the finest building in the town; the **Greek Chapel,** and the Cemetery.

For those who only care to glance at the town of Wiesbaden, and for whom the gaiety of the Kursaal has little attraction, we recommend an evening stroll of an hour and a half to two hours to the

Platte, where a very exquisite view is obtained. The panorama embraces the town of Mayence, the glorious Odenwald, and the Valley of the Rhine.

We may say in passing, that those who cannot stand hot weather will not find Wiesbaden agreeable in the summer time.

For a note as to gambling houses, see p. 120.

HOMBURG.

(Population, 7,000.)

Homburg may be reached from Mayence, or more easily still from Frankfort, from which it is distant about nine miles. It is a place that sprang up like a mushroom, and is indebted or what it is to the gambling table. As in Wiesbaden, the ife of Homburg centres in the **Kursaal,** one of the finest in

Germany. It has a magnificent portico, vestibule, and saloons elegantly furnished and decorated; and balls, concerts, dinners, and promenades, make up the programme of the day. The **Springs** are all beautifully situated, and are worth visiting, being surrounded with fine grounds, and approached by pleasant avenues. There is a handsome English church, and pleasant scenery; but beyond this, the Kursaal is Homburg. Its notoriety is attributable, as everybody knows, to gambling; but now this source of importance has vanished, for the gaming table here, as in Wiesbaden, was closed in 1872. It will, however, interest the tourist to read a short account of Homburg as it was, and of the history of the gambling institution. The extracts are made from papers in "All the Year Round."

ORIGIN OF THE GAMBLING HOUSE.

"Paris was formerly the Paradise of gamblers. Louis Philippe closed the gambling houses, and expelled their tenants from France. Most of them went to Germany; many of them to Frankfort. But they could not prosper there till the arrival of two brothers Blané, who had been gamblers on 'Change in France, which they had good reason for quitting. At Frankfort they met with two master gamblers and a staff of French croupiers, and then they conceived the idea of establishing a special gambling place.

"Everywhere in the Taunus mountains mineral springs are to be found. Homburg has them also; and some other favourable circumstances led the brothers Blané to select this little innocent town for the seat of their projected gambling hell. They had made the acquaintance of an old friend of the Landgrave of Homburg, and an old rich and unprincipled baroness. By these helpers the transactions with the Homburg Government and the Landgrave were contrived, and at last the prince was induced to grant an audience to our adventurers. A mason, working near the open window of the room where the Landgrave received them, was an unseen witness of the rather curious conversation, and through him the particulars transpired, so at least it is said in Homburg. We have only to do with the result.

"The prince resisted for some time the shameful proposition; but, having a small income, he at last consented, and a document was signed by which the brothers Blané were invested with all the exclusive rights they sought."

"How has the ascendancy of Homburg been secured? Simply by advertising in the papers of Europe and America, and chiefly because of the following little clause in the advertisements:—

"'The game of *Trente et Quarante* is played with a *Quárt de Refait*, and the Roulette with a Single Zero, which arrangement offers to the players at Trente et Quarante 75 per cent. more advantage than any other bank, and at Roulette 50 per cent.' In other words, the bank of Homburg cheats the gambling public 50 per cent. less than those at the other Rhenish watering-places. The ruin of the gambler, who is attracted by this promise, is in Homburg only more protracted, although quite as certain as elsewhere. Yet the whole gambling world went almost crazy over it. Even old professional gamblers, who supposed they understood trente et quarante and roulette, predicted speedy ruin to the foolish bankers, particularly in face of the unheard-of splendour of the buildings they erected. It was the almost general belief that these advantages would and must be soon revoked, and all the gamblers rushed to Homburg to make hay while such a sun as this was shining. But the result proved that, notwithstanding the immense sums spent in buildings and the laying-out of grounds, high wages paid to their obliging prince, and expenses amounting to about £100 a day, the undertakers did not become bankrupt, but paid to the shareholders a dividend of not less than 40 per cent."

"There is no loud talking in this hall; people speak with each other in whispers. There is the stillness of a church, with the air of a ball-room. Only the priests of this unhallowed temple dare to speak aloud; and the ivory ball is to be heard turning in the disk, until it clicks against some metal points in it before falling into its rest. The monotonous "Faites votre jeu" (make your game), "Rien ne va plus" (no stake admitted now), "Trente-deux; noir; pair et passe," is repeated from morning to night. Even the money falls without noise on the green cloth when dexterously thrown to a winner by one of the croupiers."

MOLOCH'S CHAPEL OF EASE.

"Surely never was such piety as this; never do pilgrims in church struggle so painfully for front places, strain their necks so cruelly to hear and to see, not to lose a word or a form of the great ceremonial. See, the chief dervish is commencing, glancing to the right and to the left, and turning languidly that glittering four-armed instrument before him. Whir-r-r! The ball is gone from his sacred fingers, is spinning round in its channel with a low burr. Precious moments, holy seconds for the human hedge. Whence shoot forth suddenly a legion of stretched arms, lunging desperately at the cabalistic numbers, dripping gold and silver here, there, everywhere; on the red and on the black, on the odd and on the even, on 'pass' or on 'full short,' on 'the column' on twelve, the first, or on the fatal make or mar, 'zero!' But a green sward a second before, it is now sown broadcast with glittering metals. Ball still galloping in its mahogany circus. Hark! it is spent—is dancing and clattering over brass impediments. 'Elle ne va plus!' sings chief dervish (It runs no more.) More dancing, sharp click, and then sudden silence. It has gone home—is at rest in its coloured cell; while panting hearts, flushed cheeks, dewy foreheads, bend over to hear the dervish chant out the result. 'Vingt-six!' (twenty-six) sings he, from his cold lungs. 'Black has it; so has even; so has pass.' And lo! out fly the long feelers or rakes; and, with a strange clatter clatter sweep in noiselessly a flood of metal. They are the fatal sickles getting in the metallic harvest. With it is raked up hope and happiness, peace and refreshing sleep!"

MAYENCE TO FRANKFORT, DARMSTADT, AND HEIDELBERG.

The journey to Heidelberg may be made direct, omitting Frankfort, but we should not advise this unless the tourist is pressed for time. Trains run frequently to Frankfort, Darmstadt, and Heidelberg, for particulars see local time-tables. Frankfort is full of interest, and *must* be seen. Darmstadt is tame and dreary in comparison. Between Mayence and Frankfort pleasant country is passed, abounding in vineyards, gardens, and farms.

FRANKFORT.

(Grand Hotel du Nord.)

Population, 90,000. Frankfort is a curious place. Victor Hugo says: "Perhaps in no town in the world are there so many statues and figures about the streets as there are at Frankfort. Whichever way we turn, statues of all epochs, of all styles, and of all sexes, are sure to meet the eye; horned satyrs, nymphs, dwarfs, giants, sphinxes, dragons, devils: in fact, an unfortunate world of supernatural beings is to be seen here." The story of the town is as unique as its appearance. "Frankfort," observes a recent author, "has an unbroken history from the time of Charlemagne, at the end of the eighth century, to the last of Reuter's telegrams." The author of "Vacation Rambles," alluding to the quaintly gabled houses, packed closely in the narrow lanes which constitute the older portion of the city, says:—"The best specimens of the latter are to be found about the Römer, and in the Judengasse, or Jew's street, where the scattered tribes of Israel, who constitute a tenth of the population (90,000 in round numbers) of the place, used to live, and were shut up at night. Now the march of civilization has freed them from this and all similar restraints, and so enabled them to send forth the Rothschilds to achieve financial victories in almost every commercial town in Europe. The **synagogue** at the corner of the Judengasse, which was built in 1855, is not a very imposing building, either externally or internally. It can be seen at any time for a consideration, but when last we were at Frankfort, the doors were open, as it was Saturday, so we entered, and found service proceeding. The men, who kept their hats on, occupied the body of the building, while their dark-haired wives and daughters looked down from the gallery above. One of the songs of Zion, sung as a tenor solo with organ and choral accompaniments, echoed in our ears as we left the building, and reminded us that we had just witnessed the oldest form of worship of which we have any record." The **residence of the Rothschilds** is frequently visited by curious tourists, as is the house in which Goethe was born. The house which once formed the **residence of Luther** has been carefully preserved, and is always open freely to the inspection of the public. The connection of Frankfort, from its proximity to Mayence, with the early history of the art of printing is indicated by the **Gutenberg Monument**, at

the entrance to the town. Among the medallion portraits introduced is that of our own great printer, William Caxton.

Those who have perused the autobiography of Goethe will have little difficulty in recognising the localities of several of the most striking incidents recorded therein, and the following note from Longfellow's incomparable "Hyperion" will perhaps assist them :—

"What most interested our travellers in the ancient city of Frankfort, was neither the opera, nor the Ariadne of Dannecker, but the house in which Goethe was born, and the scenes he frequented in his childhood, and remembered in his old age. Such for example are the walks around the city, outside the moat; the bridge over the Maine, with the golden cock on the cross, which the poet beheld and marvelled at when a boy; the cloister of the Barefooted Friars, through which he stole with mysterious awe, to sit by the oilcloth-covered table of old Rector Albrecht; and the garden in which his grandfather walked up and down among fruit trees and rose-bushes, in long morning gown and velvet cap, and the antique leather gloves which he annually received as mayor on Pipers-Doomsday, representing a kind of middle personage between Alcinous and Laertes.

"Thus, O Genius, are thy footprints hallowed; and the star shines for ever over the place of thy nativity."

Summary of Sights in Frankfort.

The Römer (Hotel de Ville), the most interesting historical building in Frankfort. Open daily. The **Kaisersaal** in the Römer is specially interesting as being the place where the newly elected emperor dined, and the balcony, from which he addressed the people.

Goethe's House, in the Grosser Hirschgraben, No. 23, near the Rossmarket.

Monument of Goethe, in the Goethe Platz.

Monument of Schiller in the Schiller Platz.

Monument of Gutenberg, near the station.

The Cathedral where the Emperors of Germany were crowned, founded 1238; much injured by fire in 1867. On the east of the Cathedral is a statue of Luther; it is said he delivered a speech from the house before which the statue stands, when on his way to Worms.

The Picture Gallery, near the Römerberg, fine collection; free Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 11 to 1; at other times a fee is necessary.

The Städel Gallery, named after the founder, a magnificent collection of engravings and modern pictures; open Monday to Friday, 10 to 1.

Dannecker's Ariadne, daily, 11 to 1. N.B. this *must* be seen.

The Rock Monument outside the Friedberg gate, in honour of the Hessians who fell in the defence of Frankfort, 1792.

The Palm Garden, purchased by the city, and formerly belonging to the Duke of Nassau. Concert daily in the afternoon.

A clear day at least should be allowed for visiting Frankfort, and a much longer time will not exhaust the many curiosities to be seen in this delightful town.

DARMSTADT,

(Population, 40,000,)

The capital of the Grand Duchy of Hesse, and residence of the Grand Duke of Hesse. This is a town remarkable for its excessive quiet, and contains but little to detain the traveller. There are good streets, handsome houses, and pretty environs.

The old Palace has a valuable library, open Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; and a fine **collection of paintings,** Roman antiquities, fossils, etc., etc.

The New Palace was built by the Queen of England for her daughter, Princess Alice, married to Prince Louis of Hesse.

The neighbourhood of Darmstadt has great attractions for the votaries of the chase, as there is an abundance of game of every description to be found there, including wild boars, which are, however, preserved only for the sport of the Grand Duke and his friends.

Between Darmstadt and Heidelberg is the wildly romantic district known as the

ODENWALD, OR FOREST OF ODIN.

The railway passes along the boundary of this remarkably picturesque region, the beauty of the landscape continually extorting the admiration of the visitor. "The hills," says Mr. Howitt, "continually broken into by openings into romantic valleys, slope rapidly down to the plain, covered with pictur-

esque vineyards; and at their feet lie antique villages, and the richly-cultivated plains of the Rhine, here thirty or forty miles wide. On almost every steep and projecting hill or precipitous cliff stands a ruined castle, each, as throughout Germany, with its wild history, its wilder traditions, and local associations of a hundred kinds." It is truly a marvellously lovely country. "Here," observes the authoress of "Peasant Life in Germany," "feudalism had her strongest fortresses, and here her institutions took firmest root. Here are scattered more thickly ruins that tell of the days of old, and every valley and hill-side teem with traditions which mark the footsteps of centuries. Every conqueror from Cæsar to Buonaparte has marched through its valleys, and the walls of these proud castles have echoed to the revelry and execrations of a hundred armies, as success or misfortune induced them to flee to them for refuge and shelter."

One characteristic feature of the district is the large number of legends and traditions associated with the name of Charlemagne. One of the most beautiful of these is that connected with Ingelheim, "The Angel's Home," where the emperor had a castle, just below Mayence. Here it is in verse (such as it is):—

The Silver Bridge.

"On the Rhine—the green Rhine—in the soft summer night,
The vineyards lie sleeping in the soft moon's light;
But, lo! there's a shadow on green hill and glade,
Like the form of a king in his grandeur arrayed.

Yes, yes, 'tis the monarch that erst ruled this land,
It is old Charlemagne, with his sword in his hand,
And his crown on his head, and his sceptre of gold,
And the purple imperial in many a rich fold.

Long ages have fled since he lived in this life,
Whole nations have perished by time or by strife,
Since he swayed with a power never known from his birth:
What brings his great spirit to wander on earth?

He hath come from his tomb that's in Aix-la-Chapelle;
He hath come to the stream which he once loved so well;
Not to harm or to blight with his presence the scene,
But to bless the blithe vineyards by Luna's soft sheen.

The moonbeams they make a brave bridge o'er the Rhine,
From Winkel to Ingelheim brightly they shine;
Behold, by this bridge the old monarch goes over,
And blesses the flood with the warmth of a lover.

He blesses each vineyard, on plain and on hill ;
Each village, each cottage, his blessing doth fill :
He blesses each spot, on the shore, on the river,
Which he loved in his life, which forget he can never.

And then from the home that he still loves so well,
He returns to his tomb that's in Aix-la-Chapelle,
There to slumber in peace till the old year is over,
And the vineyards once more woo him back like a lover."

A more charming excursion than that from Darmstadt to Heidelberg cannot be imagined. The railway, after leaving **Zwingenberg**, runs along a portion of the **Bergstrasse**, or mountain road, so called from its lying at the foot of these castle-crowned peaks, which present such a succession of undulating hills and lofty mountains, once dark with the dense impenetrable forests, but now covered with vineyards, or variegated with garden husbandry. It is here that an Italian is said to have exclaimed: "Oh! Germany, Germany, how much more beautiful art thou than Italy!" and surely there can be nothing more beautiful in that sunny land. "This quiet region of hidden valleys and deep forests," says Mr. Howitt, "extends from the borders of the Black Forest, which commence on the other side of the Neckar, to the Spessart, another old German forest; and in the other direction, from Heidelberg and Darmstadt, towards Heilbronn. It is full of ancient castles, and contains a world of legends." At **Zwingenberg** is the principal approach to the **Melibocus**, the highest point of the Odenwald. It is surmounted by a tower, eighty feet in height, the view from which, over the great Rhine plain, is immense and splendid, including two hundred villages, towns, and cities. "The windings of the magnificent Rhine lie mapped out below you, and on its banks are seen, as objects of peculiar interest, the cathedral of Speyer, the lofty dome of the Jesuits' church at Mannheim, and the four towers of the noble cathedral of Worms. In the remote distance, as a fitting termination to this noble landscape, are seen the heights of the Donnersberg, the Vosges, and the Schwarzwald."

The valleys of the Odenwald are watered by the Neckar, which flows through them for thirty miles, before it reaches the plain near Heidelberg, where it has been described a thousand times as a "tiara of diamonds set in emerald," and where it is indeed the mirror to one of the loveliest landscapes human vision is ever permitted to behold. But before we can reach the famous "town of the ruined castle," we have to pass

moat; the Rent Tower, with the linden-trees growing on its summit; and the magnificent Rittersaal of Otho Henry, Count Palatine of the Rhine and grand seneschal of the Holy Roman Empire. From the Gardens behind the castle you pass under the archway of the Giant's Tower into the great courtyard. The diverse architecture of different ages strikes the eye; and curious sculptures. In niches on the wall of Saint Udalrich's chapel stand rows of knights in armour, all broken and dismembered; and on the front of Otho's Rittersaal, the heroes of Jewish history and classic fable. You enter the open and desolate chambers of the ruin, and on every side are medallions and family arms; the Globe of the Empire and the Golden Fleece, or the Eagle of the Cæsars, resting on the escutcheons of Bavaria and the Palatinate. Over the windows and doorways and chimney-pieces are sculptures and mouldings of exquisite workmanship; and the eye is bewildered by the profusion of caryatides, and arabesque, and rosettes, and fan-like flutings, and garlands of fruit, and flowers, and acorns, and bullocks' heads, with draperies of foliage, and muzzles of lions, holding rings in their teeth. The cunning hand of art was busy for six centuries in raising and adorning these walls; the mailed hands of time and war have defaced and overthrown them in less than two. Next to the Alhambra of Granada, the Castle of Heidelberg is the most magnificent ruin of the middle ages.

"In the valley below flows the rushing stream of the Neckar. Close from its margin, on the opposite side, rises the mountain of All Saints, crowned with the ruins of a convent, and up the valley stretches the mountain-curtain of the Odenwald. So close and many are the hills which eastward shut the valley in, that the river seems a lake. But westward it opens upon the broad plain of the Rhine, like the mouth of a trumpet, and like a blast of a trumpet is at times the wintry wind through this narrow mountain pass. The blue Alsatian hills rise beyond; and on a platform or strip of level land between the Neckar and the mountains, right under the castle, stands the town of Heidelberg, as the old song says,

'A pleasant town when it has done raining.' "

Like every other German locality, Heidelberg possesses its own particular legend, which tells us that long before the laying the foundation stone of the castle, of which we now behold the

ruins, another castle stood on the same spot. When and how it was built no one could tell. This castle was the scene of numerous enchantments and curious stories, among which the most popular is that of Ferrand and Walleda. Those who have not visited Heidelberg can scarcely form an adequate idea of the real magnificence of its natural adornments. The ruins of the castle are situated 320 feet above the river Neckar, and abound with terraces, walks, gardens, and other features. Then there are the views from the **Molkencur** and the **Königsstuhl**, each of which is considerably higher than the castle. Three miles from the castle is the **Wolfsbrunnen**, where the enchantress Walleda is said to have been killed by a wolf. According to a recent writer:—"The beauty of the spot alone attracts crowds of visitors. Two roads run thither. One lies along the banks of the Neckar, another goes round the hill at the back of the castle. Whichever may be chosen, the spectacle witnessed will delight the eye. Undulating and richly-wooded hills rise on either hand and terminate the landscape. As the ground is passed over, the traveller fancies that he is beholding a series of lakes encompassed by hills. The river winds like the Rhine between Coblentz and Bingen, while its banks are as heavy with foliage as the Thames seen from Richmond Hill. Supposing the lower road to be taken, after a mile and a half has been traversed the visitor turns off to the right, and begins to ascend the hill by a winding path. The ascent is rather steep, but the loveliness of the surrounding landscape more than compensates for the toil of ascending. Arrived at the top, a few yards in front may be seen a wooden house resembling a Swiss chalet: this is the resting place for visitors to the Wolfsbrunnen."

There is a special gastronomic interest attached to the Wolfsbrunnen: It is the oldest fish-breeding establishment to be met with in Europe. "Whoever desires it can here enjoy trout which have died immediately before being cooked, and the freshness of which renders the fish doubly grateful to the palate. In the front of the house in which the trout are cooked lie the ponds wherein they are reared. Each pond is overshadowed with the branches of the trees, which rise on all sides. According to their size, the trout are placed in the pond nearest to or farthest from the source of the spring which fills them with cool and clear water. One pond is filled with those which are ready for the table, and weigh from five to eight pounds each. A few of the largest are kept in

stone cisterns, so as to be ready at a moment's notice, either to be placed in the hands of the cook, or else to be packed up and carried off by purchasers." Returning to Heidelberg, not only do we find the natural attractions of the town and castle constantly wooing our attention, but the landscape in every direction seems to invite us to fresh excursions. Thus was it found and described by a writer we have already quoted:

"From our sitting-room window, in the suburb of Heidelberg, looking across the great Rhine plain, the long range of the Haardt Mountains, and the various summits of the Vosges, on the frontier of France, were objects that were perpetually attracting the eye. Now they seemed to be brought near, and through the transparent atmosphere we could follow with the eye the picturesque openings of their glens, look, as it were, into their villages, and see their sloping vineyards as distinctly at twenty miles' distance as if they were really not more than one or two miles off. But this state of the atmosphere was the sure precursor of rain. It was the clear moisture, suspended in the air, which acted as a lens, and brought the whole scene so wonderfully to the eye. Two points in this distant view particularly presented themselves to notice. The one was the **Heidenmauer** (literally, the Pagan's Wall), crowned with its diadem of dark pines, which Cooper, the American novelist, has made the subject of a romance; and the other was the peaked summit of a hill, rising out of a sea of woods, and surmounted by a tower. This was **Trifels**, the castle in the Vosges, in which Richard Cœur de Lion was confined. At about the distance of thirty miles as the crow flies, yet in the clear atmosphere of that region, Trifels was a distinct object whenever you looked across the plain in that direction."

Heidelberg has been bombarded five times, twice laid in ashes, and three times taken by assault and delivered over to pillage, but these calamities belong to the past. The town is now as prosperous and happy as any in Germany. Its **University** is one of the most ancient in this part of the continent, and those who care to become acquainted with the characteristic features of German student life will here be enabled to enjoy the opportunity of so doing.

It has many celebrated names amongst its students both past and present. No doubt the education received here is considered highly satisfactory in most respects by those who entrust their youth to these academic groves, yet the practice of duelling, the enormous consumption of both beer and tobacco, and other

license apparently unchecked, would not impress English parents in general, favourably towards this seat of learning.

The young men are well-looking stalwart fellows. They wear coloured caps as badges of the different corps to which they belong, and give one the idea of taking life easily, although not altogether peacefully, as many of them bear marks in the shape of ugly scars about their faces, indicative of the existence of a great deal of quarrelling existing among those in *statu pupilari*, combined with very lax notions of discipline being entertained by the academic authorities.

The University itself is a plain insignificant building, and the library, once considered famous, has suffered severely from the warlike attacks to which the town has been from time to time exposed; nevertheless, it contains some curious books, but is not kept in that degree of order in which one would expect to find such an institution.

The students are divided into five different corps, distinguished by the colours of their caps—white, Prussia; green Westphalia; red, Vaudals; blue, Rhinelanders; and yellow, Swabians.

A short distance from the bridge which crosses the stream is the duelling ground of the students, to which strangers are not admitted. This duelling is no mere child's play, for it generally results in ugly wounds and not unfrequently in death; but it makes, as the Germans tell us, young men warlike, and consequently fits them for the service of their country; which aspires to the mastery of Europe, and certainly has of late given a good specimen of its military proficiency.

The castle and its grounds will well occupy a whole day in their inspection, and if the tourist be artistically inclined his sketch book will be in constant requisition. If there be time for a few day's stay, the recesses of the Odenwald will tempt exploration, perhaps so far as **Rodenstein**, the scene of the wild hunter; or the celebrated **Felsen-meer** (sea of rocks), and **Riesensäule** (Giant's Pillar). These latter are situated in the midst of a dense forest wilderness, and are easily reached from Beckenbach, the station nearest Darmstadt. The place is well described by Mr. Howitt. "The wood, in fact, is on the slope of the hill, over which huge blocks of granite are scattered. In one steep hollow, these stupendous blocks are showered down, one on another, in a chaotic wildness, like the waves of a tempestuous ocean. The spot was just the one to attract the attention of the Druids; and, accordingly, they

appear to have been busy in preparing one of their large temples—as it is supposed, to Odin—at the time that they were interrupted, probably by the armies of Julius Cæsar. You find amid the solemn shadow of the woods the projecting blocks of granite, so cleared away in part, and in part so left, as to describe a rude circle, in the centre of which stands a monstrous mass, as large as a tolerable house, which constituted the altar. You see on some of the stones the marks of some rude carving, in the manner of a rude dental, as if for a frieze or cornice. Not far from this earth-rooted and eternal temple, you come to where the Riesensäule lies. This is a colossal pillar of granite, of thirty-two feet long. The soil is dug away which formerly half buried it, and it lies in its gigantic greatness as in a grave. It is supposed to lie where it was hewn, and never to have been raised. To my eye, however, it lies where it has fallen, broken from its base, which still shows itself in the earth. It is an object which strikes you with awe and surprise at its ponderous greatness. Parallel with it appears, half buried in the earth, a large square block of granite, rudely carved in the manner of that at the temple, and as if it had been intended for a cornice or frieze, to rest on the pillars. The whole scene brought back strongly the gloomy superstitions of the Odenwald, ages before the Romans had planted here, by a severe discipline, agriculture and the arts."

Gladly would we linger in Heidelberg and the Odenwald. There is so much to admire, so much to interest, that the whole district gradually acquires a strange fascination over us. There is nothing like it elsewhere in Europe. It is the very perfection of earthly loveliness, a beauty which the arts of man can never imitate. To poet and artist alike it appears the realization of their wildest dreams, and as they gaze from the fortress-crowned mountain tops across the rich luxuriant plains, through which flow the waters of the stately Rhine, "that noble river which," to use the language of Victor Hugo, "majestically performs the double function of flood of war and flood of peace," they must sometimes feel as if they had been permitted to gaze upon the glories and charms of the fabled land of the elfs and fairies—the Utopia which poets designate Elysium.

A summary of the sights is appended, as being useful for reference, although the places have been already referred to.

The Castle and its surroundings.

The Molkencur, 234 feet above the castle.

The Königsstuhl, 905 feet higher than the castle.

The Tower, 93 feet higher than the Königsstuhl.

The Rondel, delightful view through an open space about a mile from the Molkencur.

Wolfsbrunnen, two miles from the castle N.B. Dine here on fish.

The Bridge over the Neckar, which in 1799 was gallantly defended by the Austrians against the French.

The University, Library open daily.

Excursions innumerable, and all interesting, may be made from Heidelberg, and the longer the tourist can linger the more the charms of this enchanting place will grow upon him.

IN THE BLACK FOREST.

The Rhine Tourist, whose ticket extends as far as Heidelberg, and who possesses a few days' leisure time, cannot do better than pay a visit to the Black Forest, on the borders of which Baden and other favourite German pleasure resorts are situated. A recent visitor, who, wearied of Roman relics, reminiscences of Faust, pleasure parties, rivers, ruins, glens, cascades, and panoramas, determined to visit the more secluded recesses of the Black Forest, wherein the foresters are left to themselves, and whence they rarely emerge; to sit in their abodes, to watch their manners, and hear their ideas; has been giving us his experiences, and very interesting do they prove. The start is generally made from **Pforzheim,** where is to be found a perfect colony of jewellers, to whom gold is sent, in many instances, up from Holland, for the reason that they are so expert, and have studied to such purpose, those Parisian arts which supply the gaudy market. Nearly a thousand workmen are engaged in this manufacture, their principal occupation being, however, the making of ornaments for the people of the provinces, who, like the Dutch, disdain alloy and imitation, and therefore seldom affect gems. Here we enter the Black Forest, "which, although so vast, contains not a single city. Its quarter of a million of people dwell, for the most part, away one from another, now in the hollows, gathering into hamlets, sometimes along the roads, in house groups of two or three, but usually in the forest cottage-farm—if such a description be understood, which resembles no other abode in the world. And yet, strangely enough, the days must have been when a different state of things prevailed here. At remote intervals

indeed, but frequently enough, the loiterer who has left the common wayside, comes upon some trace betokening the former existence of buildings attesting a massive, if not an artistic style of architecture; therefore indicating a certain class of wealth and strength, and leading hence to the inference that there was a population rather more numerous than at present exists. Some of the stones left of conventual walls, and a few indeed of their shells, converted now into spinning mills, might lead us even farther; but while both have decayed, or been changed so surprisingly from their original purpose, the cottage of old times remains as though it could never be altered." One of the principal manufactures is that of wooden clocks. The makers of these, "although exposed to an incessant and insatiable competition from America, have all the appearance of a healthy, cleanly, and contented race, notwithstanding that their wants, in order to be satisfied, must be of the simplest nature. It is a part of every rustic's pride to possess ticking on his cottage wall one of their famous masterpieces, upon which even modern improvements are innovating. It is said that a great many more of the wooden clocks are still sold in England, France, and Russia, and even in the United States themselves, than in Germany." The costume of the workers is peculiar and not unpicturesque. It consists "of immense hats, overcoats two hundred years old in point of cut, red waistcoats, velvet breeches, and buckled shoes, with their wives and daughters in a plenitude of plaited hair, adorned with red ribbons, straw hats, bright yellow stockings, and cravats of country-made lace." Such at least is the description given by the writer quoted by us, who also describes the interest felt by him in watching the agricultural operations of the foresters. "In this country there is very little ploughing, nearly all its agriculture is plodding, wearisome handwork, which even a Dutchman would admire. The slopes, the little bits of cornfields, the patches of vegetables, the vineyards on the open spaces of the hills, resemble in the minuteness of their culture so many cottage gardens where not an inch can be spared. A similar principle prevails in the local manufactures; the straw weavers teach their children that a separate straw for the sake of both fine work and economy may be divided into ten separate plaits, and so through every branch of Black Forest labour. It is a hot and constant struggle with the natural barrenness of the earth; because, although an attendant opulence exists both in the timber in one huge

scene of the mountain maze, and the vineyards in another, it would greatly reduce the prosperity of the inhabitants had they to import their provisions from the markets to which they send their logs. As for meat, they see little of it all the year round; their dairy produce is limited; and although nutritive vegetables are plentiful in the valley bottoms, they have to be carried a long way for distribution among the inhabitants of the woods, and their costliness is thus increased." We shall not enter here into a minute description of the Black Forest, but only say for the present that tourists availing themselves of the facilities afforded by Cook's travelling coupons will find themselves on the threshold of fresh pleasures, whereby not only are the enjoyments of the tour increased, but their knowledge of the ways and customs of men become enlarged. In fact, each tourist ticket may be said to afford, to the intelligent and enterprising tourist, a key to new and little known scenes of human life and industry.

From Heidelberg to Strassburg, see p. 139.

MAYENCE TO WORMS, MANNHEIM, AND HEIDELBERG.

The trip may be made by steamer on the Rhine as far as to Mannheim, breaking the journey at Worms, and after seeing the town, continuing with the boat to Mannheim, from which place the railway must be taken. The tourist must bear in mind that time is lost by adopting this plan, and that there is nothing in the scenery on the river to repay him. It is somewhat cheaper than the railway, but if time is money it is much dearer.

We recommend, therefore, that the train be taken at Mayence for Heidelberg, and the journey broken at Worms and Mannheim.

WORMS.

Population, 15,000. Worms has a history which dates back before the invasion of Germany by the Romans. It was here that the Diets of the Empire met, and to tell of wars planned, of enemies resisted, of political acts originated, would be to tell the history of Germany. The chief interest to the Protestant traveller is in the fact that here was held the Diet of 1521,

when the great reformer stood before the Emperor Charles the Fifth to declare his adherence to the truth of the new doctrines he had promulgated. An acquaintance with the history of the Reformation being assumed, special interest will attach to a visit to

The Cathedral, a fine Romanesque structure of red sandstone, built from 1110—1472, on the site of a more ancient structure. Notice particularly, 1st, the portal on the south side of the church, dating 1300; 2nd, the four conspicuous and elegant towers; 3rd, the Chapel of St. Nicholas in the interior, with curious sculptures. But these and the other curiosities will pale before the old red stone walls on the north of the Cathedral, where stood the ancient

Bischofshof, in which Luther, before the Diet of 1521, declared his doctrine, and uttered the memorable words familiar to every Protestant—"Here I stand, I cannot act otherwise—God help me. Amen."

Luther's Monument in the Luther-Platz is a noble memorial of the noble reformer. The vigorous statue of the man holding in his hand the Bible, and looking upwards as if to call heaven to witness his sincerity, is very striking, while the four figures of Huss, Savonarola, Wickliffe, and Petrus Waldus sitting at his feet, seem to say, as John Baptist said of the Saviour, "There cometh one after me, who is preferred before me." On pedestals there are allegorical figures representing the towns which accepted the new religion.

The Synagogue (11th century) is interesting, as being one of the undisturbed homes of the wandering Jews. Next to the Cathedral the only church of interest is the

Liebfrauen Kirche, or Church of our Lady, and a glance at the outside of the church will suffice for the majority of travellers. The celebrated wine called Liebfrauen-milch is grown in the vineyards adjoining this church.

Those who have visited Worms solely for the purpose of realizing the history of the great reformer (and the majority do this), will like to make a little excursion to **Pfiffligheim**, where may be seen the **elm tree**, under whose shadow it is said Luther rested on his way to the Diet, and delivered his protest to the friends who urged him not to venture further on his perilous journey. "I will go to Worms, even though there were as many devils within its walls as there are tiles upon its houses."

MANNHEIM.

Population, 40,000. A dull and uninteresting town is Mannheim, with all its streets at right angles like a chess board, and with nothing of sufficient importance in it to redeem the place from utter monotony. There is a *Picture Gallery* in the Palace, but it does not repay a visit.

Schiller's Monument in the Schiller-Platz is probably the most interesting thing in the town. It was in Mannheim that Schiller's first pieces were produced at

The Theatre, a spacious and beautifully decorated house, restored in 1854.

FROM MAYENCE TO STRASSBURG.

This journey may be made by rail in from six to eight hours. Leaving the town, the public gardens (Neue Anlage) are passed. Then Neirstein, Oppenheim, Guntersblum. Approaching Worms, the cemetery of the town is seen; the large monument attracting special attention was reared to the honour of Napoleon's veterans.

Worms is then reached (see p. 137), and a number of small stations are passed, viz., Ludwigshafen, Neustadt, Landau, Weissenburg, until Haguenau is reached (see p. 152), where the line joins the Luxembourg route, described on p. 144.

Strassburg (see p. 152).

HEIDELBERG TO STRASSBURG.

This journey may be made direct (see Appendix); but there are few who will not wish to break the journey at Carlsruhe, and again at Baden. Assuming therefore that the traveller will adopt this course, we shall proceed to describe these two principal places on the journey.

CARLSRUHE.

Population, 37,000. Carlsruhe (*i.e.* Charles's rest) is so named from its having been a favourite retreat of the Margrave Charles of Baden. It is built in a semi-circle; the streets all radiating

from the Palace, which is to be seen at the termination of every street. The memory of the founder of the town is perpetuated in a **pyramid** of red sandstone. The sights of Carlsruhe are by no means of an impressive character, and a very short time will enable the tourist to "do" the place. He will notice the **Langestrasse,** the finest street in the town, and in which most of the things to be seen are situated.

The Palace will interest him only if he can ascend the Bleithurm, which commands a view of the Rhine, the Vosges Mountains, the Black Forest, and the Haardt Forest, which surrounds the town.

The Library and Museum of Natural History are in the Palace, and are open for inspection on Wednesday and Saturday. Close by here may be seen the Winter Garden and Botanical Garden, both good. Adjoining the latter is the Hall of Art, containing a variety of pictures, good, bad, and indifferent.

The Theatre in this town is a remarkably handsome building.

Proceeding by the rail from Carlsruhe, there is nothing calling for special remark until we arrive at **Rastadt,** interesting from having been, within the last thirty years, converted into a strong fortress by the Germans, as a protection against the anticipated encroachments of France—one of the many proofs of what the policy of Germany, with respect to her neighbour, has been for many years past, which has recently culminated in the events of Sedan and Metz.

No one familiar with the history of Prussia, and its humiliation under the original Napoleon, can be surprised that it should have made reprisals whenever an opportunity should have presented itself.

Rastadt is remarkable as having been a stronghold seized by the champions of liberty in 1849, who were forcibly ejected therefrom by the Prussians that same year. Near Rastadt is an old chateau of an eccentric Margravine of Baden, called "the Favourite;" it is now deserted and dismantled, but is shown as a palace in which this princess closed her life in retirement from the world, after having at one time been one of its most ardent votaries.

Oos is the junction for Baden, a short journey hence of ten minutes.

BADEN.

(Hotel de Hollande, near the Kursaal.)

Baden, or Baden-Baden, is situated at the entrance to the Black Forest (see p. 135), in the midst of a vast amphitheatre of picturesque and thickly wooded hills, and is one of the principal resorts of continental rank and fashion; and all that has been said about Homburg and Wiesbaden holds good of this beautiful town. July, August, and September, see it annually crowded, and balls, concerts, dinners, fêtes, dramatic performances, and every variety of amusement are kept up in a ceaseless round. All the life of the place circulates round the

Trinkhalle and Conversationshaus. Happily the gaming tables were abolished here, as in Homburg and Wiesbaden, in 1872. This used to be a terrible drawback to the enjoyment of Baden—attracting as it did the most disreputable of both sexes from all nations, and causing a great deal to occur that was not only disgraceful, but actually calamitous.

The **new Castle**, a summer residence of the Grand Duke, is an ugly building, and only entitled to be called new in contradistinction to its predecessor on the summit of the hill, which is very old indeed; the present building dates from the fifteenth century.

The **dungeons** below the Castle are pointed out as evidences of the horrors which man may inflict, and has inflicted, on his fellow-creatures; and if we believe some of the legends respecting this particular spot, we shall be justified in believing that the punishments inflicted in these terrible places must have been exceptionally severe and awful, and have entailed much trouble to the executioners in being administered.

The Rack Chamber displays some formidable instruments of torture; but these modes of punishment were common, it must be remembered, in merry England at this same period of the world's history, when they flourished in Baden; nor must we forget the hangings and embowelings which were inflicted in the days of good Queen Bess, who is supposed by many to have been a mild and merciful sovereign, and be it also remembered that pressing to death and other barbarities were practised in England till little more than a century ago; whilst the atrocities committed in Ireland at the time of the

rebellion of '98 are still but too well remembered by living people.

The peculiarity of the Baden punishments would seem to be the pains taken to inflict them. This will be shown by giving an account of "Kissing the Virgin," one of the peculiarities of Baden punishments. The prisoner, upon whom doom had been passed, was led into this passage and desired to kiss an image of the Virgin placed at the opposite end; but no sooner did his feet rest on the trap-door, than it gave way beneath his weight, and precipitated him to a great depth below, upon a machine composed of wheels armed with lancets, by which he was torn to pieces.

This dreadful punishment was called the "Baiser de la Vierge," and the fatal pit with its trap-door an oubliette, because those who were precipitated down it were "oubliés"—never heard of more.

The secret of this terrible dungeon remained unknown until, as the story goes, an attempt to rescue a little dog which had fallen through the planking above the pit led to the discovery, at a depth of many yards, of fragments of ponderous wheels, set round with rusty knives, with portions of bones, rags, and torn garments adhering to them.

There is a degree of mystery about this castle, and the dark deeds perpetrated in its dungeons, which lend an interest to the spot, and has led to a belief that it was the seat of a secret tribunal, where the hapless victims of a system of dreadful tyranny were wantonly and cruelly murdered.

This view of the case suits admirably the purpose of the writer of romance, and the genius of Sir Walter Scott has given a dignity and almost an air of veracity to these wild stories. Most probably, however, these dungeons and their horrors are but the remnants of the manner in which criminals were punished, and perhaps in the hall of judgment of the Castle of Baden justice was administered with as close an adherence to its claims as in many of the criminal courts of the present day.

In the upper apartments of the Castle, which are richly adorned, there are portraits of the reigning family. The gardens also are prettily arranged, and there is a magnificent view from its terrace.

The finest view, however, of the lovely neighbourhood of Baden is to be obtained by visiting the Alte Schloss, or **Old Castle,** which commands a glorious prospect of the Black

Forest and its vicinity, as well as of the surrounding country. There is little of interest to be seen in the town. The parish church contains nothing but the monuments of the Margraves of Baden.

The neighbourhood of Baden is so beautiful as to invite the excursionist in every direction; either up the mountain or through the forest, where lively parties may enjoy the recreation of a pic-nic, or those of a contemplative turn revel in the deepest retirement.

Conveyances to all parts abound, and are not expensive, there being a fixed rate for their hire.

Baden was once considered a formidable journey from London, but now, by way of Paris, it can be reached in four and twenty hours.

The enormous influx of visitors has destroyed some of the charm of Baden, which was once the resort of the select few, and was considered inexpensive as a place of residence. Time and steam have changed all that, and although it is even now not by any means a place of necessarily extravagant expenditure, it is not possible to live at the economical rate which used to attract pleasure-seekers with limited means to make it a place of sojourn for many months of the year.

There is an English church, and also a physician who speaks English, resident at Baden.

The Grand Duke of Baden seldom resides here, but visits the place during the summer, when it is the resort of all ranks and nationalities.

All parade of State is laid aside, even by visitors of most distinguished position, and every one seems to be assembled at Baden for recreation.

The **Hot Springs**, which bubble forth from the rocks below the Castle, and the grounds in their immediate vicinity, have been called after the infernal regions, in consequence of the chronic heat of the soil.

In this neighbourhood Roman remains have been discovered from time to time.

In the Neue Trinkhalle visitors assemble to drink the waters early in the day, much in the same way that our great grandfathers were wont to frequent the Pump Room at Bath in the reign of King Nash.

At the Conversations-haus there are reading-rooms, where English and other papers may be had. A good restaurant here, with afternoon promenade and evening concert.

The railway journey from Baden to Strassburg is short and interesting, skirting as it does on the left hand the beautiful and varied mountains of the Black Forest.

At Appenweir a branch line diverges to Strassburg, passing **Kehl**, a town, it will be remembered, which suffered considerably during the siege of Strassburg in 1870.

Strassburg (see p. 152).

BRUSSELS TO STRASSBURG, BY THE LUXEMBOURG ROUTE.

SINCE the last fearful war, which excited the interest and sympathy of us all, and has indelibly impressed upon our minds memories which will never be obliterated, this route, in which every stage is now historic, will be traversed with an unusual interest. It is the railway of the war-track, and visions of war will be before us all the way from Brussels to Strassburg. As we leave the station we are in the neighbourhood of Waterloo and Quatre Bras, and cross the tracks celebrated in the history to which we have already referred at length.

The first stopping-place of note is **Namur** (population, 26,530), at the junction of the two rivers Sambre and Meuse. Its **citadel** is as strong as any in Belgium, to which admission can be obtained without much difficulty. Namur is celebrated for the number of times it has been besieged, and it still assumes a warlike aspect, from the fact that its chief manufacture is fire-arms, swords, etc. The sights in Namur are, besides the citadel, the **Cathedral**, which is a remarkably handsome building in its exterior, and the **Church of St. Loup**, which is internally a gem of its kind, having as fine a display of porphyry and black marble and carved work in stone, as can be found in any church in Belgium.

Jemelle is the station for Rochfort, a beautiful town, and celebrated as a centre for pleasant excursions, including the stalactite grotto at Han-sur-Lesse.

Neufchâteau is a miserable little town, and would have no interest at all but that it stands in close proximity to Sedan.

We are now in pretty country, as indeed we have been ever

since we left Brussels, and continue our way to **Arlon**, and from thence to

Luxembourg, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, a portion of the territory of the kingdom of Holland. There is little of interest to see here, but it is a great centre for tours, especially for those connected with the late war. A branch line diverges from here to Longwy and Longuyon, where it joins the line running between Thionville and Metz.

And here we must leave our friends to take up any history of the war they may have, as it would be beside the compass of this volume to enter into the long story. We will, however, give a few notes about the towns which lie in our immediate route, and also submit a few about Sedan.

Sedan is situated between Thionville and Mezières, "in a fertile valley watered by the Meuse, and is surrounded by heights, which completely command it. The Germans, having driven the French before them into the town, occupied these heights, and thus the whole mass of the French army lay under their guns, and completely at their mercy.

"Difficult as it seemed at that time to imagine any combination of circumstances which could compel a trained, disciplined army of 84,000 men to surrender at discretion, no other result was possible from the position, as is perfectly evident from seeing the town and country about it. One is inclined to ask of what use fortifications could be in a town situated like Sedan. The little valley in which it lies, probably before the battle, presented some such appearance as is indicated in Wordsworth's lines:

> 'The moon that now along the silver Meuse
> Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains
> To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,
> Or strips the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews
> The ripening corn beneath it.' Etc., etc.

"At the time of our visit it was simply a scene of ruin, desolation, and death. The demon of war had passed through it, and left his usual traces. What had been quiet, happy homesteads and smiling fields, were now blackened ruins and trampled clay. If the few and slight descriptions I am about to give are multiplied and supposed to extend over this valley and the country around it for some miles in every direction, a very good idea will be formed of its general appearance.

"We did not attempt any regular inspection of the localities, but rambled hither and thither as our fancy led us. The fields are trampled all over with the feet of men and horses, and cut up in deep ruts in the places where the artillery has passed, and are thickly studded with graves—in some cases merely indicated by the raised soil, but usually marked with rude crosses made of roughly dressed wood. Some of these are simply bits of twig from neighbouring trees, roughly tied together. The common soldiers are buried uncoffined, and in irregular numbers, from two to three or one hundred, just as they happened to die; the officers in smaller numbers, and in rude coffins. In some cases Prussian helmets still hung on the crosses, indicating the nationality of the dead beneath.

"Occasionally French and German lie together in one grave: 'Hier resten in Gott 25 Preussen, 31 Franzozen.'

"On most of the crosses you may read that so many Bavarians, Prussians, or French lie there. Here is a grave with a faded wreath of leaves on it, and on the cross we find an intimation written in pencil: 'Here rest in God one colonel, seven captains, and three lieutenants, Prussian.'

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

Many a wounded soldier there was laid,
With such poor help as time might then allow,
From the fresh carnage of the field conveyed;
And they whom human succours could not save
Here in its precincts found a hasty grave.

Was it a soothing or a mournful thought,
Amid this scene of slaughter as we stood,
Where armies had with recent fury fought,
To mark how gentle Nature still pursued
Her quiet course, as if she took no care
For what her noblest work had suffered there?"

(Those who only wish to visit Sedan and the immediate neighbourhood will do well to make the journey from Brussels by the train, 9.10 a.m., which will give all the best of the Belgian scenery, and arrive at Sedan at 3.45 p.m. Good hotel accommodation, carriages, and guides, can be procured at Sedan.)

METZ.

Hotel de Paris.

Population in 1871, 51,390. The position of Metz is marked out by nature as one destined to be the site of a strong fortress, and as such it was utilized by a tribe of the Belgæ, the most go-ahead of the Gallic tribes. These settlers had, of course, to succumb to the all-conquering Romans, and Metz grew up as the Roman city of Divodurum, and the head-quarters of the Sixth Legion. The Romans built a fine amphitheatre here, and noble baths, traces of which, with that endurance which marks all the works of that grand race, remain to the present day. They also made six roads converge at this spot, one of which is still visible; and brought water from the neighbouring hills by means of an aqueduct, the arches of which are still standing. So Metz grew and prospered till that sad year 451, when the Huns under Attila swept into France. On Easter-eve they burnt down the whole of the wretched city, except one little church, which stood where the cathedral stands now.

From Metz the Huns rushed on, to be checked at Orleans, and finally defeated at Chalons. The fertility of the valley of the Moselle, however, soon attracted settlers, and Metz was rebuilt, and grew and prospered more than ever. It was made the capital of Austrasia, and had Saxony and Bavaria as dependent provinces; a state of things entirely reversed now. Many famous people have descended from this royal family of Austrasia, notably Garibaldi, the last of the Knights-errant, who claims to be descended from Garribald, Duke of Bavaria, who married Valdrad, wife of Clothaire, fourth king of Austrasia. From this family also sprang Charlemagne; and Metz was an important place in his heterogeneous kingdom. After his death the city fell to the lot of Lothaire, who gave his name to this part of the world, Lotharingia, now Lorraine. After being for thirty-three years subject to the Germans, the Messins (as the inhabitants of Metz are called) recovered their freedom in 978; and from this time formed a sort of Mediæval Republic. They would have nothing to do with anybody's politics, but they were perfectly ready to take everybody's money. They even had the audacity to refuse to allow the Crusades to be preached within their walls. About this time they established a mint, which lasted till 1662. Enjoying peace whilst their neighbours were at war, of course they grew

rich, and the sight of their prosperity acted as a loadstone, attracting other places to them. Two hundred and forty villages enrolled themselves in the Messin Republic. But as a sure consequence of their riches, their neighbours tried to plunder them, so Metz got involved in war, and taxation followed as a natural result. In 1235 each person—man, woman, or child—paid one penny a week to pay off the debt incurred. Even the clergy were not exempt, for the Messins had a bad way of caring more about worldly than spiritual things. However, the clergy attempted their revenge, inspired, no doubt, by holy zeal and the prospect of good plunder. The archbishop of Trèves, in 1324, made a league with the King of Bavaria and the Dukes of Lorraine and Bar, to crush these rich republicans. The Messins, however, were prepared. They laid waste the country round the city, and mounted canons on the walls, for the first time in history. Metz has the distinguished honour of being the first city in Europe to do this. For five months the siege lasted, and finally the antagonists came to terms. Metz continued to be a free city, and as such became a great place of meeting between rival princes. Here, in 1356, was promulgated the "Golden Bull," which settled the constitution of the German Empire, and which remained in force till Napoleon converted it into waste paper in 1805. On the conclusion of this undertaking a great banquet was given on Christmas eve, 1356, on the banks of the Sielle, at which were present the Emperor of Germany, the Dauphin of France, the Counts of Poictou and Anjou, and many other great men of the day. There were great pageants, and miracle-plays, for Metz prides herself as being the first town where these took place. Their prosperity seems now to have completely turned the weak heads of the Messins, and they were in perpetual hot-water with their neighbours. In three months in 1429 they received 6,059 letters of defiance, and a league was formed against them by the Dukes of Bavaria and Baden and the Archbishop of Cologne. Twenty thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry do these potentates send against Metz, but as the Messins have cannon, and the allies none, the latter are obliged to take themselves off, and the citizens become more high and mighty than ever. In May, 1444, they stole the baggage of the Duchess of Lorraine; and her husband, in revenge, set King Charles of France on to them. Eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty French cavalry scoured the country and blockaded the city. The place was

reduced to the greatest extremity. Priest and laymen fought and fed alike. At the same time, the besieging army suffered from the inclemency of the weather, so peace was patched up between the hostile parties. The Messins paid to King Charles £124,221 12*s.* 11*d.*, and had also to clear off the debts of the Duke of Lorraine. France also annexed the town of Epinal. The power of Metz was clearly on the wane. The Messins now got into trouble with the Pope, and between August, 1462, and October, 1465, no less than five bulls of excommunication were launched against them. In return, they kicked all the canons out of the city, and, to spite the clergy, allowed half the cathedral to be burnt down without lifting a hand to put it out. Finally, money settled the question.

The next person to trouble Metz was Louis XI. of France. He desired to have the city, and tried stratagem to get it. On April the 9th, 1473, his emissaries sent two carts into the city by the Porte Serpenoise. They were laden with barrels containing arms, and attended by soldiers in the guise of merchants. One cart stopped on the drawbridge to prevent it being raised; the men seized their arms, killed the gate-keeper, and shouted that the town was gained. They shouted, however, too soon; for a baker named Harel let down the portcullis, and raised an alarm. The inhabitants rushed out with the first weapons that came to hand. The would-be captors were themselves captured to the number of fifty-two, with four standards. The banners hung in a chapel at Metz till 1751. To this day there is an inscription on the Porte Serpenoise, giving an account of the exploit of Harel the baker. From this time France and Germany were perpetually squabbling for the possession of Metz, whilst it remained neutral, and became a sort of city of refuge. Thither came Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, when he had made a clandestine match with the Princess Mary, sister of our Henry VIII., and here he stopped till his brother-in-law's heart was softened. Charles V. now wished to tax Metz, contrary to its privileges as a free city; and to protect themselves, the Messins claimed the assistance of Henry II. of France. Metz became a French town on Easter Monday, 1552. Charles V. at once despatched a large army against the city under the infamous Duke of Alva. Metz was defended by the young Duke of Guise, with 4,500 infantry and 444 cavalry. It was October when Alva commenced the famous siege, but he did not do much till the Emperor himself came. He brought a reinforcement of

61,800 men and 114 cannon, making up a force of about 100,000 men—a very large army for those days. Then the work began. The bombardment commenced the next day. Breaches were often made, but they were repaired and bravely defended. Fourteen thousand shots were fired at the garrison, and after an investment of sixty-five days, the siege was raised. The Duke of Guise won the favour of the Messins by his valour and discretion. This was the same Duke of Guise who captured Calais from us; he was one of the greatest of French captains. The town was saved, but the suburbs were destroyed, and more than 30,000 soldiers lay dead on the surrounding fields unburied. France having thus defended Metz, of course kept it, with the wishes of the inhabitants; but it was not formally annexed till the Peace of Munster in 1648. Before that peace came, however, Metz had to withstand another attack, when it was defended by Fabert, the son of a printer in the city. Richelieu, with his keen eye for ability, made him a marshal of France, the first instance of that rank being given to a person of humble birth. Unfortunately, at the present day, some marshals of France are only distinguished by incapacity and treachery. It is a strange coincidence that Fabert, after defending Metz, died when governor of Sedan.

After 1648 the history of Metz becomes identical with that of France, and no incident of any especial importance occurred till the tragic events of the late war. It is a curious coincidence, however, that the first balloon voyage was made by a native of Metz—Pilastre de Rozier—from Metz, in October, 1783. During the blockade in the late war letters were sent out of Metz by means of balloons, this idea originating with one of our own countrymen, Mr. G. T. Robinson, who has written a very interesting account of the Fall of Metz.

After forming part of the French dominions for three hundred and eighteen years, Metz has passed into the possession of the Germans. They had it once before, but only kept it for thirty-three years. Metz is thoroughly French, as thoroughly French as Liverpool is English, and has never been German. The Germans desired it because it is one of the strongest fortresses in the world—and we may be quite sure, that Metz will not again be French, till its late possessors have acquired the discipline that characterises their present conquerors.

We have refrained from entering upon the particulars of the various engagements, sieges, disasters, and victories of the late war, as the traveller who visits the scenes will be beset with

eager guides, who will describe more vividly than the brief notices in a handbook could do, circumstances of importance belonging to each place, while for those who merely run through by the train, for the purpose of getting rapidly to Strassburg, *en route* for Switzerland or Italy, any detailed account would be unnecessary, as from the rail there are few, if any, vestiges to be seen of the havoc which was then made.

From Metz an easy journey may be made to **Saarbrück**, the scene of the Prince Imperial's "Baptism of Fire." It may interest us here to read one of Mr. Forbes' graphic descriptions of a scene which was enacted immediately before the event to which we have referred.

"Sunday, the 31st of July, was a day of fast, humiliation, and prayer for the success of the German arms, appointed by an edict of King Wilhelm. It was kept devoutly. Men in Saarbrück went to church this day who had not darkened the church door for years. The garrison, as well as a great proportion of the townsfolk, attended the great church in the central Platz, whither I also turned in with the rest. The piled arms with the bayonets fixed, that flanked the principal entrance, spoke of war time. The Covenanters worshipped their God with their weapons in hand—

'The lyart veteran leaning on his spear.'

The German soldiers left their arms outside the church, but ready to be grasped and used at a moment's notice. The preliminary music was emblematic. It began with a low wail of pain and sorrow. The nation confessed its many sins, and bemoaned its unworthiness of the favour of God. Then broke out, sharp and shrill, the urgent call to arms. Then followed a bicker and clash, as of two mighty hosts joining the battle one with the other. After the loud din of the fray there pealed forth the joyous notes of triumph—victory had been won, and the appropriate finale was the ever-noble *Te Deum*. Then arose the preacher, an old man with a worn, ascetic face, snow-white hair, eyes that sparkled like live coals under excitement, and a voice that pealed like a trumpet to the uttermost corner of the great church, and thrilled the auditor with its indescribable vibration. His discourse was the music done into words. After telling the people in sternly plain language that they were wicked enough to have forfeited the Divine favour, he implored them to merit it by humiliation, repentance, and faith. Then

raising his voice, he spoke of the goodness of Germany's cause,—how that she courted not war, but for her honour's sake accepted it when forced upon her. The colour came into the withered cheek, and the right arm swayed above the head as if it grasped a sword as the old man fervently enjoined the duty of patriotism, and invoked the blessing of Heaven on the arms of Germany. The most casual observer would notice the thrilling effect on the audience. It would scarcely have been surprising had a cheer broken out from the people who hung on the preacher's words." All the world knows the sequel.

The railway now proceeds to **Forbach, Bitsch,** and **Haguenau,** where it joins the line from Mayence (see p. 139), and in a short time reaches Strassburg.

From Metz excursions can be made to Mars-la-Tour, Vionville, Gravelotte, Courcelles, Forbach, and other battle fields.

STRASSBURG.

(Hotel Maison Rouge.)

Population in 1871, 86,000. This fine town, formerly belonging to France, is now annexed to Germany, and is the capital of Alsace (in German, Elsass). It will be remembered that the town was invested on the 10th August, 1870, and that the bombardment commenced on the 19th, and was surrendered, with 17,000 men and 400 officers, on the 28th of September. The name of General Uhlrich will always be associated with Strassburg, for his bravery in the defence of the town.

Although the immediate consequences of the late war are rapidly disappearing, there are still traces of the terrible devastation caused by it, and the feeling is one of thankfulness and wonder at seeing how little the Cathedral has suffered from the siege, which imperilled the existence of so rare a monument of the skill and piety of generations long since passed away.

However vast and worthy of admiration the fortifications of Strassburg may have been, they were utterly inefficient against the power of Prussia's mighty guns and other materials of war. One plan by which it was thought to render Strassburg impregnable—the flooding the surrounding country—was also ineffectual.

This was effected by sluices, formed from the waters of the

Rhine and river Ill, which unite in the immediate proximity of the city.

Although it had been so many years under French dominion, yet it was to all intents and purposes a German town. I mean as regards customs, and one might say language, since the tongue spoken among the people sounds much more like German than French.

The first and most important building in Strassburg is, of course, the **Cathedral**, a most noble specimen of Gothic architecture, with its world-famous spire, 468 feet from the ground, said to be the highest in the world.

The architects were Erwin, of Steinbach, his son and daughter, who flourished in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and are all buried in the Cathedral. The original plans are preserved in the town.

The original design was to erect two towers, equally stupendous in height. One only was finished, and this not till many years after the body of the church was completed. It is by no means difficult to ascend the spire, though it requires some considerable nerve to do so, since the work of which it is constructed is of so open a nature as to give an idea that it would be by no means improbable that a false step might precipitate the unwary into the street below; but from the instances in which individuals have fallen, their death would seem to have been more from the result of design than accident.

To the curious in architecture, a close inspection of the exquisite work of the tower and steeple will be ample compensation for the trouble the ascent may give the climber (725 steps), who will also be rewarded by a wonderful bird's-eye view of a most extensive prospect.

On entering the church one is struck by its vast size, and the effect produced by a circular window, nearly one hundred and fifty feet in circumference. It is said that the nave was commenced in 1015, but part of the building is attributed to the time of Charlemagne.

The **painted glass** which fills the windows in the north transept is some of the finest in the world. The objects most worthy of note are the carved stone pulpit—work of the fifteenth century—the font, and the marvellous clock, now restored on the model of one of great antiquity, which may be seen in full work at noon. The whole of the mechanism is then set in motion, and a procession of puppets takes place, a cock flaps his wings, etc., etc. The wonderfulness of this clock seems to

us to have been somewhat over-rated. The real interest in it is in the fact that it was invented over 300 years ago.

In the south transept of the church is a **statue** of the architect, Erwin of Steinbach. The beauty of the church consists not in particular objects of detail, but in its majesty as a whole.

The public **Library**, which contained over 100,000 volumes, some rare MSS., and other invaluable literary curiosities, was totally destroyed by the Prussians in the bombardment of 1870.

The Freemasons have long held an important position in Strassburg, having existed here since the epoch of the building of the Cathedral.

Strassburg claims the honour of being the birthplace of printing, and a **statue of Gutenberg** adorns a place called after him. It is said that although he carried his work to perfection in Mayence, he began it in Strassburg.

The ancient **University** is celebrated as having been the Alma Mater of Goethe. A library is founded here to replace the one destroyed.

The **Academy** possesses a fine museum of natural history.

The arsenal and fortifications will attract attention, being highly commended by those who are experienced and interested in the art of war, and no doubt under the Germans Strassburg will lose none of the military prestige it enjoyed under the French.

Strassburg is celebrated in the estimation of the gourmand for a rich pâté, made of the goose's liver, known as pâtés de foies gras. The unhappy birds are said to be very cruelly treated, in order to induce the expansion of their livers, which have been known to attain the astounding weight of three pounds.

The geese may be consoled under their affliction by the certainty that a terrible Nemesis awaits the consumers of their gorged liver, since doubtless many a victim to gout and all forms of dyspepsia may attribute his anguish to the indulgence in pâté de foies gras, and its usually attendant luxuries of the table.

As a set-off to the treatment to which the geese are subjected in Strassburg, **storks** are received, and treated with great hospitality by all classes of its citizens, it being a popular superstition here, as in Holland, that the selection of a particular housetop or chimney by the stork, for building its nest, is a sure presage of coming good fortune to the inhabitants of the tenement selected.

In time gone by the Jews are said to have suffered severely

at the hands of the citizens of Strassburg, and in order to avenge themselves for the cruelties perpetrated on them in the fourteenth century, poisoned the public fountains of the city; for this alleged crime they were severely punished. More than two thousand of their race are said to have been burned, and the remnant banished the city; none of them being allowed to sleep within the city; an interdict similar to that which existed till within half a century in Ireland, by which no Papist was allowed to sleep within the walls of some of the northern cities of that island.

Strassburg will be found to be an interesting town, and well worth visiting; some of its monuments are very magnificent, especially that to Marshal Saxe in the **Church of St. Thomas**, and the **Statue of Kleber**, in the Kleber Platz.

One of the most interesting excursions of easy distance is from Strassburg to Kehl, with an additional interest to those who remember the incidents of the late war.

FROM STRASSBURG TO BASLE.

THE journey may be made direct from Strassburg to Basle by way of **Colmar** and **Mulhouse**. This is the quickest route, but not so interesting as that by way of Kehl Appenweiers (see p. 144). As there are comparatively few tourists who break the journey between Strassburg and Basle, we shall proceed to describe the quickest route.

Schlettstadt is the first town of importance passed on the line, and but little interest attaches to the place. A few minor stations, the chief of which is **Rappoltsweiler**, two or three ruined castles, woods, and valleys, until we arrive at

Colmar (population, 23,000), capital of Upper Alsace; it contains a museum, one or two good churches, and some curious houses dating from the fifteenth century.

Another series of small stations, and we reach

Mulhouse, or Mühlhausen, an important manufacturing town, with 52,000 inhabitants. The lovers of business will be the only persons who will care to pause at Mulhouse, as it contains absolutely nothing to interest the tourist, except the **Town Hall**, which is an old building restored. Ladies will certainly not care to visit the Town Hall, as they will be shown the Klapperstien, which is really an instrument of torture, and was

hung in years gone by round the necks of those who made too free with their tongues.

The new Cathedral is a handsome Gothic building.

A short distance in pleasanter country than we have yet seen on the line brings us to Basle.

BÂLE, BASLE, OR BASIL.

(Hotel Trois Rois (Three Kings),—a very fine hotel, with a long history attaching to it; situated on the Rhine, commanding a good view of the river and opposite bank.)

Population, 45,000.

Basle is a quaint, interesting town. Its name is said to have been derived from Basileia, or Basilis—a queen—perhaps on account of its wealth and importance and splendid situation on the Rhine.

As you leave the railway station, notice the **clocks** outside it. There are two, and they used to differ by twenty-two minutes. One showed the Paris time, the other the time of Basle. Much interest attaches to the time in Basle, as the following will show:—

"Everybody knows how, until the end of the last century, it was a part of the religion of the people of Basle to keep their clocks an hour in advance of those of the rest of the world. It is somewhat remarkable, however, that the origin of so singular a practice should not be more clearly traced. One theory accounts for it, by the supposition that the people of Basle were an hour lazier than other people, and required this notable device in order to keep them up to the mark. Another is, that the town clock having been struck by lightning, and the hand forced an hour forward, the superstition of the people prevented them from interfering with what they considered to be the act of heaven. A third is, that the attempt of an enemy to surprise the town at a certain appointed hour was defeated by the town clock, which was to have given the signal, striking an hour in advance, and thus deceiving them into the belief that they were too late; in grateful commemoration of which this tribute of respect was paid to bad clock-making—like that of the Romans to the geese which saved the Capitol. A fourth theory—and that which finds favour in the eyes of the respectable traveller, Coxe—is, that it is owing to the fact of the choir

of the cathedral being built at a little deviation from the due east, which consequently produced a corresponding variation upon the sun-dial which was affixed to it. Whatever the origin of the practice might be, it was considered by the people of Basle as an integral part of their constitution; and every proposition made in the council to alter it, met with a signal defeat. Unsuccessful in the open field, the reformers made an attempt to put the clock right by stealth. They shifted the hands half a minute each day; and had already succeeded in putting it back three-quarters of an hour, when, by some means, the people found out that their time was being tampered with, and terrible was the commotion. I can fancy the speeches made on the occasion—

"'Fellow-citizens and countrymen of the immortal Tell! An insidious attempt has just been made on one of our cherished and time-honoured institutions! That which has so long bid defiance to the utmost efforts of their open violence, your enemies have been conspiring in the guilty darkness of secrecy to undermine,' etc., etc.

"And then they would go in a body, with shouts and patriotic songs, and—*put the clock wrong again!* But the day came at last, for all that. The clocks have gone right for years, and now there is railway time at Basle."*

We walk or ride, as the case may be, at once to the "Three Kings," noticing the irregular streets, the "high roofs of rich-brown weather-tinted tiles," the large houses flat as pancakes, and the generally foreign look of the place.

The "Three Kings" is a wonderful hotel, "and requires a map and pocket compass to find your way in it." Its present name is derived from the fact that three Kings, Conrad II., Henry III. of Germany, and Rodolphus III. of Burgundy, met here to sign some important document touching the interests of the town; and as it was *then* an inn, we are justified in saying it is an old inn with a history attaching to it.

A neat little Guide to Basle, prepared by the proprietor of the hotel, gives a concise account of the history of the inn, the town, and its principal sights.

In an old book (referred to in the work I have just quoted) by Maximilian Misson, who visited Basle in 1690, the author says, in his "Instructions to Travellers," "At Basle, lodge at the 'Three Kings,' where you will be well entertained." We

* Robert Ferguson, "Swiss Men and Swiss Mountains."

accept the challenge thrown out across the centuries, and are charmed with the choice we have made. We look out of the windows, and have a fine view of the Rhine.

". . . . Exulting and abounding river!
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever,
Could man but leave the bright creation so."

It is a fine sight, that broad river rushing along at a mad speed! To those who have not seen it before, what a flood of memories is recalled by it!

Walk out on to the wooden bridge (280 yards long) which spans it, and indulge them.

Then amuse yourself by watching the rafts of timber coming down the river, and note the dexterity with which the men on them shoot the heavy craft through the piers of the bridge. No boat can force its way against the mighty current here save one, and that is ingeniously contrived to propel itself by the current. It is a curious affair, and is worth the investment of an old copper, just to cross and recross.

There are not many sights of thrilling moment in Basle to visit, but what there are we will do, taking them in whatever order may please our fancy.

The Minster, once the cathedral, is sure to be one of the first places to visit. It is built of deep-red sandstone, and has two very conspicuous towers.

It contains many objects of interest, but a general air of neglect pervades the building, which was originally built in the eleventh, but having been destroyed by an earthquake, was rebuilt at the beginning of the fifteenth century. The choir contains some remarkable monuments, and next to it is the Council Chamber, where the Council of Basle was held about the year 1440; and has remained untouched since that period, with the exception of some repairs done to the roof.

It is now merely a museum, containing nothing of interest but some eccentric painting, known as the "Dance of Death," attributed to Holbein, a resident in Basle, but asserted to have been painted before he was born. Holbein, as it is known, resided for some years in England, where he was patronised by Henry the Eighth. His best works in Basle, amongst them his own portrait, are to be seen in the **Museum,** open to the public Sunday and Wednesday, and shown at all other times for a small gratuity.

The Pfalz is a terrace close to the cathedral, where we may enjoy a stroll. It is seventy or eighty feet above the river, which boils and bubbles below us, and away in the distance is the Black Forest. It is planted with chesnut trees, and is a very pleasant promenade.

Close by are the **Cloisters**, lonely and gloomy now, and so they must have been for the past 500 years. I would recommend all who visit Basle, and have nothing else to do about the hour of sunset, to walk up to the Pfalz and the Cloisters.

The **Church of Saint Elizabeth** is the most magnificent modern building in Basle. It is in the Gothic style, and is the gift of a merchant of Basle, who left an enormous sum (nearly a quarter of a million) for its erection.

In Basle, Holbein the painter, Bernouilli and Euler the mathematicians, were born, and here Erasmus died, and was buried in the cathedral.

A short distance from Basle is the **battle-field of Saint Jacob**, where, in the year 1444, a handful of Swiss withstood a French army, and so impressed its leaders by their courage, as to lead to an alliance between the belligerents. It was not till 1872 that the monument of Saint Jacob was inaugurated, which shows the burial place of the brave men who fell in the battle. The inscription upon it is—"Our souls to God; our bodies to the enemy!"

The **University** of Basle does not occupy an eminent position as a seat of learning, though it has produced some distinguished men.

The inhabitants of Basle have always had the character of being thrifty traders, and the charge of usury has been laid at their door; they have also earned the notoriety in ancient times which attaches to the quarrelsome, and as late as the year 1833 the city Basle and the country Basle were engaged in a civil war on so small a scale as would have rendered it ridiculous but for the bloodshed and death in which it resulted. Since that time the belligerent canton has been divided into two parts, by order of the Swiss Diet.

At **the Arsenal** may be seen some curious relics of the past, in the shape of armour and guns. One suit of armour is said to have been worn by Charles the Bold, of Burgundy.

Several important alterations and improvements are being made in this interesting old town, and the tourist who has com-

pleted his Rhine tour, and is about to commence the tour in Switzerland, will find this a most agreeable resting place and starting point. (See *Cook's Handbook to Switzerland.*) Among the alterations and improvements may be mentioned the new **Zoological Gardens**, now in course of preparation, and which will eventually be a great attraction, as will the new **Theatre**, also in preparation, a remarkably handsome building with seven entrances.

The tourist having now completed his Rhine tour will either proceed to Switzerland or return homewards by any of the routes shown in the Appendix.

APPENDIX.

GENERAL AND PARTICULAR REMARKS.

Buffets will be found at nearly all the stations for which breaks of journey are provided on Cook's Travelling Coupons.

Time Tables.—On another page will be found an announcement of "Cook's Continental Time Tables and Tourist's Handbook," published at 1s.; post-free, 1s. 2d.

The official time-tables of the railway companies should be consulted upon every available opportunity, as alterations are constantly taking place over some part or other of the Continental Railway system; and though such alterations are carefully watched, it is impossible for any general time-table to guarantee complete accuracy.

Fees are given by English and Americans with far too lavish a hand; and much annoyance is caused to other travellers, and injury done to the people in the countries visited, by this habit. In the Hotel Coupons "service" is included. Porters carrying luggage will generally make extortionate demands. Ask the hotel proprietor to pay what is a fair sum. At churches and galleries half a franc is quite enough for a couple of persons as a rule, although this may sometimes be increased to a franc. A *sous* or any small coin is sufficient for the legions of beggars besetting one's way; and probably one franc put into the box of a local society for relief of the poor, would be better spent than two francs distributed amongst them in sous.

Door keys.—At most hotels a notice will be found, to the effect that the proprietor will not hold himself responsible for the safety of your goods, unless the door of your room is locked, and the key given to the porter before you go out. There is always a numbered board on which the key may be placed; and it is a good plan to abide by established rules.

Economy of time.—Much time and trouble will be

spared to the tourist if each night he lays out a programme for the morrow. Borrow a good local map of the hotel Proprietor, or find one in the reading room, and then plan out the places to visit, the best times for seeing them, and the easiest way to go. Note these points in the pages at the end of this book headed "Memoranda," and much time and trouble will be saved.

"English spoken."—In all good hotels English is spoken; at all the principal stations there are interpreters; in the chief cities there are frequent notices in the shop windows, "English spoken here;" and in the beaten tracks described in this volume there will always be found an abundance of native tongue for all practical purposes. But Murray's "Travel Talk," Bædeker's "Manual of Conversation," or Loths' "Conversational Guide," will be found very useful.

English Church Service.—Notices will be found in all the hotels of the places of worship and times of service. There is scarcely a large town on the Continent now where there is not a service held.

Letters from friends in England to persons travelling on the Continent should be sent to hotels previously arranged, at fixed dates, in preference to the Postes Restantes. The Poste Restante is a very useful institution, but travellers often complain of letters and valuable parcels having been lost which have been directed to Postes Restantes. An address card should be left at your hotel for letters to be forwarded to your next stopping place.

Visiting Churches abroad.—It should be borne in mind that there are generally stated advertised times for visiting churches on the Continent; and after those times they can only be inspected on payment of fees. It would be well if all tourists would remember the motto we have seen several times on church doors: "Honour is due to God's house." Too many travellers are apt to look upon cathedrals and churches as places merely designed for the amusement and interest of foreigners; and no one can have spent much of his life in travel without having seen the irreverence and want of feeling displayed by many whose education and position should have taught them at least the common decencies of good behaviour. Tourists would do good service by seeking to check, as much as it may be in their power, the rude interruption of worship, the loud talking of visitors, the irreverent use of opera glasses, and the unseasonable reference to guides and guide books. A short

time since, in Italy, we witnessed a group of tourists "doing" a cathedral when service was being performed. Quite regardless of the notice upon the walls, that visitors were only allowed to inspect the works of art when service was not being performed, they made a tour of the church, offered criticisms to one another in a loud voice, brushed past kneeling worshippers, and even stood before the altar at which the priests were officiating. It might not have been the result of wanton disrespect, although it looked very much like it, and often that which is mere forgetfulness of time and place may be set down as something else. And therefore we call attention to the matter, as an aid to memory. Good Protestants, we know, sometimes think they are doing good service by disregarding the devotions of those who differ from them; but, happily, this ignorance is rapidly dying out.

Sundays abroad.—Will it be out of place to make another remark of a character unusual in guide books? It is with reference to Sundays abroad; and the few words of advice offered are not given in the spirit of Pharisaism, but rather as in friendly confidence. Too many tourists—we speak from long observation—seem to forget that the obligations binding them to the observance of Sunday at home are equally binding abroad, nay, more so, for in thousands of instances all that our foreign brethren know personally of English Protestantism is learnt from English tourists, and it is the more incumbent, now that so many thousands flock abroad annually, that our national religion should not be misrepresented. Apart, however, from the question of moral obligation and the intuition of conscience, it is in the power of every tourist to support and strengthen the many agencies for doing good which are organized in most of the large cities on the Continent, by attending the services of the Sabbath. Another motive, a lower one still, but a very important one notwithstanding, is, that nothing adds more to the enjoyment of the mental and physical labours of a tour than an occasional day of perfect rest and quiet. For these reasons, and many more which we could give, were this the time or place, we trust no apology will be needed for our remarks on English Sabbath-keeping abroad.

PROGRAMME OF ROUTES.

In order to facilitate the means of arranging tours and calculating expenses, the following selection is made from "Cook's Excursionist," but it must be distinctly borne in mind that these quotations are liable to constant change, and are only quoted in order that the tourist may be able to arrive at an **approximate calculation** of expenses.

The "Excursionist" is published monthly (price 2d.), and will be forwarded to any address on application, and the current number of the "Excursionist" itself, not the extracts given below, must be consulted by the tourist before ordering tickets. The specimens given here must of necessity be very meagre, from the fact that the arrangements of Messrs. Cook and Son are now of such a general and universal character that it is quite impossible to show clearly in programmes even a tithe of the numerous combinations they are able to carry out; therefore, it must be understood that the following Tours are merely given as examples, and if intending Tourists do not find exactly what they require, if they will please send the precise itinerary of the Tour they contemplate to the Chief Office, Ludgate Circus, with stamped directed envelope for reply, a special quotation will be sent per first post.

In addition to the Great Eastern Railway Company's route, quotations will be given of Tours by the following routes, viz.: London, Chatham and Dover Railway, and Mail Steamers, *viâ* Ostend or Calais; General Steam Navigation Company's Steamers from the Thames; Netherlands Steamship Company's favourite Passenger Steamer, *Batavier*, etc., and the well-known Steamer, *Baron Osy*. Also by the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company's Steamers between Grimsby and the Continent, and all the principal Steamers plying between Hull, Newcastle, Leith, etc., and the Dutch, Belgium, and German Ports.

TOURS TO BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

From London or any Great Eastern Station.

Tour A.—To Antwerp or Rotterdam and back, within 14 days. First Class and Saloon, £1 10s. Second Class and Saloon, £1 5s. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £1. The

same available for two months: £2; £1 12s: 6d.; and £1 4s.

Tour B.—To Brussels and back, *viâ* Antwerp, within 14 days. First Class and Saloon, £1 15s. 6d. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £1 4s. 3d. Two months: £2 7s.; £1 17s. 6d.; and £1 9s.

Tour C.—To Brussels, Waterloo, and back, *viâ* Antwerp, within 14 days. First Class and Saloon, £2 os. 6d. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £1 9s. 3d. Two months: £2 12s. od.; £2 2s. 6d.; £1 14s.

Tour D.—To Rotterdam, the Hague, Amsterdam, Utrecht, and back, within 14 days. First Class and Saloon, £2 3s. 6d. Second Class and Saloon, £1 15s. 6d. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £1 10s. 6d. Two months: £2 13s. 6d.; £2 3s.; £1 14s. 6d.

Tour E.—The same as Tour D., with the addition of Rotterdam to Antwerp, Harwich, London, within 14 days. First Class and Saloon, £2 10s. 6d. Second Class and Saloon, £2 1s. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £1 16s. Two months: £3 os. 6d.; £2 8s. 6d.; £2.

Tour F.—To Rotterdam, The Hague, Amsterdam, Utrecht, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Waterloo, and back, *viâ* Antwerp, within 14 days. First Class, £3 3s. Second Class and Saloon, £2 11s. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £2 6s. Two months: £3 13s.; £2 18s. 6d.; £2 10s.

Tickets are also issued for above Tours, *viâ* the **cheaper services** of the well-known Passenger Steamers leaving the Thames for Rotterdam and Antwerp.

TOURS COMBINING BELGIUM, HOLLAND, AND THE RHINE.

Tour G.—To Rotterdam, Utrecht, and *viâ* Cleve or Emmerich to Cologne, returning *viâ* Aix-la-Chapelle, Verviers, Liege, Brussels, Antwerp, Harwich, London, or *vice versa*, within 14 days. First Class and Saloon, £3 8s. Second Class and Saloon, £2 14s. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £2 9s. Two months: £3 18s.; £3 1s. 6d.; £2 13s.

Tour H.—The same as Tour G., returning from Brussels, *viâ* Ghent, Bruges, and Ostend, by steamer to London, or *vice versa*. First Class and Saloon, £4 5s. 6d. Second Class and Saloon, £3 10s. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £3 os. 6d.

Tour I.—The same as Tour G., returning *viâ* Ghent, Bruges, Ostend, and Mail Steamers to Dover, and London Chatham and Dover Railway to London, or *vice versa*. First Class and Saloon, £5 7s. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £3 14s. 6d.

Tour J.—To Rotterdam, The Hague, Amsterdam, Utrecht, and *viâ* Emmerich, or Cleve to Cologne, returning *viâ* Aix-la-Chapelle, Verviers, Brussels, Antwerp, within 14 days. First Class and Saloon, £3 11s. Second Class and Saloon, £2 16s. 6d. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £2 11s. 6d. Two months: £4 1s.; £3 4s.; £2 15s. 6d.

Tour K.—Same as Tour J., returning from Brussels, *viâ* Ghent, Bruges, Ostend, and by Steamer to London, or *vice versa*. First Class and Saloon, £4 9s. Second Class and Saloon, £3 12s. 6d. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £3 3s.

Tour L.—Same as Tour J., returning from Brussels, *viâ* Ghent, Bruges, Ostend, and Mail Steamers to Dover, and London, Chatham, and Dover Railway to London, or *vice versa*. First Class and Saloon, £5 10s. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £3 17s.

Tour M.—To Rotterdam, Utrecht, Cologne, the Rhine Steamers to Mayence, and return, *via* Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Liege, Brussels, Antwerp, or *vice versa*, within 14 days. First Class and Saloon, £4 2s. Second Class and Saloon, £3 7s. 6d. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £3 2s. 6d. Two months: £4 12s.; £3 15s.; £3 7s:

Tour N.—Same as Tour M., returning from Brussels, *viâ* Bruges, Ghent, and Ostend, and by Steamer to London, or *vice versa*. First Class and Saloon, £4 19s. Second Class and Saloon, £4 4s. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £3 14s. 6d.

Tour O.—Same as Tour M., returning from Brussels, *viâ* Ghent, Bruges, Ostend, and Mail Steamers to Dover, and London, Chatham, and Dover Railway to London, or *vice versa*. First Class and Saloon, £6 1s. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £4 8s. 6d.

Tour P.—To Rotterdam, The Hague, Amsterdam, Utrecht, and *viâ* Cleve, or Emmerich, to Cologne, the Rhine Steamers to Mayence, and return to Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Liege, Verviers, Brussels, Antwerp, or *vice versa*, within 14 days. First Class and Saloon, £4 5s. Second Class and Saloon, £3 10s. 3d. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £3 5s. 3d. Two months: £4 15s.; £3 17s. 9d.; £3 9s. 3d.

Tour Q.—To Antwerp, Brussels, Liege, Cologne, by Rhine

Steamers, to Oberlahnstein, for Wiesbaden, Frankfort, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, and return, *viâ* Mayence (and by Rhine Steamer) to Cologne, Utrecht, Amsterdam, The Hague, Rotterdam, or *vice versa*, to London. First Class and Saloon, £7 3s. Second Class and Saloon, £5 10s. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £5 1s. 6d.

Tour R.—Same as Tour Q., leaving London by River Steamer, *via* Ostend, thence, per Railway, *viâ* Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, &c., and returning *via* Rotterdam. First Class and Saloon, £7 10s. 6d. Second Class and Saloon, £5 15s. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £5 9s.

Tour S.—From London, *viâ* London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, to Dover, and Mail Steamers to Ostend, thence as per Tour Q. First Class and Saloon, £8 12s. Second Class and Saloon (except between Dover and Ostend), £6 9s. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £6 3s.

Tour T.—From London or any Great Eastern Station to Antwerp, Brussels, Namur, Luxembourg, Metz, Strassburg, Bâle, returning *viâ* Baden-Baden, Heidelberg, Mayence, the Rhine Steamer to Cologne, Utrecht, Amsterdam, The Hague, Rotterdam, London, &c. First Class and Saloon, £9 5s. Second Class and Saloon, £7. Second Class and Fore Cabin, £6 9s.

And so on, *ad lib. ad infin.*

It is thought, however, that these specimens will be sufficient, especially if it be again mentioned, that full details will be found in the "Excursionist," in which such differences as even the travelling between Cologne and Mayence, one way by Steamer and the other by Rail, are quoted.

COOK'S HOTEL COUPONS.

(See pages 3, 4.)

The **Hotel Coupon** business, which was commenced as a friendly arrangement of mutual interest to the originators, to hotel proprietors, and tourists, has far exceeded the most sanguine anticipations; and as its benefits become better known, they will be more highly appreciated by all who are interested in the success of the scheme.

Of the 200 hotels now on the Continental List, there are few with which we are not personally acquainted; and the growing advantages felt by the hotel proprietors in the system established for them, tells with increasing power to the advantage of the coupon holders.

The hotel coupons are arranged as follows:—

1st coupon (yellow).—*Breakfast*, specifying of what it shall consist.

2nd coupon (white).—*Dinner at table d'hôte*, with or without wine, according to the custom of the hotels.

3rd coupon (blue).—*Bedroom*, including *lights* and *attendance*.

These are the ordinary features of continental hotel life, all else being regarded as extras, and as such they are left to be paid for by supplemental coupons or cash.

The coupons are arranged in the form of little currency notes, and are accepted at full value at one principal hotel in each of the chief cities, towns, and places of tourist resort in Switzerland, Italy, on the banks of the Rhine, and at a great many places in France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Austria, etc.; also for meals on board the Great Eastern Channel steamers and the Rhine steamers.

The coupons can only be used for the *appointed* hotels, a list of which is printed and attached to the cover of the coupon books. If received at unauthorised hotels, they will not be paid for by Thomas Cook and Son.

SUPPLEMENTAL AND EXCEPTIONAL ARRANGEMENTS.

In London, tourists may be accommodated *en route* to or from the continent at Cook's British Museum Boarding House, 59, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, at 6s. per day, for bed, breakfast, and tea, with meats. (Hotel Coupons accepted at their full value in payment.)

Hotel coupons are also accepted at the London and Paris Hotel and Refreshment Rooms, Newhaven Wharf. Coupons are accepted for meals on board the Great Eastern Channel steamers, and on the Rhine steamers.

Special Coupons are issued for Vienna, available at the Hotel de France.

For Paris, hotel coupons at special rates are issued for the Grand Hotel.

In Paris, the other hotels in Messrs. Cook and Son's connection are not equal in appearance and style to those of the continent generally; but the proprietors having long evinced a kindly interest in promoting the comfort and convenience of excursionists and tourists, the coupons are allowed to be accepted at the London and New York Hotel, Place du Havre; Hotel St. Petersburg, 35, Rue Caumartin; at the Hotel Beretta (late Londres), 8, Rue St. Hyacinthe, Rue St. Honoré. For these hotels, accommodation cards are also issued at the rate of 8s. per day, including meat for breakfast.

At Rouen, Mrs. Daniels, widow of the late interpreter at the station, who keeps a small hotel, the Victoria, near the station, accepts coupons from parties breaking their journey there.

Additional charges are made on the coupons as follows:

At Baden-Baden, at the time of the races, 2 francs per day.

At Rome, from the first of December to the end of April, from 1 franc to 3 francs per day, according to the class of rooms, are now agreed to as extra charges, but new arrangements may have to be made in consequence of Rome being now the capital of Italy. Whatever change is made, notice will be given thereof.

At the Rigi Kulm, 1 franc extra is required on the bedroom coupon. All these extras can be paid by supplemental coupons or cash.

Conditions and terms of repayment for unused coupons are printed in the coupon-books.

Any complaints which travellers have to make as to the use of the coupons, or the conduct of hotel proprietors or servants, to be addressed, in writing, to Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, Fleet Street, London.

Coupons can be obtained at the offices of Messrs, Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, Fleet Street, London; Cases Street (opposite New Central Station), Liverpool; 43, Piccadilly, Manchester; 16, Stephenson Place, New Street, Birmingham; 15, Place du Havre, Paris; 22, Galerie du Roi, Brussels; 40, Domhof, Cologne; 90, Rue du Rhône, Geneva; and also at the Hotels London and New York, Paris; Swan, Lucerne; Trois Rois, Bâle; Trombetta, Turin; Victoria Venice.

Repayments for unused hotel coupons can only be made at the Chief Office, Ludgate Circus, Fleet Street, London, and no agents are authorised to repay for any not used.

EUROPEAN HOTELS

WHERE COOK'S COUPONS FOR HOTEL ACCOMMODATION WILL BE ACCEPTED.

Hotels in France and French Savoy.

Amiens . .	Hotel de l'Univers.
Amphion (*Lake of Geneva*)	Grand Hotel des Bains.
Annecy . .	Hotel d'Angleterre.
Bagneres de Biggore	Hotel de France.
Bordeaux . .	Hotel de France.
Boulogne . .	Grand Hotel Christol.
Calais . .	Hotel Dessin.
Cannes . .	Hotel Gray and Albion.
Chambezy . .	Hotel de la Poste.
Chamouny . .	Hotel d'Angleterre, and 6 other Hotels.
Dieppe . .	Hotel Queen Victoria.
Dijon . .	Hotel Jura.
Fontainebleau .	Hotel de Londres.
Gorges du Fier .	Châlet Hotel.
Hyeres . .	Hotel des Iles d'Or.
Lyons . .	Hotel de l'Europe.
Macon . .	Hotel de l'Europe.
Marseilles . .	Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix.
Mentone . .	Hotel Grande Bretagne.
Modane . .	Grand Hotel Internationel. Station Buffet.
Nice . .	Grand Hotel.
Pontarlier . .	Hotel de la Poste.
**Paris* . .	Grand Hotel (Special Coupons). Londres et New York, Place du Havre. St. Petersbourg, 35, rue Caumartin.
Rouen . .	Smith's Albion Hotel.
Semnoz Alps .	Chalet Hotel de Semnoz.
Toulon . .	Grand Hotel.

* See special note on cover of Hotel Coupons.

Switzerland and the Alpine Districts.

Alpnacht . .	Hotel Pilatus.
Andermatt . .	Hotel Trois Rois.
Baden (*Switzerland*)	Hinterhof.
Bale . . .	Hotel Trois Rois.
Berne . .	Hotel Belle Vue.
Bellinzona . .	Hotel de la Ville, and Hotel l'Ange.
Bex . . .	Hotel des Bains.
Brienz . .	Hotel de la Croix Blanche.
Brigue . .	Hotel de la Poste.
Constance . .	Hotel Hecht.
Coire . . .	Hotel Steinbock.
Falls of the Rhine (*Neuhausen*)	Schweizerhof.
Fluelen . .	Hotel Croix Blanche et Poste.
Fribourg . .	Hotel Zæheringen.
Geneva . .	Grand Hotel de Russie et Anglo-American. Hotel du Lac.
Giessbach . .	Hotel Giessbach.
Grindelwald .	Hotel de l'Aigle Noir.
Hospenthal . .	Meyerhof.
Interlacken . .	Hotel Victoria.
Lausanne . .	Hotel Gibbon.
Lauterbrunnen .	Hotel du Capricorne.
Leukerbad . .	Hotels des Alps and Belle Vue.
Lucerne . .	Hotel du Cygne (Swan).
Lungern . .	Hotel du Lion d'Or. Hotel Oberwald.
Lugano . .	Hotel du Parc.
Martigny . .	Hotel Clerc.
Meyringen . .	Hotel du Sauvage.
Montreux . .	Langbein's Hotel Beau Séjour au Lac.
Morges . .	Hotel des Alpes.
Neuchatel . .	Grand Hotel du Lac.
Ragatz . .	Hotel Quellenhof.
Rigi . . .	Hotel di Rigi Kulm.
Rorschach . .	Hotel Seehof.
Samaden . .	Hotel Bernina.
Sarnen . .	Brunig Hotel. Hotel de l'Oberwalde.
St. Gall . .	Hotel Hecht.

Sierre	Hotel Belle Vue.
Splugen	Hotel de la Poste.
Thoune (*Thun*)	Hotel Belle Vue.
Thusis	Hotel Via Mala.
Trient	Hotel du Glacier de Trient.
Vevey	Grand Hotel Vevey.
Vernayaz	Hotel des Gorges de Trient.
Zurich	Hotel Belle Vue.

Hotels in Italy.

Alassio	Hotel de Londres,
Ancona	Hotel della Pace.
Arona	Hotel de l'Italie.
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Bologna	Hotel Brun, and Station Buffet.
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Leghorn	Hotel Washington.
Menaggio	Hotel Victoria.
Milan	Hotel Royal.
Naples	Hotel des Etrangers.
Padua	Hotel Stella d'Ore.
Pallanza	Grand Hotel Palanza.
Perugia	Hotel de Perugia.
Pisa	Hotel de Londres.
Rome	Hotel d'Allemagne.
San Remo	Hotel Victoria.
Sorrento	Hotel Tramontano.
Stresa	Hotel des Isles Borromees.
Turin	Hotel Trombetta.
Venice	Hotel Victoria.
Verona	Hotel Tower of London.

Belgium, Holland, The Rhine, Germany, and Austria.

Aix-la-Chapelle .	Hotel du Dragon d'Or.
Amsterdam .	Old Bible Hotel.
Antwerp . .	Hotels de la Paix and de l'Europe.
Augsburg . .	Hotel de Bavière.
Baden-Baden .	Hotel de Hollande.
Berlin . .	Markgraft's Hotel de l'Europe. Bartickow's Hotel des Princes.
Bingen . .	Hotel Victoria.
Bonn . .	Grand Hotel Royal.
Botzen . .	Hotel Kaiser Krone.
Bremen . .	Hillman's Hotel.
Brixen . .	Elephant Hotel.
Bruges . .	Hotel de Flandre.
Brussels . .	Hotel de la Poste and Hotel du Grand Miroir.
Coblentz . .	Hotel du Geant.
Cologne . .	Hotels Belle Vue and Hollande.
Dresden . .	Grand Union Hotel. Hotel de Saxe.
Ems . . .	Hotel Darmstadt.
Field of Waterloo	Museum Hotel.
Frankfort . .	Grand Hotel du Nord.
Freiburg (*Baden*)	Hotel Trescher zum Pfaum.
Ghent . .	Hotel de Vienne.
Hanover . .	British Hotel.
Heidelberg . .	Hotel de l'Europe.
Innsbruck . .	Hotel Austria.
Mayence . .	Hotel de Hollande.
Metz . .	Hotel de Paris.
Munich . .	Hotel Belle Vue.
Passau . .	Hotel zum Grunen Engel.
Rochefort . .	Hotel Biron.
Rotterdam . .	New Bath Hotel.
Salzburg . .	Hotel Erzherzog Carl.
Schwalbach .	Hotel Metropolé.
Strassburg . .	Hotel Maison Rouge.
Stuttgardt . .	Marquardt's Hotel.

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Trieste . .	Hotel de la Ville.
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